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TYPICAL AUSTRALIAN GIRLS — Painted by VIRGIL.

No. 4 — The Brunette

Dangerous Fifth Year of Marriage

CRISIS COMES WHEN GLAMOR
BEGINS TO WEAR OFF



THE BRIDE and groom of 1939 may encounter a domestic crisis between 1941 and 1943, according to a famous Reno Judge.

Reno Judge Shows How Husbands and Wives Err

By JEANETTE JAMES

THE fifth year is the most dangerous in marriage, according to Judge George A. Bartlett, a Reno authority on divorce.

His observations are particularly interesting to Australia, where divorces are reaching new record figures, and additional judicial appointments are being considered to deal with the increasing number of people seeking release from their marriage ties.

IT seems that the critical fifth year may well be compared with the crisis in the course of a fever. Once the crisis is reached and passed safely, the marriage has every prospect of success and permanency.

It's when the glamor of the first years of marriage begins to wear off that the trouble begins. The sheer rapture with which most young people enter matrimony gives place to little annoyances, moments of disillusion and boredom.

In his book, "Men, Women, and Conflict," Judge Bartlett, who spent 20 years listening to thousands of divorce suits at Reno (U.S.A.), says that failure of personal adjustment, leading to divorce, usually occurs between the third and fifth years.

"When two persons marry," he writes, "they have no idea of the effect they are going to have on one another. They are in love."

"This means that Mother Nature, who has nothing to do with continued relationships, is using those two persons for her own purpose, and using her weapon of mutual attraction."

"If, in a continued relationship, the attraction should continue, so much the better, but nature doesn't care a whit whether it does or not."

Early Devotion

IN short, many young couples marry on a basis of sheer heady rapture. They are "mad about each other."

It's a beautiful, normal phase of ardent devotion, and, if it did not exist, none of us would be on this earth. But that early devotion does not always last.

Here is a typical cause of divorce (wife's version): "Tom was always fussing about things. He wanted everything put in the place where it belonged. Couldn't stand having dinner half an hour late or leaving the dishes till morning."

Snapped if I went out with a rip in my glove. Constantly scolded me because I'm always losing handkerchiefs. Believed man ought to be head of the house, too!

"As long as we could kiss and make up it was all right—but that couldn't go on forever."

Then there was the case (husband's version) of the mother who carried motherhood to the point of idolatry. "After our baby came she seemed to forget she was a wife and became all mother. For the first two years of his life she refused to spend even a single evening away from home although her own mother offered to look after the baby."

"She let herself slump in appearance. If I tried to talk to her she would jump up in the middle of the conversation and rush to the cot. I might have been a piece of furniture in the house for all the attention she paid me."

Expert Advice

ONE of the worst features of the dangerous age of marriage is, of course, that it may leave a small child half-orphaned—perhaps more than one child.

What is really needed in every community is a marriage doctor or family consultant to whom married people could take their troubles for expert and impartial advice. Experiments in that direction are already being made in Australia, but the idea could be extended.

People should be educated for marriage and taught that it is a grave, lifelong responsibility instead of a glamorous incident.

Marriage adjustment must be transferred by both husband and wife from its early base of pure attraction to a firmer foundation of comradeship, tenderness, loyalty and devotion to children, or some other creative aim.

Fortunately, modern psychology offers young men and women an opportunity to find out before marriage whether or not they have a fair chance to make a success of life together. Science can weigh the relation between personal traits and marital happiness.

What Are Your Chances?

ACCORDING to a leading American psychologist, you have an excellent chance of passing successfully through the dangerous years of marriage if you can answer "Yes" to seven of ten questions that he has devised. The questions are based on a searching study of 792 middle-class couples. Here they are:—

1. Are your parents happy?
2. Was your early home discipline firm, but not harsh?
3. Have you a strong attachment for your parents?
4. Were your parents frank in the teaching of sex matters?
5. Did you have a happy childhood?
6. Are you cheerful?
7. Are you emotionally stable?
8. Are you methodical and conservative?
9. Are you neat in appearance?
10. Are you "average" in intelligence?

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



At Pan-American Conference

MISS KATHRYN LEWIS, daughter of the famous American Labor leader, John L. Lewis, was a member of the United States delegation to the 9th Pan-American conference held at Lima, Peru, and concluded early this year.

Twenty-one sovereign States were represented. This conference is held at regular intervals for the purpose of maintaining unity between the northern, central and southern States of America.



Fifty Years as Conductor

SIR HENRY WOOD, one of the best-known figures in the musical world, this year celebrates his fiftieth anniversary as professional conductor. He is in his 44th season at the famous Promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, London.

Sir Henry has always been a champion of young British composers. One of his innovations was the introduction of women players into an orchestra. He is also a painter in oils and water-colors of some distinction.



Clever Pianist

MISS ALTHEA UPTON, one of Adelaide's most prominent pianists, recently graduated Mus. Bac. She is one of the few Adelaide women to hold this degree.

She also has her A.M.E.B., A. Mus. A., L. Mus. A., and A.M.U.A. At the age of 18 she won a scholarship which enabled her to study for the Mus. Bac. degree. She is now in her early twenties, and is interested in the musical side of ballet and eurythmics.

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Snatched Children from Ill-fated City

Heroism of Cessnock Girl in Barcelona Horrors

By Beam Wireless from Mary St. Claire, Our Special Representative in England.

In the dark story of Barcelona's dreadful week of bombardment preceding its capture by rebel forces, the courage of a young Cessnock girl, Miss Esme Odgers, shines out like a glowing light.

She saved hundreds of Spanish children—orphans of the long, bitter conflict that has reached a new crisis—frantically moving them first from adjacent villages to Barcelona, then arranging their evacuation to France.

IN seventeen hours her camp was subjected to twelve air-raids, but her work of mercy never stopped.

Her own words vividly tell of Barcelona's terrible ordeal as the city lay besieged by Franco's army.

"I remember too well the sickening thud of those deafening explosions.

"We had twelve air raids in seventeen hours. I shudder to think of what once beautiful Barcelona will be like.

"As I walked down the metro (the underground railway) I saw the women who had made it their home.

"They carry their bedding with them. They carefully make their beds and tuck in their little children. It seems to me that their little ones are all they have left.

"Their homes are destroyed by bombs, their husbands and sons are at the front, perhaps still fighting, perhaps missing.

"But in the safety of the metro they might sleep till morning. That was our hope.

"Rows of beds, tiny children sleeping in the bowels of the earth, and these are the days of advanced civilisation!

City of Tears

I THINK only ten per cent. of the children can remember their once happy childhood—before the war. About 60 per cent. are orphans, and the other 30 per cent. have lost track of their parents months ago.

"We have to ask them questions about parents and where they lived. It is a long, painful job, to the accompaniment of many tears."

Miss Odgers, who is 26, was a typist in Sydney before she left two years ago to work in Spain.

Last week she succeeded in bringing 800 orphans from war-ravaged Villafraanca to temporary shelter in Barcelona.

The last batch of children were taken from the town under the gunfire of General Franco's forces just before it was entered by the rebel Moroccan troops.

Together with a young English doctor from a child welfare hospital she commandeered an army truck and worked throughout every night for a week carrying loads of children over the 30 miles of shell-torn roads between Villafraanca and Barcelona.

While their fathers and, in many cases, their mothers have been at the front, Miss Odgers has supervised the feeding of the children. Their scanty rations consist of skimmed milk, lentils, rice and beans.

Home in Valley

THE Australian colony which Miss Odgers helped to found originally for Spanish refugee children is about 50 miles from Barcelona.

Her house, a pretty white and blue one, was set in a valley containing hundreds of wattle trees—a typical Australian setting.

In peace it would be an ideal kindergarten. In war, it has proved a sanctuary for hundreds of little

Orphans' Village

By Beam Wireless from London

ONLY a few weeks ago a model village, with library, farm, hospital, school, gymnasium, club, and playing fields, built in the hills of Catalonia, received its population—one thousand war orphans.

Aged eight to fourteen, these children were to run their own administration and grow their own food.

Eminent French architects planned the village. Building materials, farm implements came from abroad. Designed to help children "much older than their years," because of their nerve-racking experiences, the scheme was sponsored by Children's Aid Committees of fifteen countries.

orphans, until the most recent advances of Franco's army drove every one to Barcelona.

Realising that the rebel armies might sweep right through the city, Miss Odgers organised, single-handed almost, the work of evacuating children to France.

What this Australian girl has been doing with such courageous efficiency is typical of the work of women of all classes in Barcelona.

The wife of a Catalan doctor who, before the war, was a leading figure in Barcelona society is working all day long as a sister in the operating theatre of a hospital.

In the last week three thousand girls took over the civil work of the city. Most of them were former secretaries who stepped into their employers' shoes while they went to the front.

The women were faced with the necessity of learning in a week technique which the men spent years in acquiring.

Women of all classes have risen splendidly to the tragic occasion. Many of them have toiled throughout the day and given blood transfusions in the evenings. A large number fought side by side with the men in the trenches.

Food Shortage

ALL the cabarets and theatres have closed down, and girls were diverted to industry. Previously they organised ballets and choruses and in the week-ends gave dances near the front line. Women also organised children into concert parties to keep life as normal as possible.

Only the other night two thousand children gave a performance. It was repeatedly interrupted by air raids, but not even one child screamed.

After the second raid, the lights were turned off and the band struck up a popular tune while the children joined in the chorus.



MISS ESME ODGERS, the young Australian, known to Barcelona as the "angel of mercy," is shown with two of her Spanish charges.

With the men at war girls have been making the munitions. Calmly and efficiently they set about their tasks, despite the long hours and high pressure at which they worked.

Gangs of women workers toiled in the open as tons of bombs dropped on the city.

In brief intervals between bombardments women marched in the Plaza Catalunya singing national Catalan songs. "No pasaran, no pasaran," they cried—the "They shall not pass" cry of the Republic.

Courageous—and all so vain, as the military machine of the opposing army swept onwards, mighty and irresistible.

There is a great shortage of food all over Spain, even of olive oil in which Spaniards cook nearly all their food.

Farm lands near the city are in rebel hands, so every drop of milk, every ounce of sugar, wheat, and meat had to be brought through the rebel blockade or slipped across the French border.

Tobacco and wines are almost unobtainable.

Strangely enough, the women, even amid the horrors of war, have not lost their interest in clothes.

Silk and cotton are still plentiful so girls still manage to maintain the fashions.

Money does not mean anything. Everything is bartered. One can get a pair of silk stockings for a cigarette.

It is impossible to buy shoes, so girls are making sandals of old rubber tyres.

For the older people the Church still offers solace. After a period of doubt, it has for

some time been slowly emerging in Republican territory, giving comfort to many.

Those attending the services are often disturbed by the crash of artillery and bombs outside the churches.

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Our Enthralling New Serial

EVERY girl and woman will be enthralled by our new serial, "And One Was Beautiful," commencing on page eight of this issue. It handles, in a subtle and inevitable fashion, the destinies of two sisters—and one was beautiful.

Helen, the beauty, differed in mentality from her sister, Kate.

Upon that difference the whole sequence of their lives is worked out,

and not a line of Alice Duer Miller's gripping novel is false or illogical.

"And One Was Beautiful" is a vivid personal drama rarely encountered in the annals of fiction. Begin it to-day!

Girl Painter Who Won Art Prize is also Good Cook

Nora Heysen Gives Recipes for Her Favorite Foreign Dishes

There is scope for artistry in the kitchen just as there is in the studio.

"Most artists can cook even if all cooks do not paint," says Miss Nora Heysen, who, with her portrait of Mrs. Elink Schuurman, is the first woman to win the Archibald Prize.

MISS HEYSEN is the 26-year-old daughter of Hans Heysen, the well-known South Australian artist. She has her studio at Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

"Artists learn to be good or fairly good cooks out of sheer necessity during their student days, when they are nearly always poor," she explained.

"Once you are a fairly good cook you become so interested that every new recipe collected and every successful experiment is a triumph.

"I have always been interested in cooking, and during my four years abroad spent nearly as much time in the cafes of Europe as I did in the art galleries.

"Everywhere I collected recipes. These are three of my favorites:

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

Two pounds fillet of beef, 6oz tomato puree, half-pint sour cream, 2 cups of stock, flour, 1 onion, 6 potatoes, 1lb. butter, 1 teaspoon paprika, salt and pepper.

Slice onion thinly, fry in butter add paprika. Cut beef in small dice, seal in salt and pepper, dust with flour and fry in pan in which onion

has been cooked. Put meat and onion in a casserole, add par-boiled potatoes cut in dice. In same frying pan make gravy by heating rest of butter, adding tomato puree, stock, and half the sour cream. Thicken mixture with flour. Pour gravy over meat and stew gently for 1 hour. Ten minutes before serving add remainder of sour cream.

DUCK WITH OLIVE SAUCE

One duck, 4oz. fat bacon, French olives, seasoning, a teacup of Madeira, bunch of herbs, carrot, turnip, onion, 1 pint brown stock, croutons of pastry.

Prepare the duck for roasting. Cut bacon in thin slices; put in deep stew pan. Slice vegetables and place these on the top of the bacon. Add small bunch of herbs—parsley, thyme and marjoram—and make all these very hot.

On top put the duck and fry until the vegetables and duck are golden brown. Pour off surplus fat and add stock. There should be only enough stock to come about halfway up the bird. Cover pan closely and cook very slowly, basting until tender.

Meanwhile stone olives. Put them in a stewpan with the wine till very hot. Use them with the croutons of pastry for garnishing the duck. Pour any wine left into the gravy. This is made from the liquid in which the duck was cooked.

CHILEAN STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Green peppers, egg, fresh mince, onion, seasoning.

Cut peppers in halves, remove seeds. Stuff with fresh mince—beef, sausage, veal, or ham. Season with grated lemon, salt, pepper, onion previously fried. Bind stuffing with egg. Stuff peppers and bake in butter for 20 or 30 minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes.

Kitchen Masterpieces

"It sounds a bit far-fetched at first to say being a painter helps one to be a cook, but, thinking it over, probably the training of one's patience and of one's color sense as a painter does help to produce masterpieces in the kitchen.

"When I was in England I gave a Christmas party for about twenty children whose fathers were out of work. We had a lovely party with lots to eat. At the end of the party I received a tribute from a little boy which pleased me, as a cook, nearly as much as the Archibald Prize pleases me as a painter.

"He had sampled so many jellies that he could hardly move. 'Gee, I'm full,' he told me—and I felt I was a great success!

"There are probably people much

World's Fourth Largest Diamond

By Air Mail from London.

HEAVILY insured and carefully stored, the world's fourth largest diamond, named the President Vargas, is now on the way from Brazil to Amsterdam to be cut.

Found recently by a placer miner in the State of Minas Geraes, and sold to an exporter, it weighs 726.6 carats (carat equals 3.2 grains), a fraction heavier than the South African Jonker diamond, which is now relegated to fifth place.

The two leading diamonds are also South African, the Cullinan, which originally weighed 3106 carats rough, and the Excelsior, 961, rough.

cleverer than I am who can do the jobs at once, but I can't.

"If I have some exotic creature cooking on the kitchen stove I can possibly paint, and if I am painting I cannot turn my mind to how the dinner is cooking.

"Thousands of years of domestic routine have trained women to do their housework in the morning. I generally do my housework and meal preparations early and am free the afternoon free for painting.

"I discipline myself, whenever possible, to working hours for painting just as one has to in any other job.

"When working on a portrait I paint for several hours in the afternoon, but if I am painting flowers, for instance, I paint for periods of eight hours until the flowers, of myself, have wilted."

Miss Heysen cannot paint in a room with other paintings on the wall.

"Color on the walls distracts me so I hang only drawings in my studio. I change the pictures frequently, both in my studio and in the rest of my flat.

"Whether they are masterpieces or only prints bought for a few shillings I think all pictures should be changed from time to time. Otherwise we become so accustomed to them we fail to notice their quality which is insulting to the artist and deprives us of a great deal of pleasure in ourselves."



MISS NORA HEYSEN, a talented cook, who collects recipes from many countries, at work in her kitchen.



MISS NORA HEYSEN, winner of the Archibald Prize, working in her studio.

LOVELY
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I SUPPOSE
YOUR BEAUTY CARE IS TOO
ELABORATE FOR ME?



But fascinating ANNABELLA says:

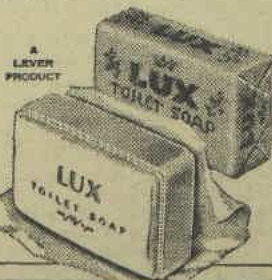
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NEVER Break FAITH

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

A Complete
Short Story

Illustrated by FISCHER



*Some fight, in life's
eternal battle, and some help the
fighters to conquer ...*

IRENE turned the last two letters over to her secretary.

"I'll sign those when I come back after lunch," she said.

She glanced at the office clock; it was ten minutes to one. She went to put on her hat; it was her new autumn hat. When she had put it on at three different angles she decided that it didn't suit her.

She snatched it off again, ran a comb through her brown curls to make them stand up from her small pointed face, so that she looked like a little girl who has suddenly arrived at a ball-top and been caught by a gust of wind. The expression of her wide apart grey-blue eyes seemed to emphasise such a fancy; for they so often seemed to be gazing at some distant view. This detached, yet easily startled, little girl air about her contrasted amusingly with the habitual business woman manner which she had in the office, and with her neat tailored suit, her crisp white shirt and her unvarnished nails.

As always, before these luncheons with Alan, her imagination had pre-occupied her to their meeting. In her mind she had already gone down four floors in the crowded lift, crossed the street, turned two doors, hurried through the swing doors of the Carlton and entered the lounge.

Irene went back for a moment into the office to say to her secretary: "If my husband rings up again from home, say I phoned the hospital and that his dispatch case is there. I'll get it this afternoon and bring it down with me if I can."

"Yes, Mrs. Fraser, I'll tell him." Irene went out, crossed the office hall and nodded to Mr. Watson, who was himself just preparing to go out to lunch with his latest blonde.

The outer door of the office—framed glass, inscribed "WATSON & BRENT—Advertising"—closed behind her and with it her automatic yet perfectly efficient business life.

Alan was there already. In all the times that they had lunched

together in the last eighteen months he had only once been later than she and had then been so apologetic that she had not been able to help contrasting his anxiety at keeping her waiting with her husband's indifference in all matters of time and convenience—just as over and over again it was difficult not to contrast Alan's eagerness at seeing her with David's manner when she returned home every evening; comparing the way in which Alan's expression lit up with the vague glance that David gave her when she came into the house, sometimes as though he didn't see her at all.

Alan was waiting for her, pacing up and down, his hands in his pockets, his fair head a little thrust forward, his eyebrows drawn down in an expression of perplexity. She knew him well enough to tell that he was profoundly disturbed. But it was characteristic of him that, instead of immediately imposing his mood or his problem on her, as David would have done, he made her sit down and ordered her a cocktail and looked at her carefully to make quite sure that she was well. He was the first man she had met in her life who concerned himself first with her well-being and second with her prettiness.

WHEN she asked him, immediately solicitous as women are who are accustomed to live with selfish men, what was the matter, he said that could wait until she had peacefully had her lunch.

During lunch they both talked about their work. Suddenly Irene, made wary by something in his manner, said:

"Do you realise this is the first time since we've known each other that either of us has mentioned our business lives?" She put her hand out and touched his. "Darling," she smiled, "I believe we're making conversation." You had much better say what you're really thinking."

He refused to be infected by the unconvincing lightness of her tone

One of the things she had liked about him from the beginning was that he was always serious about serious things; that he was never cynical and that, although he was already over thirty, he was as sensitive and direct and vigorous in matters of emotion as a boy of twenty.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you."

He pushed aside his coffee and lit a cigarette. "You've heard a good bit of this before and now I'm going to say it all. I've been thinking it over for the last five days—do you realise that we haven't seen each other for five days?"

"Yes," she answered, without emphasis, for she had never told him that she counted the days and hours to their next meeting. She had made up her mind last autumn when she realised that she was in love with him that she had to decide on a definite line of behaviour. So she didn't tell him that she loved him; she simply told him that she was very fond of him indeed and that their friendship must become a thing of importance in both their lives.

She had realised more and more that by now the thing had become too important, that their meetings, like this, for lunch and very occasionally for dinner and a theatre in the evening, that had seemed so gay and charming and no more than a little adventure a year ago, could no longer make either of them happy. A year ago—even six months ago—their friendship had been a creative

thing; lately she had known that it was becoming destructive.

So now she was not surprised, only defensive, when Alan, pressing out his newly-lighted cigarette on the ash-tray in front of him, said: "I have been thinking over what you know perfectly well, my darling—this can't possibly go on, and you know as well as I do what's got to happen. You aren't happy with David. Your job bores you stiff, but you keep at it to make the money to let David get on with a piece of research work that as likely as not isn't going to lead anywhere. When you loved each other that was all right, but now there's no sense in it. You know what I feel about you. I don't know how much you care about me, but you've admitted yourself that you're fond of me and when we meet we're always able to enjoy things together. There have been times when we've managed to feel happy..." he hesitated, then leaned across the table—"haven't there, Irene?"

"What is it, David? What's the good news?" Irene repeated.

She nodded, trying not to let her eyes express what she didn't want to say. But he insisted:

"Could you care about me more than just being friends?"

This time she did not answer at all. It seemed to her queer that he could sit so near her and be looking at her so closely, and not know what she was feeling. It made her love him more, this simplicity which had made him accept without question each of her carefully edited statements of her own feelings. It was unbelievable that he could not see—since he could certainly see that the tablecloth was white and the coffee was black—the much more vivid fact that she was in love with him.

Now he was speaking again, slowly and definitely:

"I put it clearly to you," he said, "exactly as I see it—it doesn't take many words."

There was force in his tone now and no emotion. "You've got to choose," he said, "between David and me. You've got to choose now; and if it's David, then we're not going to meet any more."

He sat back in his chair as if to put a physical distance between them.

She began: "But Alan—"

He cut her short. "This may seem selfish, or dramatic or forced, but the truth of it is I can't stand it any more. I love you too much."

She was staring down at the tablecloth; she had pushed some bread-crumbs into a little heap, and now she was flattening them out again. He broke out desperately as if he were trying to get at her across an immense distance:

"Irene, do you understand at all?" Then she looked up. All he could see was that she was angry. He felt that she was defiant and he didn't know why.

And on her side, again, was amazement. She saw that he still hadn't realised. Then she started making the defence that she had thought out months ago and kept ready to use if it should ever become necessary.

"Even if I loved you I could never leave David for you. Even if I knew

that I should be utterly happy with you, and even though I am not happy with David, still I can't give it up. You don't think much of David's work and I don't know much about it myself, except that I do know its purpose. David is selfish and inconsiderate, and I don't suppose he's ever stopped for one moment to think whether I was well or happy. Before he was married he treated his mother exactly as he treats me now. She didn't exist for him any more than I do most of the time now." She paused. "Even now, when she comes in just to keep me company, we have the sort of consolation of being completely unimportant—and as far as David's concerned, practically invisible—together!"

Alan started at this, but she said quickly:

"Darling—David isn't real enough for any other man to feel jealous about him."

SHE let him catch her hand in his and hold it, but then with a deliberate effort she went on.

"This is what I want you to try to understand. There are just a few people in this world who are capable of really fighting for humanity as a whole. I mean they really can do something, either to make life safer or happier or less ugly where it is ugly." She spoke more slowly now, as though she were intent on making the whole thing clear to them both. "You don't have to live very long," she said, "before you realise how human happiness is threatened all round and how stupidity and every kind of unhappiness and misfortune can get at people. And I have worked it out like this in my mind: that it's like a battle and in the front line there are certain people defending humanity against the forces that threaten them."

"Some of these people are artists, fighting for beauty against ugliness, and some are thinkers and teachers fighting for intelligence against stupidity, and some—" and now, possessed by her own idea, she looked straight at him—"some," she said, "are scientists fighting against disease." Then, after a little pause in which she seemed to gather force and courage: "You know, don't you, what David's research is for?"

"Yes."

Please turn to Page 40

Courage is Lonely

LOVE is Universal

Kitchens or drawing-rooms, what would they hear if walls had ears? ... The eternal speeches of all women in love.

ANNA was almost tempted not to wash the grill to-night. It would be used again for the breakfast bacon in less than twelve hours' time. It was so late that the meeting must have already begun, and it would still take her a good forty minutes to change from her apron into her street clothes, catch the bus at the corner, and reach the hall. She was finishing the work alone to-night for she had told May, who was the housemaid, that she could go out as soon as she had turned down the beds. May was worse than useless, anyway, when she knew her young man was waiting for her.

Nine o'clock it was now. They had been supposed to sit down to dinner at seven. Instead it had been ten to eight before Mrs. Dryden had gone into the dining-room with her husband and her guest. Anna took out the grill and washed it. After all she could not leave it in that condition; it was contrary to some honesty in her mind. For she would know it was there, coated with grease, stiff with gravy, an unclean, uncared-for thing hiding in the midst of order. To leave it unwashed would spoil the rest of the evening for Anna.

She cleaned it as scrupulously as usual, even rubbing it up with steel wool, to the accompaniment of her annoyed thoughts. A few more times like this and she would look for another place. Not that she didn't like some things about her employer. Ordinarily, Mrs. Dryden was a good housekeeper. She knew how things should be done and she appreciated cleanliness and good cooking. But Anna often thought that you would never know that the woman who kept a close eye on the grocery bills, and counted the sheets, and wanted even the basement kept immaculate, was the same one who, on occasion, could behave like this—indifferent to what happened in the kitchen, careless of her own dinner.

Her promise: "We'll be ready for dinner in just a few minutes," had been made and broken three times to-night, and the plates of salted almonds and potato chips and canapés had been refilled as often as the cocktail shaker. In the end, after the other guests had gone, May had been told to lay an extra place for Mr. Carlisle who hadn't been expected to stay in the first place. Some new arrangement was being made for this evening. Mr. Dryden had received a telephone call which meant that he had to go back to his office, and Mr. Carlisle was going to take Mrs. Dryden to the cinema.

"Which suits her all right," said May, reporting to Anna on this change in plans.

Then the Drydens and their guest had loitered through dinner, very gay on that side of the dining-room door, while Anna and May had waited impatiently for the bell to sound in the kitchen.

May came downstairs in a scampering hurry. She was no longer the black-and-white sketch that deftly circled the Dryden dining-room table and made up beds so perfectly, but a pretty piece of provocation in her outdoor coat. A new green dress showed under it.

She glanced at the clock and drew a long breath of excited dread.

"He'll be wild! Joe just hates to be kept waiting."

"He knows you have your work to do, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but he says that you ought to know when it begins and when it

ends. He says that's what unions

"Him and his unions! I notice they haven't got him a job."

"That's temporary. Does this dress look all right, Anna? It seems awfully short to me—this skirt I mean."

"It's fine," said Anna. "They're all being worn short now."

"I hate to leave you to finish up. Aren't you nearly through?"

Anna nodded. "I'll be lucky if the meeting isn't over when I get there," she grumbled. "Put this butter in the 'frig' as you go out."

May took the plate and the warm piece of butter slipped off to the floor.

"Oh dear! Wouldn't you know I'd do that!" she cried.

"Go along," said Anna, "you're as nervous as a witch. No, I'll clean it up. Go along."

THE back door slammed and Anna picked up the butter on the blade of a knife and washed it off in cold water. She was putting it in the refrigerator when Mrs. Dryden came out to the kitchen.

"Oh, Anna, are you still working? It was such a good dinner. I'm sorry that we were so late. I don't know how you managed to keep that steak from being dried up."

Helen Dryden was a woman in her late thirties, the very last one, and her friends often said that she was at her best just now.

Anna looked up from her scouring. I'll tell her now, she thought, that she can look for someone else. But the kitchen door was pushed open and a man said: "Come on, Nell, if you really want to see anything of that picture. It's the first part that's so funny."

Anna had only a glimpse of him. He was a tall, big fellow with reddish hair. He came from New York.

Anna hurried. She hung out the wet dishcloths and put some clean tea towels on the rack by the sink, closed the cupboard doors and drew the broom across the floor. The waxed linoleum was already clean, and handsomely squared in black and white, like tiling. It was a fine kitchen, with its white stove and white sink and long table under the windows. And there was another table in the middle of the floor on which Anna now spread a clean white cloth brisk with starch. Two chairs were pushed close to the kitchen table.

She was done now. One practised glance proved it. With her mind turning again to the probable progress of the meeting, Anna went up the back stairs as quickly as her weight allowed. She minded stairs more than she used to, and the Dryden back ones were steep. Perhaps there might be, Anna said to herself, a place nearer town where they wanted a cook.

When she came down again she turned off all the lights but one. The small side one on the kitchen wall burned all night by Mrs. Dryden's wish. It was a caution to burglars that the room might not be unoccupied and also it was convenient not to have to stumble among the chairs and tables and perhaps knock against the stove if someone of the family came out here late at night.

In repose like this it was a handsome kitchen. The light was just enough to make the linoleum glisten and bring out a little sheen in the cream-colored enamel of the cupboard doors. The window curtains had a broad red border and there



A Complete Short Story By
**MARGARET CALKIN
BANNING**

Illustrated
by
Wynne W.
DAVIES

"Nancy, you silly kid.
You know the girl I
want, and she isn't on a hunger-strike."

were small decorative geranium plants on two of the window ledges. In the sink the big chipped strainer, clean as could be, rested on its side. The big white tin boxes proclaimed that they housed "Bread" and "Cake." A small pot of chives, too savory for the refrigerator, seemed to be growing in a corner of a shelf under the tea towels. The big porcelain refrigerator could be heard humming faintly, incessantly at work without fatigue. On the other side of the kitchen the door leading to the pantry stood open too, caught on its automatic doorstop, and there was a glimmer of silver trays and orderly bowls of glass and china.

It was all in order and as it should be.

FOR half an hour after Anna left, the kitchen remained a still-life picture, quite as her satisfied sense of duty imagined it. Then the door swung rapidly open and a girl came in as if excitement chased her.

"No, I'll get it for myself," said Nancy Dryden, calling back over her shoulder. "I just want a drink. What do you want?"

His answer was bruised into incoherence by the swinging door. She couldn't hear what he said, but she didn't ask again. He would follow her. She turned on the tap in the sink and let the water run cold. With a goblet taken at random out of one of the pantry cupboards she stood there, feeling the water as its temperature changed, cooling her fingers.

She was not a remarkably pretty girl—or, rather, unless a person loved her, unless a man had absolutely set his heart upon her, she would not seem remarkable. Other girls had hair like that, long-bobbed, rolled into a mammoth curl at the back of the neck. Other girls wore the same bright color of lipstick and nail polish and had dresses of dull blue crepe.

Bobby Dunn followed, as she had known he would. He was a big young man, with heavy shoulders, an honest forehead, and a certain casual charm.

They spoke in the clipped, laconic sentences of two young people slightly on edge.

Jealous, he thought. "And for goodness sake, don't think I'm jealous," she said, hot on the thought. "But it's so deadly!"

"Meaning me?"

"Not specially. John's stale jokes and everybody saying the same old thing. I'm getting so sick of them all."

"Don't you want to go to the dance?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she exclaimed almost in a sound of pain.

Only to-night she had suddenly hated him when he got silly with Jean Hawes. Everyone knew Jean Hawes made a dead set at every good-looking man she came across. That wasn't news. But to see Bobby falling for it was what had set Nancy into this state of trembling anger, of desire to advertise her contempt.

"Don't you feel well?" he asked.

"Of course I do. Incredible as it may seem I do, even if the thought of dancing for hours with a lot of nitwits fills me with loathing."

"Thanks."

Please turn to Page 36

Complete
Short StoryMOTHER OF
INVENTIONBy . . .
Marguerite SteenIllustrated By
FISCHER*"I absolutely cannot take you to the Pink Chicken to-night," said Mr. Orchard.*

HELLISH as it is to refuse you anything," said Mr. Brian Orchard, "I absolutely cannot take you to the Pink Chicken to-night."

"I have felt for some time that you were ceasing to care for me," said Miss Verena Petlove, in a voice straight off the ice.

"So that's what you think?" glared Mr. Orchard, making the most of his jawbone.

She picked up her bag and rose, saying frigidly, "That will be all, I think."

"Don't go," said Mr. Orchard, in a kind of passionate growl. "I want that I shall have to tell you the truth."

"Just tell me one thing, Brian; is it Miranda Hopkins?"

"Miranda Hopkins?" cried Mr. Orchard. "If you think keeping an eye on you is anything but a full-time job—! It's simply this—I haven't got a shirt."

"Oh!—What an excuse," cried

Lyric of Life

MY SHADOW

The street-light throws my shadow on the pavement, grotesque, impersonal, but mine. I stand still, watching the passers-by walk over it. My soul has less substance than my shadow. But it is bruised and hurt from years of trampling on.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Miss Petlove, recollecting. Her lover looked at her in astonishment.

"You don't expect me to come desolate, or in my gentleman's seven sports shirts?"

"But where are your shirts?" persisted Miss Petlove.

"Let me tell you all," said Mr. Orchard, warming to his subject, as he fancied he detected a slight thaw in the voice of his beloved. Originally they numbered twelve. Unfortunately, the relentless passage of time, coupled with the tireless efforts of the Sweet Marjoram Hand Laundry for Gentlemen's Lingerie, has reduced them, both in quantity and quality. Of the five remaining, I regret to say that, while two are fairly swish, three are now definitely in the bargain-sale class."

"You said you hadn't any," pouted Miss Petlove.

"Child, if you will take the trouble to throw your memory back over the events of the last fortnight, you will realise that, even with the laundries working overtime, the moment was bound to come which found me without a shirt. That moment has now arrived."

"But darling!" wailed Miss Petlove. "I so specially wanted to see the cabaret! Swizka! What's her name's dancing—why on earth didn't you keep a shirt for to-night? Or—" with a touch of inspiration, "why didn't you buy a new one yesterday?"

A tremor passed over the countenance of Mr. Orchard, as he confided to his beloved that shirts are not bought, but built.

"Well, darling," said Miss Petlove, bravely conquering her disappointment (for she was a nice girl), "the very first thing you must do to-morrow morning is order some more shirts. A lot of shirts. Perhaps two dozen would be better; then there won't be any danger of your running out again."

"A very practical idea," conceded Mr. Orchard, with a worried look. "Unfortunately, I haven't got any money."

"Oh, dear," sighed Miss Petlove. Mr. Orchard gave a hollow laugh. "But are shirts so very dear?" murmured Miss Petlove, whose persistance was one of her few trying characteristics. "I mean—waiters—and people who play in orchestras—and young men in banks—have to have them. And they can't be any better off than us!"

"I wish to heaven I had a bank clerk's wages in my pocket, right now!" was Mr. Orchard's heartfelt response.

"I suppose you haven't heard anything about—a job, yet—have you?" inquired Miss Petlove, very delicately.

Mr. Orchard's forehead creased; he always dreaded this question of Miss Petlove's, although he respected her for asking it.

"If only we could invent something!" said Miss Petlove passionately. "Invention's the only—what is it—clinch for making money nowadays—and I'm sick of waiting to be married! So would you be, if you'd got an idiotic name like Petlove—!"

At this point Miss Petlove recalled that she had an engagement, and, cutting short Mr. Orchard's expedition of why Petlove was the one name in the world most suitable for her, pending its exchange for Orchard, she got up, and he got up with her, and they walked out.

Mr. Orchard, from mere force of habit, got into a taxi, and Miss Petlove decided to walk home for the good of her figure: "home" taking her up Park Lane and across the Marble Arch and a little way along

Oxford Street and then up one of those side streets to the amazingly wide district which people have printed on their notepaper as Portman Square.

And she happened to find herself looking in a shop window at a great number of gentlemen's shirts (a thing she had never done before), which were priced, it seemed to Miss Petlove very reasonably, between five and ten shillings.

A girl and a man, linked arm in arm, were standing close to her. Miss Petlove could not help overhearing their conversation.

"Coo, Sid, aren't they lavvy? You'd look a reg'lar knock-out in one of them blue ones!"

"I dare say!" Vanity stirred beneath the lofty tolerance of the speaker's tone. "A lot you know about shirts don't you? You should see the 'art-crown ones they've got down at the Churchyard! Oo! That's going to blue a dollar on a shirt—unless it's Henry Ford?"

They drifted away, and Miss Petlove was left with the astonishing reflection that, for some people, five shillings was too much to spend on a shirt.

When she reached her home, which had once been a mews, she let herself in, and, feeling a little mean, scooted up the stairs to her own room. For an elderly cousin of her mother's was staying in the house, and Miss Petlove had never understood why Lady Grimme, who

Women Are Practical

insisted upon being called Aunt Oriana, should be allowed to plant herself on them for a fortnight when she could perfectly well afford an hotel. Lady Grimme was a museum piece of the earlier Edwardian period, and Miss Petlove was relieved when the maid, Hollis, whom she discovered in her bedroom, told her that her ladyship was out.

"Some folks," snorted Hollis, "don't seem to know what consideration means! The whole of me afternoon gone, and the electric iron away being mended."

"You should have said you couldn't do it," said Miss Petlove, glancing at the pile of ironing which Hollis had dumped, temporarily, at the foot of her bed.

"It's them old fronts of hers," confessed Hollis. "She puts one on every day, and then throws them in one of her boxes, and forgets all about them, and then hands them all out at once, to be done in five minutes."

"What do you mean, fronts?" asked Miss Petlove.

"The things she wears with her costumes. She says blouses make her too hot, but it's my private belief she's too mean to spend money on them. I always say you can tell a lady by the things that don't show, but if you was to see some of her ladyship's lingerie—!"

"Let's see them—the things you call fronts," said Miss Petlove, feeling the conversation was getting a little difficult.

The bell rang, and Hollis hurried out, saying: "There they are, Miss—on the bed." When she came back, ten minutes later, Miss Petlove was still standing, with one of Lady Grimme's "fronts" in her hands.

"I'm afraid," said the head buyer at the famous masculine emporium known as Gordon Rush, Ltd., "we should have some difficulty in marketing these. The idea is practical, but gentlemen are very conservative. Moreover, most of our customers realise that we have touched rock-bottom in shirt prices, and we very seldom have complaints on the score of expense. Naturally, being in the West End, we have a high-class business."

"But even high-class young men," smiled the elegant young lady who, by some strange means, had found her way into the very sanctum of the head branch—that very branch, no less, that occupies very nearly a whole block on the lower curve of

Regent Street, "are hard up these days! Even very high-class young men find it hard, sometimes, to get together the price of a dress-shirt!"

The head buyer's suavity had received a set-back, when Miss Petlove snapped open her bag, and, ignoring his polite inquiries, flung on the table an object which she announced rapidly as "the half-shirt for gentlemen."

It consisted of a front, complete with stud holes, corresponding to the usual shirt front; finely tucked in the case of the linen model, plain in the other two; plus a complete collar, artfully secured by studs at the sides. But it had no back, no sleeves! It was, in fact, half a shirt; the lower front held in place, as Miss Petlove was careful to point out, by a broad band of tape, which fastened behind with a buckle.

The first instinct of the head buyer was to burst out laughing.

"Loose cuffs can be supplied to match," said Miss Petlove calmly. "They are made with a tab, to button on the inside of the sleeve."

By the time Miss Petlove had concluded her carefully rehearsed speech (which, being Miss Petlove, she was allowed to deliver without interruption) the head buyer's inclination to laughter was gone.

"I may say the invention is fully patented," concluded Miss Petlove briskly. "I don't mean to sell it outright, but if your firm cares to take it upon generous lines, I would give you an agreement not to offer it elsewhere for—say, six months."

"I suppose you haven't thought," he said very kindly, "that, in the most unlikely event of this prepositional garment selling, it would seriously undercut the shirt trade?"

I SUPPOSE something's got to be undercut," said Miss Petlove unhappily.

The head buyer was indubitably flustered. He recognised that he had, for once, committed the unpardonable crime in business of allowing his heart to rule his head. And although he might be almighty in his own department, there were others, more mighty, to whom he was answerable for his actions! He began to hedge at once. He cleared his throat, and said more loudly, as though to convince himself, rather than Miss Petlove, of his justice and common sense combined. "There's simply no question of our placing an order! But I'll tell you what I could do," he added, to prevent Miss Petlove's pretty mouth drooping any further. "I could arrange to have these models of yours shown, in strict confidence, to one or two of our regular customers. Just to see how they strike, don't you know. Then if you could call—say, in a week?"

She flashed one smile upon him, and merely breathing the words "Thank you very much!" was through the door and in the lift almost before she had recovered her breath.

Where, as it happened, she ran slap into Mr. Orchard.

"What on earth are you doing in Gordon Rush's?" he asked, astonished. "You weren't buying a present, were you?"

"Well—no, why—it's not your birthday—or anything—is it?" gasped Miss Petlove.

"No, but it's something nearly as jolly—and we're going to celebrate it in the Apéritif Grill," shouted Mr. Orchard.

Please turn to Page 16

And One Was Beautiful

Commencing
our new serial...
a story of love
and romance

By...
Alice Duer
MILLER

KATE opened her eyes that Sunday morning in June on an entirely different world—so different that she could hardly remember the world on which she had opened them the day before. All the outward surroundings were the same—her bedroom, the white curtains billowing slightly in the west breeze, the faint greenish light on the ceiling from the garden outside, the smell of lilacs, but mostly of fresh earth, and, very faintly, the sound of the puppies yapping at the stable.

She stretched herself and clasped her hands under her head—bed was a wonderful place for thought—if you could call it thought—this first awareness of the tone and color of your spirit as you awoke. What time was it? Her mother would expect her to be ready for church at a quarter before eleven. She had been dancing late the night before, and her sister Helen had probably gone to bed at ten o'clock, but she knew her mother would say to Helen: "That's right, darling; get all the rest you can." Whereas, to Kate she would say: "I ordered the car for a quarter before eleven." Still Kate did not feel any injustice in this. She welcomed all forms of affection. She did not particularly like going to church, but she liked being with her mother; she liked the assumption—made, perhaps, only by herself—that she and her mother carried on the serious business of their lives, while her elder sister remained a beautiful petted guest. She managed, as well as anyone could, the role of the younger sister of a great beauty.

She thought that some poet must have said something illuminating about the change that came over the world when you fell in love, but she couldn't remember anything. The best she could do was a sentence from a prose writer—something about its being like a lamp suddenly carried into a dusky room. She reached out her hand for a book of quotations: Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron.

HER door opened softly and her mother looked in. "Oh, I thought you must be awake." Her mother entered. "It's bad for your eyes to read before breakfast."

Kate put the book away hastily and sprang out of bed. She was turning on her bath when the inevitable question came: "Did you have a nice time last night?"

She was able to shout her answer so casually above the sound of the running taps that no one could have suspected that her whole life had been changed.

She was seventeen and this had been her first grown-up party—at least the first one to which she had gone without Helen. Wherever Helen was, there were always plenty of left-over partners, and Kate had often profited by them. She knew that her pride should have revolted when she heard Helen saying: "No, I can't dance any more. I'm exhausted, but you know my little sister; dance with her." But in the desperate exigencies of a



Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

Helen sprang out of
the car and ran to-
wards the house.

ballroom she had only gratitude. Sometimes among her own friends she had grumbled a little. "Helen throws me to her extra men like a bone to dogs." Last night she was ashamed to find that she did not want to go to the Harridges' at all if Helen wasn't going too. How strange, how mystical it was to think that she wouldn't have gone if her mother hadn't made her.

"Nonsense, Kate. You can't cling to Helen all your life. What are you afraid of?"

She explained, with a touch of hauteur, that she wasn't afraid of anything; only her blue dress was the only decent thing she had.

"What's the matter with your pink?" asked Helen, not looking up from a fashion magazine.

"I got grass stains on it the night we all played baseball."

"They never come out," said her mother.

Helen looked up. "I thought you bought yourself blue slippers at the rummage sale?"

"I did, but they're too big; they fall off when I dance."

"That's what I told you about rummage sales—you don't pay much, but you don't get anything. Maybe you'll listen to me next time."

Kate thought: "What a hateful moment for Helen to say I told you so—before mum's, too." But Mrs.

Lattimer wasn't paying any attention. She was thinking: "My poor dear children, having to buy their slippers at rummage sales and being so brave about it."

Helen had gone back to her magazine. "You can have my slippers, if you like," she said.

Mrs. Lattimer gave a little moan. "Oh, Helen, your new slippers—and Kate isn't so careful with her things as you are."

"She can't hurt them, mum—unless, of course, she stands on her own feet the way she sometimes likes to."

Kate had a moment of rage. "What a curse your family are, really," she thought. "I haven't stood with one foot on the other since I was a child, and yet Helen keeps bringing it up." Still Helen had been decent about the slippers, and if Kate was going to the party she needed them.

The party was at one of the great houses of the neighborhood—the Harridges. They had a large house party and had invited the countryside in for dancing after dinner. Helen had said from the first that she wasn't going; the Harridges were stuffy and their parties never any good. Mrs. Lattimer regretted her decision; she always wanted her children to do everything they were

asked to do. "You're only young once," she said, but what she really meant was that, as she herself had retired from the social world since the death of her husband, she liked to get excitement at second-hand through the activities of her children. She knew now that she couldn't change Helen's decision, but she could always influence Kate, who was younger and more amenable.

THE idea that it was going to be a dull party gave Kate courage—not so much was expected from you at a dull party. Mr. Harridge was a great friend of hers, as he had been of her father's. He always made a fuss over her and told her how much she was like her father—"as much as a pretty girl can be like a middle-aged man." Kate smiled and was delighted with the word "pretty," knowing in her heart that to elderly family friends any young female not actually deformed is a pretty girl.

If nobody asked her to dance, she thought, she would just sit quietly and talk to Mr. Harridge about dogs, and the new bridge paths he was cutting through the woods, and

a half-thoroughbred horse he had given her the year before.

She entered the ballroom, feeling not frightened but rather dreary. Everyone at once began to ask where Helen was.

why Helen hadn't come, as if Helen, by staying at home, had somehow cheated the community of its inalienable right to show off her beauty to strangers—everyone except Mr. Harridge, who seemed more than content that Kate was there. He had the gentle, the almost furtive, manner of men who are very good horsemen. He was small and thin and grey, and always made Kate think of his own thoroughbreds. She did just as she had expected. She sat down on a sofa beside him and talked to him while everyone else was dancing.

Then he said suddenly: "But I mustn't monopolise you like this. Do you know all these boys?"

Kate looked about the room and recognised the discouraging fact that she did know them—too well for any of them to be introduced to her, and not well enough for any of them to be her friends. They were older than she—Helen's set—older men of twenty-five or six. She couldn't expect much from them. Then her eyes lit up with hope. "Oh, there's one I don't know—the one lighting a cigarette in the window."

Please turn to Page 18

FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 4, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

AS DAYS GROW A LITTLE COOLER . . .



• RIGHT: Answer the call to color with a pomegranate-red sheer woollen crepe with a staccato flash of air-force-blue in the cummerbund and accessories.

• CENTRE: A slinky frock of acid-green sheer wool with intriguing red piped gores from neck to knee. At the neckline a dinky little red cravat.

• ABOVE: Violet-blue sheer with pleated swing skirt and banded with turquoise velvet ribbon. With it are worn turquoise suede accessories.

INFORMAL SUITS

... Just the Thing
for Jaunts to Town



● LONDON and Paris are crazy over the sophistication of velvet. The lass at the top left is ready for the cool weather with a midnight-blue velvet suit highlighted with ermine flowers.

+ +

● THE SLIM young matron nearby selects a tie-silk suit, sleek as a wet seal. In cool, shadowy black, striped with red and white.

+ +

● TINLING sends a chic young customer to her important afternoon date in a cyclamen uncrushable linen suit, with wide, plum-lined lapels that feature an interesting rope trim.

+ +

● THE GAY young "deb." at the left enhances her slender charm in a Joeger model with navy swing skirt with saucy waistcoat - jacket of powder-blue.

PARIS SNAPSHOTS . .

By Air Mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE



1 SCHIAPARELLI has borrowed an idea from grandmother's tufted sofa and calls it capitone embroidery. It is shown here on the back and front of a Pierrot-blue crepe gown of very slim line but not fitting tightly about the hips.

+ + +

2 STRIPED TUSSORE, once used almost exclusively for men's pyjamas, is having a tremendous vogue just now for shirt blouses. The blouse is made with the stripes running vertically, while the yoke, collar and cuffs are put on with the stripes running horizontally. A tie in the same material usually has its stripes running diagonally, which gives a gay and jazzy look to the ensemble.

+ + +

3 WE EXPERIENCED a revival of the tricorne, now comes the Napoleonic bicorne, a shape which responds well to the current mode of revealing the well-dressed coiffure. It may be interpreted equally well in felt, fabric, and straw with ostrich trimming.

+ + +

4 LIGHT HUMOR in handbags. An antique lantern shape is of black suede, cut out portions being filled in with brilliant-colored satins.

+ + +

5 TAKE A BOW, take two, take a dozen all different colors, and scatter them over a tiny Edwardian hat; or tie a huge plain taffeta bow on a straw boater just like grandmother used to wear playing croquet.

+ + +

All UGLY HAIR gone

...in only 3 MINUTES

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ALLURE

THAT'S SURE

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"Australian Rice" Face Powder, in smart boxes, is 6d. and 1/-; The Cream is 1/- for a giant jar.

AUSTRALIAN RICE
face powder & cream



STAYS ON ALL DAY

... Stays Put
All Evening!

Sketched
by
ROBB



'B.O.'? But how
can I - when I bath
so often . . .

BUT-

... you can't be sure of protection from "B.O." (Body Odour) however many baths you take with ordinary soaps. Stale perspiration may still linger in the skin pores unless you use Lifebuoy's protective lather.

Lifebuoy is the only toilet soap with the special purifying element which aids in cleansing away every trace of impurities from the pores—leaves your skin cool, fresh and dainty—perfectly safe from "B.O."

I FIRST USED
LIFEBUOY TO STOP
"B.O."—NOW I'VE FOUND
IT'S A REAL BEAUTY
SOAP—SO MILD



... and **LIFEBUOY** does more
than stop "B.O."—it's a mild
beauty soap, too!

Besides giving you unfailing protection from "B.O.", Lifebuoy lather is wonderfully mild and gentle to the skin. Tens of thousands of Lifebuoy users have discovered that—and now there's scientific proof; the conclusions reached by a famous Australian Skin Specialist after making 6,000 tests. He says, "Lifebuoy is one of the mildest soaps available . . . certainly milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women." See how fresh, alive and alluring Lifebuoy will keep your skin. And remember—Lifebuoy's clean, refreshing scent vanishes when you rinse, but its protection remains.



LIFEBUOY SOAP PREVENTS "B.O." (BODY ODOR)

THE current love for those adorable dolls' hats has set milady the problem of how to keep that minute perfection of feathers and flowers anchored firmly to her curls the livelong day.

SKETCHED at top left is the Paris-inspired solution, a black velvet pillbox, with a slit in the crown which is lined with coarse black net. A small five-pronged comb is thrust through the net, keeps hat and hair firmly fixed in place. Multi-colored ostrich feathers curl out of the front of the brim.

ABOVE: Robb has sketched the sensational strapless evening gown that has taken Paris, London, and New York by storm. This topless black velvet dress looks as though it might be held up by sheer concentration—but that's the cleverness of it.

The bodice is invisibly supported by bones which run down inside the seams to the waist.

The frock is princess style, panelled to the hem; it fits figure-close as far as the hips, then spreads to a wide skirt.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—
"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Attractive Styles from Overseas Designers for Home Dressmakers.

SPORTS FROCK

WW2740.—A charming and very useful design for sports wear. Sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ to 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PEASANT DIRNDL

WW2741.—Shirred sleeves and waistline make this very smart dirndl. Sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRON'S ENSEMBLE

WW2746.—A very smart and slimming design for the matron. Sizes 38-inch to 44-inch bust. Material required: 4½ to 5 yards for frock, and 2½ to 3½ yards for coat, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

TODDLER'S FROCK

WW2747.—A dainty design for the little tot 1-6 years of age. Material required: 1½ to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



Our Special Concession

SIMPLE CHIC

OUR CONCESSION PATTERN this week features three (3) smart afternoon frocks. Cut in sizes 32-inch, 34-inch, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—TWO-TONE FROCK: Requires 3½ yards dark material, and 1½ yards light material.

No. 2.—FROCK: Requires 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast.

No. 3.—FROCK: Requires 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast.

FOR AFTERNOONS

WW2742.—You will feel very chic in this pretty afternoon frock. Sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SLACKS AND SHIRT

WW2743.—A very striking and unusual design outfit for sporting occasions. Sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ yards for jacket, and 3½ yards for slacks, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SO SOPHISTICATED

WW2744.—Tucked bodice and broad shoulder-line, with slim-fitting skirt, combine to make this smart afternoon frock. Sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4 to 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SHIRRED BLOUSE

WW2745.—Shirred high neckline, sleeves, and waistline make this very smart blouse. Sizes 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2½ to 3 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PATTERN SERVICE
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address in block letters. (2) Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. (3) State size required. (4) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (5) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (6) When sending for concession patterns, enclose 3d. stamp.

CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

Coupon available for one month from date of issue. 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:—

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 429/XX, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may call for patterns at office address appearing on Page 3.

TASMANIA.—Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND.—Write to Sydney Office. Use Money Orders only.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
TOWN STATE
Size Pattern Coupon, 4/2/39.

An Editorial Science Makes Us Live Longer...

FEBRUARY 4, 1939.

TRAINING FOR MARRIAGE



OF the thousands of girls returning to school this week the vast majority will in the course of time find their careers in marriage.

Yet there is no course in the schooling they are undergoing to give them preparedness—in the spiritual sense—for this career, the greatest of all from a national viewpoint.

Our schoolgirls are taught the domestic sciences, mothercraft, and the practical side of being good wives, but the ideology of marriage is not touched upon.

There is no bridge provided for them between the dreams of adolescence and the reality of maturity and an adult outlook.

While the science of home-making is an essential and splendid thing, there should in addition be some sort of a course in human psychology to make marriage more real... to make happy marriage a goal to be striven for—a job of work with happiness as the prize.

There need be nothing done to take the sentiment out of marriage, but there could be much done to rationalise the approach to it.

The girls could be taught that there is more to marriage than the romance and the moonlight and roses of it.

They should be taught that it is not the happy ending of a fairy tale, but the beginning of the real life partnership between two imperfect people, who need each other and wish to retain their own individuality as well.

Intelligent senior school-mistresses talking informally to senior girls on the career of marriage and its responsibilities could do much to create the right atmosphere in the minds of the girls.

A sane realism and understanding would then be added to the romanticism and dreams of girlhood, which by themselves are too slender things on which to build an enduring marriage.

—THE EDITOR.

Investigating Diets That Will Increase the Span of Life

A RUSSIAN doctor has expressed the opinion that science will eventually enable human beings to live for 180 years.

At first glance the prediction may seem absurd—but there is much to support it.

New discoveries in medicine and more healthful conditions of living have already added greatly to the average span of life. Statistics show that at least 10 years have been added in the last 50 years, and, according to doctors engaged on research into longevity, new developments in controlled diets may soon add a further ten years.

At this rate of progress, the time is not far distant when centenarians will be the rule rather than the exception!

Latest Australian figures show that since 1879 the expectation of life at birth has been increased from 47.2 to 63.5 years for males, and from 50.9 to 67.1 years for females. This has been due partly to the decline in infant mortality.

Food's Part

OF babies who survive until their first birth-days, however, the males now have an average chance of living until 66.5 years old, and the females until 69.7 years.

No light has been thrown on the reason for the longer average life of women, but it is interesting to note that the same trend has been observed in America.

Scientists generally agree that food plays probably the most important part in longevity.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, eminent British brain specialist, who worked until his death this year at the age of 97, held that almost anyone could live to 100 by taking care and avoiding "fads and fuss."

An American, Dr. Henry Clapp Sherman, believes that the inclusion of plenty of milk, fruit, and vegetables in diet will extend the life span by 10 per cent.

Science even disputes the long-accepted theory that alcohol shortens life. Dr. Raymond Pearl, an American, believes that in moderation it does not do so, that there is even evidence that it might increase the normal life expectancy.

Those who are investigating longevity share the theory that a human being possesses a limited amount of vitality which should be conserved through the early years

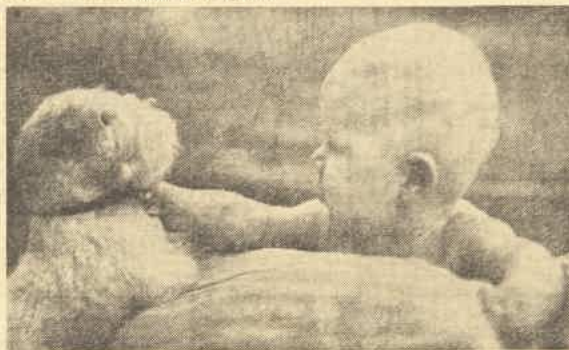
and increased by careful diet and moderation generally.

Recent American experiments in rejuvenation have been made with a new fluid, testosterone. This fluid, a synthetic hormone, replaces the earlier experiments in transplanting animal glands to humans made famous by Voronoff.

Results of these new experiments are said to have been satisfactory, and, in some cases, astounding.

"Why should anyone want to live longer?" asked Lord Horder, Physician-in-Ordinary to the King and Queen, recently. "What's the use of living longer with conditions as they are, the infernal noise of cities and machinery running away with us?"

He quoted H. G. Wells, who once described modern civilisation as a monkey behind the wheel of an automobile headed for destruction at breakneck speed.



WILL a life span of 180 years, as predicted by scientists, be spaced out to give us a longer childhood?

There remains the fact that a great many people do want to live longer. An American, William G. Potts, of Chicago, paid his doctor more than £12,000 to keep him alive for six months. Actually he bet the doctor on his chances of life, and was delighted to lose his money.

He lived eighteen months, and recently the doctor filed a claim on the Potts estate for the sum, plus an equal amount for general medical services.

The claim is not being contested. Potts placed securities worth £25,000 and a copy of the contract in a bank before he died.

"Bought" Life

THE doctor explained: "Mr. Potts' sole reason for enlisting my aid to prolong his life was that he might put his estate in order for his family. 'But after he had lost the bet and lived six months he enjoyed the gamble.'"

Friends said that Mr. Potts found that last 18 months of his life more enjoyable than any other period.

Another woman, suffering from

heart disease, approached the same doctor, offering him £250 a year to keep her alive until her golden wedding in two years' time.

She lived the two years and longer. Her husband then offered the doctor the same amount for every year he was kept alive—no more than that sum, because he did not wish to "rob his dependents."

The late John D. Rockefeller lived until 98 principally because of strict medical supervision for which, of course, he was easily able to pay.

Fred Snite, "the boy in the iron lung," would have died three years ago if his father had not been able to spend nearly £500 a day in keeping him alive.

Not long ago the Rockefeller Foundation gave more than £10,000 to Cornell University, U.S.A., for research into the prolonging of the life span.

Many people have claimed that they were 150 years old, but few have been able to prove that age.

The oldest human being whose age was unquestioned was Pierre Joubert, of Quebec, who died in 1814 at the age of 113.

A Russian, Yekup Shous, claims 157 years under oath, but no real proof is available. Russia also boasts two or three other men who say they are nearly as old, but likewise have no proof.

Centenarians!

THE grand old man of Bechuanaland, Ramonolwana Senan, has had his age placed at 140, and also at 123. In any case he has a son of 100 and a youngest daughter of 16.

The Hon. Kathleen Plunket, an Irishwoman, was nearly 112 when she died in 1932. She looked after her own business affairs until she died, and walked in her garden every day.

In December Mrs. Emma Coate, of Taunton, England, claimed to be England's oldest woman. She was 108. Mrs. Rachel Swain, of Bedfordshire, also 108, died in December.

Last July, Mrs. Annie Norman, of Launceston (Tas.), celebrated her 105th birthday, and she was then thought to be Australia's oldest woman. However, Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, of Norwood, South Australia, announced that she was 13 months older. She had celebrated her 106th birthday in 1937.

Mrs. Isabel Munro, who, when she celebrated her 104th birthday last July, was Victoria's oldest woman, went to a party that night and came home at 2.30! And very angry she was when her relatives wouldn't let her get up at 6.30 in the morning as usual.

Mrs. Ellen Williams, of Paddington, Sydney, reached 100 last July, and in the same month Mrs. Ellen Stephens, of Mortdale, attained the same age.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



Wilds Of Canberra Will Be Shock For Duke!



Lower Thinks He Would Be Better Off At Oodnadatta

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by
EMILE MERCIER

So this is our hospitality!
The Duke of Kent, as Governor-General, will take up residence at Canberra.

If you've ever been to Canberra you'll know that this is practically a sentence to a living death.

WELL, the first thing you do in Canberra is get lost. All the best people do it. I've done it myself. You try to find Government House and find yourself in the

herbarium. Not that there's much difference. And there's going to be a bit of hellishness set in when he gets there. In Canberra, clerks don't

speak to gardeners. People whose income is five hundred a year ignore other people who only get four hundred and ninety-nine pounds a year.

He'll have to watch his step. They have tea and bridge parties in Canberra to save themselves from going mad.

"Did you notice her frock, my dear?"

"Positively deafening! And with her hair dyed that color! I think it's disgusting."

"I was only saying to Mr. Lyons the other day . . ."

"You know Mr. Lyons?"

"Oh, yes! We're great friends. As a matter of fact, he raised his hat to me only three months ago. He ran over my dog. He was so nice about it."

"By the way, I must show you something. Just look at this cigarette butt. Isn't it ducky? The Duke threw it away, and I picked it up."

"You lucky girl!"

"I was thinking of inviting the Duke to a soiree."

"To a what?"

"It's a kind of social afternoon. You know, just cheese and biscuits and a few bottles of beer, and all that. Informal, if you know what I mean. I understand that the Duke likes to be informal. He's a hot number on the Lambeth Walk, you know!"

"Oh!"

"Oh!"

"I Said to the Duke . . ."

AND the lift-driver in Federal Parliament House is wondering if the boys will sling off at him if the Duke accidentally makes him a Knight of the Garter.

And another thing.

I've got a number of journalist friends stationed in Canberra.

I know what's going to happen.

They'll line up at the bar and say, "I said to the Duke, 'If you want anybody to show you round, here I am. I know this joint backwards. You just stick by me.'"

"What did he say?"

"He said that it was the best news he'd heard for years."

"Yeah!"

"Yeah!"

If I were living in Canberra I'd leave now for some other part of the country. No disrespect is meant for the Duke of Kent, of course, but I'm a married man myself.

I'm sorry for the married man in Canberra.

Having to sit down to breakfast in frock coat and spats, and being told not to be seen in the front garden with a spade in his hand, and all that.

Look what happens to people who go to Canberra.

They come out of it looking like people who have been to Canberra.

Why is it that when the Parliamentary sessions are over everyone rushes for the nearest train, plane, or bus to get out of the place?

The beer is not as it should be, either.

Canberra is a model city.

I don't know whether you've ever tried to live in a model city, but believe me, it's lousy.

You play croquet, and all that.

CANBERRA welcomes the Duke of Kent—as foreseen by our artist after reading Lower's article. Lower fears that the Duke may lose his way in Canberra's great open spaces.

Some of the more desperate characters go in for bowls, and quite a few bounders play tennis and golf.

There is a picture show about two thousand miles away from wherever you happen to be living.

I would not be a bit surprised if the Duke joined in the Port Kembla don't-load-iron-for-Japan strike. Just for something to do. I can think of no more pleasant occupation than sitting on a wharf not loading iron.

When I first met Lord Gowrie in Canberra I was struck by his air of calm repose. It seemed regal to me.

He told me later that he couldn't help it.

There's nothing else to do in the town but calmly repose.

I'm good at that, but you can have too much of it.

There comes a sudden surge of energy when you want to go to the

School of Arts to play dominoes or some mad thing like that.

The Duke couldn't do that. Perhaps he could play billiards with the head gardener, who is a very good player if I remember rightly.

I anticipate a very difficult time for the Duke, but he looks like a man who can take it on the chin and smile.

Anyhow, if he ever gets tired of it up there, I've got a spare room in my flat in Darlinghurst, and we're only a few steps away from a hamburger shop and a shooting gallery.

Why doesn't the Duke establish his residence at Oodnadatta or Alice Springs, where men are men, and loyal citizens will pound him on the back and say, "Ar there, mate! Come 'n' have one!"

Still, I suppose he has to live his own life, and, if he's got to go to Canberra, that's the end of it. It seems hard, though.

YOUR INDIGESTION

IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

This seems an amazing statement to make. But you who suffer the pangs and nagging torture of gastritis and dyspepsia know that nothing that happens in the world is so important to you as to get relief from that dreadful pain.

When your food is not properly digested and assimilated, all sorts of complications arise. First of all, you have flatulence, heartburn and acidity—those symptoms you call "slight indigestion." Later, you begin to hate your meal times, because you know that immediately afterwards you will have distressing pain. Continued neglect often leads to chronic agony and the danger of gastritis and even more serious trouble.

The quickest, surest way of ending the danger of indigestion is to start taking De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day, the remedy that gives relief from the very first dose.

This Remedy Gives Instant Relief



Mr. S. Vickers, of 55 Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria, says:—"I felt I must let you know what De Witt's Antacid Powder has done for me. I have suffered terribly for the last twelve years and even though I tried all kinds of treatment, got no relief. I could only do light work. I was at Foster, and read in 'The Truth' of your Antacid Powder, and sent home for a tin. I was a changed man after taking two or three teaspoons of the Powder. Now I can eat anything and am putting on weight."

EAT AND ENJOY ALL YOUR FOOD

There is a five-fold reason why De Witt's Antacid Powder conquers digestive trouble quickly and permanently. This unique product at once neutralises the sour, acid condition of your stomach. Its colloidal kaolin content soothes and protects the stomach lining. Then this fine remedy stimulates and strengthens the stomach itself. It also actually digests a portion of your food, and then it cleanses the system of harmful germ-laden fermenting matter which, entering the blood stream, often cause spots, pimples, blotches, and frequently, painful boils.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. Eat what you like, enjoy it and know that your food is doing you good and keeping you fit and healthy. No matter how long you have suffered or how serious your digestive disorder, De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you quick and permanent relief. It is the quickest acting and most economical remedy you can have. Ask for and see that you get—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation and Gastritis.

Of all chemists, in the famous sky-blue canisters, price 2/6



Alluring Lips

GET ALL THE KISSES

FIRST he holds your hands. He looks into your eyes. Then his lips search for yours. That is your moment—the moment when you win and hold him or lose him, make him remember you or want to forget. And that's where Michel seals a bewitching moment. Michel is well-balanced and doubly permanent. It has a special creamy base that gives your lips petal-smoothness, flower-like fragrance, vibrant allure. Michel bestows a charm that the strongest man cannot resist. In seven fashionable shades, there is one to suit your type. Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry.



2- Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

SICK KIDNEYS CAN BE CURED

For more than sixty years Warner's Safe Cure has been proving to grateful users in almost every country that disorders of kidneys and liver definitely can be cured. There was a time, perhaps, three generations ago, when one might have been sceptical of the large claims made for Warner's Safe Cure. That time is now past. Scepticism has been drowned in a flood of thankful, voluntary testimonials—tangible, black-and-white evidence that Warner's Safe Cure does not only give relief, but actually cures once and for all disorders of these extremely important organs.

A typical letter came recently from a lady in Birdwood, S.A. She writes: "I have much pleasure in writing you regarding your Warner's Safe Cure. I had been suffering from liver and kidney trouble, and tried all sorts of medicine without much relief. I couldn't sleep at night until a friend of mine told me about Warner's Safe Cure, which I tried. I am pleased to say I am now free of all my trouble and can sleep well at night. I can heartily recommend Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering from my complaint."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc., are only a few of the many dangerous symptoms that may occur when the body is flooded with harmful poisons from deranged kidneys or liver. The prompt application of a proven remedy is most essential to prevent these symptoms becoming chronic.

Warner's Safe Cure has been thoroughly tried and proven by more than sixty years of constant use. It has been found the cheapest effective remedy by three grateful generations. Warner's Safe Cure may be had at all chemists and stores.

An illustrated booklet dealing with kidney and liver diseases, diet, etc., will be sent free on application to H. B. Warner & Co., Ltd., 330 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

"We can't possibly afford—" began Miss Petlove, remembering, as she was always the first to do, that, about five weeks ago, they had made a solemn covenant to forswear eating in such places until Mr. Orchard's finances had established themselves upon a better working basis.

"Oh, yes, we can! I've got a job."

"Brian! What sort of a job?"

And at that, if you please, Mr. Orchard shut up like an oyster. It was his job, he said, and nobody's business but his own.

"And mine," pointed out Miss Petlove.

"It shall be yours, my peach blossom," rejoined Mr. Orchard, "when we go hand in hand to the progenitor to touch him for the three hundred p.a. he's promised me when I get married; which, with my salary, will make a very handy little nucleus for the housekeeping. By the way, what were you doing in Gordon Rush's?"

"Brian," said Miss Petlove hastily, "have you ever heard of a thing called a dickey?"

"Now, look here, my girl," said Mr. Orchard, on a sterner note than he was in the habit of employing to Miss Petlove, "I will, for the sake of our future, sever my connection with the firm which has had the honor of building the Orchard shirts for the last five years; but no living power shall force me into a dickey. No, my dear Miss Petlove, I may in future buy my shirts off the peg, but, dash it, they shall be shirts!"

That settled it for Miss Petlove. Tremblingly she decided that, for the present at any rate, Mr. Orchard must know nothing about the half-shirt.

For all her optimism, it was a very nervous young woman who returned, at the end of a week, to the emporium of Gordon Rush.

"As we expected, there hasn't been sufficient response to justify our placing a contract," he announced. "On the other hand, if you care to book a small order—say, four dozen of the dress model—we might clear them. Of course, this leaves you free to offer them elsewhere."

Miss Petlove shut her eyes tightly

Mother of Invention

Continued from Page 7

for a moment. This was the thin end of the wedge!

During the following fortnight, Miss Petlove had barely time to mourn the absence of Mr. Orchard (lost to her, save in the evenings, at his mysterious job) or to be anything but glad she had all her time to herself. The first four dozen were hardly delivered before a telephone order came through for twelve dozen more. Miss Petlove found herself, for the first time in her life, an employer of labor on a large scale.

It was rather a wan and weary Miss Petlove who met Mr. Orchard in the evening.

"Ad a 'ard day at the office, dearie?" inquired Miss Petlove, accepting a White Lady from her lover's hand. For once, Mr. Orchard failed to come back with an appropriate reply.

"I don't know—I'm an awful ass. I expect, really," said Mr. Orchard dolefully. "I mean—look here, Verena. You couldn't really be happy with me—could you—if we'd only got about four hundred a year to live on?"

"But I thought there'd be your salary, too, dearest," she ventured softly.

"There's that," admitted Mr. Orchard, "but, as things are working out, one has to look for it with a magnifying glass. It comes down to this: that though I'm willing to sweep crossings to provide you with a home, I am, for some reason or other, one of those hopeless drips whom no one wants to employ in anything but a job that a certified lunatic could certainly do as well as I do it."

We have not mentioned, I fancy, that Mr. Orchard was a very personable-looking fellow. Allowing fifty per cent. for Miss Petlove's partiality, one might safely say that a stroll round Mayfair at any hour between dawn and dark would be unlikely to yield a more pleasing study than Mr. Orchard's tall, easily

moving figure and good-natured blonde face. It was really not his fault that no one took seriously his need to earn money.

It was Mr. Orchard's bad luck that all his father's interests lay among the scientific fraternity, who had, naturally, no use for him, so that he could not claim paternal influence where, on occasion, it might have been useful. But over this matter of getting a job he had done his best, and it was disheartening to the last degree to find out what a poor beast it was.

"You'd better chuck me," growled Mr. Orchard. "The very idea of a girl like you hanging about after a waster like me is an outrage on humanity."

Miss Petlove's reply to this need not be recorded. It was only when Mr. Orchard rose to make his adieu that his own emotion conquered for a brief moment his filial obligations.

"I would just like," he said, showing Miss Petlove a clenched fist, "to put that under the male parent's middle button. Of all the cheese-paring, bloodless old scoundrel! What do you suppose he did the other day? He went to Gordon Rush's and ordered a dozen of a disgusting thing called the Albany Half-Shirt because they were about two-thirds the price of the shirts he's been buying! No back to them, if you please—like that thing we were talking about the other day: like a dickey!"

Miss Petlove grew very pale, but set her teeth.

"This time next year," she said grimly, "we'll be married."

"And spend our honeymoon in the bankruptcy court. All right, darling," said Mr. Orchard, on which cheerful note they parted.

ORDERS for the Albany Half-Shirt were pouring in. "Dear Miss Petlove," she read, with a slight frown, "I thought you might care to see the folder we are issuing in connection with the Albany Half-Shirt. Our publicity department seemed to think that this line is worth a special advertising effort. Congratulations!—Yours truly, S. Lewis."

"P.S.—I have just bought two tickets for the first night of 'Jole de Vivre': do you happen to be free on Tuesday?"

Dropping this in the wastepaper basket, Miss Petlove took up the folder. And her eyes nearly fell out of her head.

The Albany Half-Shirt was "featured" in three photographic studies of a young gentleman who, in Number 1, had his back to the camera, in the act of fastening the waist buckle. In Number 2 the same young gentleman, this time in trousers, faced the camera, and, save for the sleeves, appeared to be completely clad, as to his upper portion, in an immaculate shirt. In Number 3, complete with cigarette and wrist-watch, he faced a future which, as suggested by his garb, included dinner, the opera and a ball. Handsome, debonaire, at ease, the wearer looked out of the picture with a slightly ironic smile: the smile of Mr. Brian Orchard.

Not being a Victorian, Miss Petlove did not faint.

The sacrifice of a man's personal pride to his duty and devotion spoke (to Miss Petlove) in every line of those noble lineaments.

The next moment the telephone was in her hand.

"Is that Gordon Rush?—Put me through to the publicity department. I want the head of the publicity. Is that Mr. Brinklebaum? Those folders—those advertisements of the Albany Half-Shirt—have



HEDY LAMARR, Viennese beauty and United Artist's star, models this Irene dinner-dress of shirred black taffeta. It is trimmed with black velvet banding, and is worn with a black lace mantilla.

they been issued yet? No? Thank heaven. They've got to be withdrawn—yes, I said withdrawn! Every one of them. I don't care what it costs—you can stop the cost of them out of the buying department! I'm Miss Petlove—Miss Verena Petlove—the inventor! I can't explain on the telephone—I'll come round. But all those folders have got to be stopped—"

To cut a long story short, Mr. Brian Orchard and Miss Verena Petlove were married in the late autumn of that same year. Albany Half-Shirts were made into a limited company, with Mr. Orchard on the board of directors and Mrs. Orchard and Mrs. Petlove as chief shareholders. Lady Grimme, who had always been a little peevish about Verena's manner towards her, was quite bewildered by the amount of attention paid to her at the wedding by the bride. And, to put the lid on it, Sir Peter Orchard was so tickled that his nitwit of a son should succeed in capturing so clever a young woman as the author of an invention which had halved his shirt bills that he settled a thousand a year on Brian. And the young couple, who had reckoned on a meagre in Mayfair, started off in Bruton Street, which, as Mrs. Orchard remarked, is the way things happen: when you're pretty well off people throw money at you with both hands.

And, as everybody knows, the Albany Half-Shirt is now worn from Smithfield Market to the Ritz, Piccadilly, and has had particular success north of the Tweed. Possibly the only man in town who has never made use of its amenities is that prince among dandies, the present Sir Brian Orchard.

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Tempests rage

around lips that are savagely red!

Things happen... when lips have the disturbing red of impetuous jungle romance! And SAVAGE LIPSTICK alone has that kind of colour; exciting, tempting, purposely daring reds. None like them have ever been seen in lipstick before. SAVAGE is highly indelible, too. It clings *savagely*. Select from these five thrilling shades:

TANGERINE... FLAME... NATURAL... BLUSH... JUNGLE



SAVAGE LIPSTICK

SAM SMALL SAVED SERGEANT-MAJOR'S LIFE AND KING WERE PLEASED AT PUNCH.



"WHAT! MUCKY HANDS ON MEDAL-DAY? BY GOM! THAT'S WORST THING YET!"

'E ORDERED CHAMPION MEDAL STRUCK, AND 'AD SAM UP FOR LUNCH.



"GO WASH W! SOLVOL, SAM," SAID KING "OR MEDAL THA'LL NOT GET!"



SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!
MECHANICS! GARDENERS! PAINTERS! USE SOLVOL FOR GRIMY HANDS! THE PENETRATING SOLVOL LATHER CLEANS PORE-DEEP... DISSOLVES OIL AND GREASE AND INGRAINED DIRT... CLEARS AWAY ALL STAINS. SOLVOL—AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

J. KITCHEN & SONS, PTY. LTD.

23, 259, 19

SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
"When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"!?"



"She thinks no man is good enough for her."
"She may be right."
"Yes, and she may be left."



POLICEMAN: How did the accident happen?
MOTORIST: My wife fell asleep in the back seat.



"Just my luck! I've finished painting the sun in this landscape and now there's a moon in it!"

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

EXCITED FATHER: Quick. Tell me! Is it a boy?
Nurse: Well, the one in the middle is.

NICE OLD LADY (to granddaughter): Will you promise me never to use two words? One is well, and the other is lousy.
Granddaughter: Sure, Granny! What are the words?

FRIEND: It must be awful to be a debt-collector. You must be unwelcome wherever you go.
Collector: Not at all. Nearly everybody asks me to call again.

PRETTY NURSE: Every time I take the patient's pulse it beats faster. What should I do?
Doctor: Er—try blindfolding him.

VISITOR: Is your mother home, boy?
Small Boy: Do you think I'm mowing the lawn because it's too long?

HE: Bagpipes are not peculiar to Scotland as some people think. She: No, they're just peculiar.

WIFE: I think you're perfectly ridiculous to go out in that old suit. I dress well. Why don't you?
Husband: That's the reason.

PATIENT: Well, doctor, you kept your promise when you said you'd have me walking again in a month.
Doctor: Well, well. That's fine.

Patient: Yes, I had to sell my car when I got your bill.

Mother! Here's the Friend you often need



Whatever should I do without CUTICURA!

The way children knock themselves about, you're simply lost without a reliable antiseptic healer in the house. Keep a tin of Cuticura Ointment by you and you are ready for accidents.
For quick, clean healing, for drawing out soreness and inflammation, use Cuticura Ointment. Apply it to cuts, grazes, scratches and pimples and you need never fear gathering or septic poisoning. To prevent blistering and to cool the fiery pain of scalds and burns Cuticura Ointment is unsurpassed. As a remedy for serious skin troubles the healing power of Cuticura Ointment is magical. It arrests the tormenting itch the moment it touches the skin. Chronic eruptions, that have resisted treatment for years, quickly fade and vanish before the quick action of Cuticura Ointment.

Use Cuticura Ointment to relieve and heal Itching Eruptions, Ulcers, Boils, Abscesses, Eczema, Pimples, Poisoned Wounds, Cuts, Burns and all disorders of the Skin and Scalp.

1/3 and 2/6 a tin.



STOP WEARING GLASSES



Before Eye Culture



After Eye Culture

There is a way—a Natural Way—to have a good, clear sight again. You can do it, with the aid of EYE CULTURE—and can dispense with glasses.
At last, by EYE CULTURE, it has been discovered that most people wearing glasses today NEED NOT. It has also been proved definitely by EYE CULTURE that those who fear that they will need glasses are FEARING NEEDLESSLY.
It has been found that Glasses do not cure any eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that as time goes on, THOSE WEARING GLASSES MUST FREQUENTLY CHANGE THEM AND GET STRONGER LENSES EACH TIME.
EYE CULTURE is Nature's own method of ridding those who are affected of eye troubles, enabling glasses to be dispensed with. It is based upon a most exacting scientific knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eye. By EYE CULTURE congestion and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition. EYE CULTURE is a positively safe and harmless system for young and old alike. A short time daily

Are your eyes causing you anxiety or worry from EYE-STRAIN, EYE HEADACHES, ASTIGMATISM, LONG SIGHT, WEAK SIGHT, SQUINT, OLD AGE SIGHT, EYES THAT CANNOT STAND GLARE, ETC.?

with EYE CULTURE can render glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief being experienced within an amazingly short time, followed by a definite improvement in the condition.
These reports tell how quickly and effectively eye sufferers get relief from EYE CULTURE.
"I am very glad to inform you that from the very first week I commenced your EYE CULTURE treatment I had no further trouble with my eyes, besides feeling one hundred per cent. better in my general health. I have no difficulty in following the instructions as clearly set out in the course and have done, and will do my best to interest others in this excellent and inexpensive treatment, and shall not hesitate to recommend others to use it."
—Mrs. E. Mansour, N.S.W.
"I carried out fully the instructions given in your Course of EYE CULTURE and I found that I was able to immediately put aside my glasses which I used when reading, and I found that the strained feeling in my eyes which often bothered me went for good. — so I must say your course of EYE CULTURE is all that you claim it to be."
—Mrs. L. Kingsley, Queensland.
For particulars, call or send stamped addressed envelope for free booklet to

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No. 1 St. James Building,
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Phone for an appointment: MAJEST.
Advice is FREE.

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries
And Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy that cures through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What Is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and desiccated fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing!

NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send For FREE Booklet!

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1512, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 2/6, one month's supply. (A.1142)

NURSE REDUCES HER WAIST, HIPS and BUST



"The Doctors told me that they thought my constant headaches and tiredness were caused by me getting too fat. I used to be only 120 lb., but before I began taking Youth-o-Form my weight had gone up to 160 lb., and, as you know, a nurse's work in hospital is strenuous, and I used to be just about exhausted at the end of the day. Several of my doctor friends told me Youth-o-Form was worth trying, and on August 2nd I began taking 3 Youth-o-Form capsules before dinner each day. In those few weeks I have reduced from 160 lb. to 120 lb., my bust 2 inches, waist 2 inches, and hips 1 1/2 inches.

All my friends notice how much slimmer I am, and I feel better than I have felt for years. The headaches have completely gone, thanks to marvellous Youth-o-Form."

WHAT YOU SHOULD WEIGH

Compare your weight with that of the perfect 100 lb. figure which is given on this chart. If you are fat on your chest, bust, waist, or hips in spilling your health and figure let YOUTH-O-FORM help you.

Hgt.	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
4 ft. 11 in.	105	110	115	120	125
5 ft. 0 in.	110	115	120	125	130
5 ft. 1 in.	115	120	125	130	135
5 ft. 2 in.	120	125	130	135	140
5 ft. 3 in.	125	130	135	140	145
5 ft. 4 in.	130	135	140	145	150
5 ft. 5 in.	135	140	145	150	155
5 ft. 6 in.	140	145	150	155	160
5 ft. 7 in.	145	150	155	160	165
5 ft. 8 in.	150	155	160	165	170
5 ft. 9 in.	155	160	165	170	175
5 ft. 10 in.	160	165	170	175	180
5 ft. 11 in.	165	170	175	180	185

Add 10 lb. for every 5 years over forty.

Youth-o-Form is Safe, Effective and Permanent

Youth-o-Form is prepared by highly-qualified chemists from the purest medicaments.

Safe, effective, permanent, it is tasteless and convenient to take anywhere at any time. Youth-o-Form corrects constipation and indigestion, High Blood Pressure and Rheumatism in those people who are overweight, too.

INVITATION: Telephone or write at any time asking any questions concerning Youth-o-Form.

If you are too fat and wish to reduce to normal, get a six week's treatment of Youth-o-Form for 30/- or a 10-day carton for 8/- from your nearest chemist, and begin taking one little tasteless capsule at bedtime.

Be sure to get genuine Youth-o-Form

If far from a chemist, pin stamps or a postal note in a piece of paper with your name and address—send it to BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 452N, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Youth-o-Form will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return mail.



Thousands of people of all ages throughout the British Empire, Society women, business women, mothers of families, professional men, business men, and athletes take Youth-o-Form occasionally, to keep their bodies at a healthy, normal weight.

Telephone or write to us at any time for any advice you may need.

And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 8

A SLIGHT blank came over Mr. Harridge's face. "Oh, that one," he said, and paused a second. "Well, I don't know if I ought to take the responsibility of introducing him to you. I don't know what your mother would say."

"Oh, mums," said Kate. "She doesn't approve of anyone."

"I like this young fellow," Mr. Harridge went on, and beckoned to him. "I shouldn't wonder if he settled down and turned out all right. It's Ridley Crane."

Was it indeed? Kate knew all about Ridley Crane; probably a good deal more than Mr. Harridge knew. Crudely stated, she knew he was rich and dissipated, and that, at the moment, he occupied the peak of romantic and importance in the eyes of those romantic and important people, her sister Helen's friends. This peak was never very permanently occupied. The year before, it had been held by a beautiful young actor who had solved all his problems by marrying a rich widow. Before that, in younger days, there had been a long succession of college athletes—captains of crews and heroes of football teams. Kate knew that any girl Ridley Crane took out acquired prestige in the eyes of the others; that, if Crane were going to a party, everyone would want to go. In fact, Kate remembered that only a few weeks ago Helen had risen from a sick bed to go to a dance at the Masons', where it was rumored Crane was to be; only he hadn't turned up and Helen had been cross and said Gertrude Mason got people to her house under false pretences.

He had graduated from an Eastern college, and had then gone

abroad, where his father was Minister to one of the Balkan countries; he had served as his father's secretary for several years.

Thus, he could speak with more authority on the European situation than many older men. Then, on the death of his father, he had come home to take care of his great fortune. He had been at home only a few months, but Kate knew that in that time he had already done something dreadful—had killed someone while driving his car when he was drunk. There had been editorials about it in the newspapers—if criminals were to escape, owing to their wealth and political influence—Well, he had escaped—no one knew exactly how. He had escaped, not only prison but apparently he had escaped all opprobrium.

She was a little disappointed in his looks—he was not at all god-like—a little above middle height, with a rather heavy brow, and eyes deeply set in his head; rather a sad face, she thought. Then, as she watched him crossing the room towards her, a small incident occurred. A dancing couple nearly ran into him; he stayed them off with a hand against the man's shoulder; the girl thought, or wanted to think, that he was cutting in. Kate saw it all, and knew that most of the boys she knew would have abided by the mistake. Not Crane. She saw him explain politely and without much change of expression that he was just on his way across the room to Mr. Harridge. She liked that. Her first thought was a loyal regret that Helen had not come. It would have been fun to watch Helen carrying off this great prize under everybody's nose. Kate had seen it so often. Helen had wonderful methods; she had a way of gazing into a new man's eyes in a sort of quiet trance of admiration. Kate had tried it once or twice, but without success; someone had laughed and said: "There's Kate trying to be Helen." She had felt bitterly ashamed.

She certainly wasn't going to try any such method now. She knew her place in the world; young men like Crane were not for her. Besides, she was a little afraid of him; he was so very calm and grave. Mr. Harridge was holding him by the arm and saying: "Ridley, this is a great friend of mine—Miss Latimer."

"Oh, I've heard about you," He had a wonderful voice, very deep and low and controlled. "Isn't Freddie Alcott a great friend of yours?"

"No, that's my sister."

She looked at him quickly to see if he were saying to himself: "Well, I didn't think this could be the great beauty I had heard so much about," but, to be honest, she didn't detect any such reaction. He asked her to dance, and knowing that she danced well she went with him gladly.

He didn't tell her she danced well. It wasn't necessary; every muscle of her body was soon responding to every muscle of his; it was so clear that there was no swoon or hesitation or change of rhythm that he asked of her to which she could not answer. Once he looked down at her and smiled. Well, that was enough.

They danced a long time, and then, quite naturally, they went out through the long open windows to the garden, and they didn't come back. There was nothing romantic or flattering in his keeping her there so long. Once or twice she said, without conviction: "I suppose we ought to go in," and he answered: "All right, only it's much nicer out here," and they hadn't moved. It was nice—it was incredibly beautiful—a perfumed garden and a sharp-edged moon high among silver-rimmed clouds. They sat rather far apart on a garden bench while he smoked unnumbered cigarettes taken from the sleekest, most beautiful gold case that she had ever seen, and they talked—talked in a way that she described to herself with a favorite adverb, "nicely"—a vague word that meant something definite to her—it meant, simply, easily, very much as she would have talked to Mr. Harridge; though the subject was different.

They talked about the difference between American girls and those he had known abroad; he was enthusiastic about his countrywomen—so pretty and well dressed, and such fun. English girls were great companions on the moors and the links, but companionable as other boys would be. French girls—well,

the very beautifully brought up ones had a great disadvantage—a man always felt that the father and mother—yes, and grandmothers and grandfathers, too—were looking you over to see if you would do, or if you were too much of a savage. He'd known some wonderful Spanish girls one summer at Biarritz, but he had been nothing but a kid to them. But there was one thing he did feel about American girls—they expected a good deal in return for very little; he meant that a man didn't feel that they were ready to adapt themselves to their husbands' lives, going off to Madagascar and doing the work of the household, as an English girl would. He paused and glanced down at Kate.

"I think you would," he said. "How do you mean?" She knew just how he meant, but she wanted the compliment prolonged and amplified.

"I think you'd try to make yourself into whatever a man wanted—wash his shirts and live in a mining camp."

"Wouldn't any girl, if she really cared much?"

"Maybe she would, but most of them that I've met would make him feel awfully guilty afterwards."

There was nothing really personal in the compliment, she reflected, for, after all, the last thing Crane's wife would be expected to do was to wash his shirts or live in a mining camp, but his sentence remained the high watermark of the evening. Yes, she said to herself passionately, indeed she would be happy in a mining camp; indeed she would do his washing—a man's washing—if she loved him. She thought he was clever to have seen this so clearly; imagine Gertrude Mason, or Lydia Lee, or even Helen—least of all, Helen.

She hardly noticed other couples that came strolling past, sometimes showing a tendency, on the part of the girl at least, to stop and engage in conversation. One of them did stop—Gertrude Mason. She said, ignoring Kate: "Supper is being served, Rid."

He bent politely towards Kate. "Do you want some supper? I could bring you something here, if you like."

KATE said no, she wasn't hungry, as indeed she wasn't; and Gertrude went on: "There's wonderful pate, and champagne, Rid—only perhaps, you've gone in permanently for milk and water."

"My tastes have always been simpler than you thought, Gertrude," he answered.

"Why," said Kate, when she had gone, "she meant me." She was astonished at her discovery.

Crane laughed. "If she did," he said, "she is a very poor judge of character."

They continued to ignore other interruptions, until Mr. Harridge himself stood before them. "Well," he said pleasantly, "I was wondering what you two were doing."

Kate immediately felt guilty, and would have launched on an apology—how they had just been coming in, only the garden was so lovely. But Crane wouldn't let her; he took charge.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said amiably, "that we were thinking what fools everyone else was to stay in the house on such a night as this."

"Well, we're supposed to be having a dance, you know," said Mr. Harridge.

"Sit down and talk to us," said Crane, making room on the bench.

But Mr. Harridge wouldn't sit down, and Kate was suddenly aware of the acute necessity of going home. Her mother had sent the car for her, and the driver, old Michael, who was really the family coachman at heart, was not to be kept up late at night. His duties included not only those of chauffeur; he took care of two riding horses and cleaned the boots.

When they went in, they found that everyone except the house party had gone home; some of the house guests even seemed to have slipped upstairs to bed. It must be very late. Kate said good-night to her hostess in quite a flutter of repentance. Both Crane and Mr. Harridge accompanied her to the front door, where only two cars were standing—a beautiful long roadster and Latimer's old closed car. In the days when her father had been alive and they had had need of both town and country cars, this had been considered a smart model; now it looked huge and high-shouldered and generally misshapen.

Please turn to Page 20



Money Troubles at 60?

How to be Free of Them

A very jolly old lady this week tells why she gets "a nice fat cheque" from the A.M.P. every quarter:

"When my husband and I were married we took out a policy in the A.M.P. that would give each of us £3 a week when we got to 60. We reached 60 long ago and are enjoying the nice fat cheques that come, and will come, every quarter till we die. We have no money troubles. I would advise every young couple to follow the same plan."

It is a good plan. It is one of the many good A.M.P. plans that make for the happiness and peace of mind of men and women, and for their longer lease of life.

Over 100,000 new policies were issued by the A.M.P. Society last year. Each policy will in due course ease someone's money troubles. The nearest A.M.P. office will be glad to send an experienced adviser to you to suggest how you can ease yours. Ask to-day that he be sent.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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Do You Know?

Sea waves spoil hair waves, but Dampette puts them back in 3 minutes.

It's out of fashion to say "O yeah" and "Too right"—Smart girls say "I use Dampette."

A perm grows out quickly. Dampette makes your perm more permanent.

Add C to surf and you get surf. Dampette prevents dandruff.

Dampette makes the dulllest hair glossy.

There's 3 months of natural waves in every 2/- bottle of Dampette.

You can get DAMPETTE at all Chemists and Stores, price 2/-. Contains Vitamin P.

MAKE BABY'S HAIR CURLY

Mrs. Busch, of Newcastle, tells how she made her little girl's hair grow from straight to wavy and curly with Curlypet. She says: "Baby's hair was very straight and dry before I started to use Curlypet on her hair. She now has strong, soft curls in place of the limp, stringy hair, and she looks just adorable and pretty. I am telling everybody I know all about Curlypet. Yours sincerely, Mrs. Busch."

Brush Curlypet into your own child's hair to make it grow beautiful, wavy, curly. Get a 2/6 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist or store today. Be sure to get GENUINE CURLYPET

£1 for Best Letter

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published.

Pen names are not permitted. Readers decide this for themselves when a poll was taken concerning the page.

HOME NOT DULL

IN the mad search for thrills and adventure it is fashionable to sneer at domesticity. Re-reading the late G. K. Chesterton, I came on a passage in which he puts the case for the home most shrewdly.

"Of all modern notions, the worst is this: that domesticity is dull. . . . But the truth is that the home is the only place of liberty, the only spot on earth where a woman can alter arrangements suddenly, make an experiment or indulge in a whim. The home is not the one tame place in a world of adventure; it is the one wild place in a world of rules and set tasks."

Most business girls who have married will doubtless subscribe to this picture of home life and the relative liberty it gives one.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. C. Kellie, 18 Caulfield Ave., Reade Park, Adelaide.

IS WELLS RIGHT?

OUR distinguished visitor, Mr. H. G. Wells, has stated that knowledge is power. But is it the right sort of power?

Children are being given sufficient learning to understand films and lurid literature, which gives them a thoroughly distorted view of life in general. Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and before the power of it can be of any advantage people will have to be educated to the proper usage of that power.

K. G. Porter, Karaween, Jimbour, Qld.

HARD TO PLEASE

I HEARD a salesgirl remark that she would rather serve a dozen men than one woman.

Women walk into a shop, have it "turned upside down," and then walk out without buying anything. A man enters, secures the article he wants and departs without any fuss.

Why is it that women are such difficult shoppers? Don't they know what they want, or are they over-particular?

Mrs. E. Johns, 28 Divett St., Adelaide.

NO MORE SKIN BLEMISHES FOR ME NOW THAT I USE REXONA SOAP



Bring clear loveliness to your skin with one simple care—wash regularly with Rexona Soap! Blemishes, rashes, and normal skins gain a new glowing beauty from Rexona's special medications. For more serious troubles use Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap and your skin will be quickly restored to perfect health.



SOAP—9d. per Tablet. (City and Suburban). OINTMENT—4/6 per Tin. NOW also extra large size, three times the quantity, 5/-.

B.194.52

So they Say

Why Matrons Now Dress Better

BEING a matron with a family, I say "Thank you," Miss Floyd, for your very nice letter (14/1/39).

There is no excuse for a woman, of any age, to look dowdy. I know mothers who help to keep their daughters smart, and vice versa.

I think in most families mothers and girls get together on the dress question, and form a mutual help society.

Mrs. J. F. Walker, Cintra St., East Ipswich, Qld.

Meeting Competition

THE present-day middle-aged woman is much too sensible to be dowdy either in mind or attire. She has learnt the art of making the most of her remaining good looks, and this, together with her poise, experience and understanding, makes her an attractive person indeed.

If married, she realises this trim appearance is one way in which to hold her husband's interest.

If single, it is essential that she sally forth as smart and neat as possible, in a world so full of competition.

Mrs. S. J. Levy, Royal Pde., Alderley, Brisbane.

Why Shouldn't They?

NO, Miss Floyd, I do not think it particularly laudable that a middle-aged person should dress well.

New clothes must be bought, and tasteful stylish ones cost no more than any other sort if a buyer is discriminating.

Middle-aged folk to-day do not consider themselves eligible for shawls and rocking-chairs as did their grandparents. Why should they not dress in accordance with an era which terms them "50 years young" instead of "50 years old"? N. Rogers, 48 Hunter St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

More Time Now

THERE are more reasons than young people's influence on matrons' smarter dressing.

Housekeeping is so much easier these days. Labor-saving devices all tend to give housekeepers more leisure for dress and personal appearance.

They have time to attend outings and parties where smartness is the keynote.

Mrs. J. Furlonger, 77 St. George's Rd., Preston, Vic.

Included in Outings

IN these days of cars, mothers are included in the outings with the girls and boys; in which case they certainly emulate the younger generation in striving to look their best.

There is every incentive for the modern matron to dress attractively, as more attention is now given to



Frocks are so much smarter!

the designing of larger fittings, and prices are within the reach of all.

Mrs. L. Howarth, 119 Unwin's Bridge Rd., Tempe, N.S.W.

Styles Are Smarter

I THINK it is natural when such attractive styles are offered to us older folk that we should dress well.

It may help to have a family to express their views, but I really think the improvement is due to the forethought of the present dress designers.

Mrs. M. Wheatley, Glenroy, Kenyon St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

Pros and Cons of Modern Marriage

MISS RALEIGH (14/1/39) alleges that marriage to-day is "dragged down to a commercial basis." Personally, I see no desecration in the fact that a little business sense is introduced into a couple's relationship.

What is wrong with running one's married life as a partnership, sharing duties and responsibilities, and achieving equality of status?

The chink in so many married couples' armor is that, instead of being business-like, they lay the emphasis on romance. But the old song title, "Love Will Find a Way," doesn't always work out in life—unless one can mix a little judicious business acumen.

Mrs. S. W. Liddicoat, 17 Gurr St., Goodwood Park, Adelaide.

Consider Money

WE must make marriage a business even if by so doing we oust a little of the love.

Most of us have to make the pay envelope do the work of a much larger one, and so we itemise things in a very businesslike way—even having separate banking accounts to cover holidays, illnesses and "rainy days." It's the only way! Mrs. R. Fletcher, 20 Cobden St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Too Much Sentiment

IN my opinion the alarming increase in divorce figures may, to some extent, be attributed to the

Doesn't Like Swing

CAN anyone tell me why we are hearing so much of this so-called "swing music"?

It is nothing less than tragic to see it gaining first place in many radio broadcasts. Old favorites such as "Annie Laurie," etc., are revived and murdered by swing bands.

Wireless was once company for mothers and home lovers, but with this form of entertainment taking a lead in programmes they are forced simply to grin and bear it.

Miss Joan Beck, 67 Moree St., Gordon, N.S.W.

overwhelming emphasis on the sentimental angle of marriage.

Cheap novels and films all conspire to blind the younger generation to the intrinsic merits apart from love so essential to the foundation of a lasting and happy married life.

Mutual trust, honesty, and stability of character, as well as affection, are all necessary ingredients.

Mrs. F. Watts, 103 Anson St., Orange, N.S.W.

Share and Share Alike

WE are making marriage far too elaborate an affair. . . . The whole secret is so simple; just that no marriage could fail where both partners conscientiously took half the responsibility for its success or failure.

Imagine the situation if on a boat the captain had no one to take a turn at the wheel!

Mrs. G. Stockwell, Tiara, N.C. Line, Qld.

Be Sensible About It

WHAT is the right approach to marriage? Believe it or not, it's a business. Find out, before you marry him, his earning capacity, what he proposes to allow you for house and clothes money, what family he expects you to have, and cut out all the lofty ideals and romantic ideas. They only exist in novels.

Mrs. S. Preece, 3 Cobden St., North Caulfield, Vic.

Will Women Become the Stronger Sex?

NO, Miss Murphy (14/1/39), we will never be the stronger sex. Certainly there will always be a few women who will want to rule men and to do the jobs meant for men.

The majority of women, however,



While mother chops the wood!

are content with the position they hold to-day as keepers of the home.

We may acquire the same skill and knowledge in various trades and professions, but men will always lead.

Mrs. J. Haigh, 7 Spring St., Preston, Vic.

World is Topsy-turvy

YES, this is a topsy-turvy world nowadays, and one does wonder if a general reversal is not slowly taking place.

I saw a young girl rise and offer her seat to a tired working man several days ago, and her offer was gladly accepted. What would grandmamma say? And yet, surely such an incident portrayed only a common-sense act!

Mrs. M. Wallis, 17 Ronald St., Dandenong, Vic.

One Man is Pleased!

MISS J. MURPHY, "witnessing incidents every day" which strengthen her argument, is now convinced that women are gradually becoming the stronger sex.

This conviction no doubt has been received with loud acclamation by all those unfortunate males who, in discharge of their obligations, are exerting their puny strength in all kinds of hard, manual labor.

Very soon they will be relieved of all their troubles and allowed to do light work, which will not over-tax their weaker bodies. Hooray!

Mr. R. Pearce, 46 Cameron St., Birchgrove, N.S.W.

No Need to Worry

REPAIRING a car engine is not necessarily a feat of strength.

When we see women predominating as miners, as timber-getters and in sports such as putting the shot, it will be time to fear that they are becoming the stronger sex.

Don't worry, Miss Murphy, most of us know when we are well off.

Mrs. J. Robinson, Vulture St., South Brisbane.

Isolated Instance

MISS F. MURPHY'S instance of a woman mending the car while the man read is only an isolated example. How can a single example speak for all men and women?

Moreover, the example is ludicrous since the majority of women are not mechanical-minded. One rarely sees women mechanics or women engineers studying at the University.

N. Wood, c/o Mr. Phil Rheuben, Rees Ave., off Old Sandgate Rd., Clayfield, Brisbane.

No, Never!

THE case cited of a young woman repairing a car while a man stood by would be very rare indeed.

In all probability the young man in question knew very little of the functioning of a motor car engine. In that case his attempted assistance would have been only a hindrance.

Miss E. Dowling, 9 Charles St., Ashford, S.A.

This Page is Yours!

Write as you please and on any topic which interests you. Keep your letters brief. Address will be found at the top of Page 3 of this issue

WILLS COMPULSORY?

WHY is it so many people die without having made a will? Many people believe that if they make one they are sure to die.

It would be a great thing if there were a law compelling people, when they reach the age of 50, to make a will.

It would prevent a lot of quarrelling and ill-feeling among the relatives who are left.

Miss P. McMonagle, 14 Crescent St., Armidale, N.S.W.

THOSE NICKNAMES!

MANY girls and boys have gone through life with deeply hurt feelings because of their nicknames.

Such nicknames as "Tubby," for a short fat child, and "Skinny," for a thin one, are painful, because they emphasise a defect which cannot be remedied by the child itself.

Thus the child often grows up with an inferiority complex.

Miss H. Lindsay, King St., Benalla, Vic.

LIKES COOKING

ISN'T it a pity that so many women detest cooking and regard as irksome their daily task of preparing meals? Cooking can be one of the most interesting jobs in the world, one that requires skill, imagination and judgment.

The more you learn about it the more fascinating it becomes; that is, if you regard it as an adventure rather than a bore.

Put your mind and heart in the job of cooking. You will feel better and your family and friends will have a greater regard for you.

E. McLennan, 213 Lyons St., North Ballarat, Vic.

YOUNG PARENTS' BEST

A GREAT deal has been said, and written, about the incompetence of young married couples. Yet I have found that the young mother and father rear their babies better than the couple who marry at middle age. It seems to me "the older the mother the more spoilt the babe."

Miss Jan Allison, 1 Military Cottage, Parkhill Drive, North Head, Manly, N.S.W.

IT DID THE TRICK

Upstairs Mrs. Cole lay listless and ill. Downstairs a rather scared family held conference. "She's never been like this before," said Father. "She seems to have lost all interest in life," said Brother Bill. "The Doctor says she's organically sound, but she just doesn't want to get better," said Elder Sister.

"Look here," said youngest brother, "Why don't we try Wincarnis? Look what it did for me after that nervous breakdown, last exam."

"Good idea," said Father. And that night he brought home a bottle of this wonderful tonic.

From the first glass Mother started showing a greater interest in things, and before a week had elapsed she was busy around the house, her old self once more.

Wincarnis works wonders in all cases of anæmia, debility, insomnia, and all complaints caused by weakened nervous and physical resistance.

Rich wine, beef essence and extract of malt, carefully blended by experts, restore lost energy, strengthen weakened resistance after illness, and build up muscle and tissue.

Twenty thousand recommendations from medical men testify to the health-giving qualities of Wincarnis, and recommend it as an excellent tonic.

Buy a bottle to-day—but remember that Wincarnis has no cheap substitute.

And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 18



TRUST YOUR LIPS TO *Michel*

and Keep Them Young Forever!

★ If you moisten your lips all through the day—beware! It's a sign the lipstick you're using is drying your mouth—making it old and lined.

Your lips can be young—soft and appealing, all through life, if you use the lipstick that protects them... Michel Lipstick. The base of this famous lipstick was created especially to keep mouths soft, Michel Lipstick is pure—affairingly soft! Its perfume delicately inviting.

SIX ENTRANCING SHADES

Blonde : Cherry
Vivid : Capucine
Raspberry : Scarlet

ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES



"LET me drive you home," Crane said. "You don't want to go in a closed car on a night like this."

Of course, she didn't; she wanted to go with him, although she felt Mr. Harridge at her elbow, disapproving with all his might. She was afraid he would say something to prevent her, and hopped into Crane's car as fast as she could. Mr. Harridge closed the door slowly.

"Be careful, Ridley; she's very precious."

She wished he hadn't said that. She saw Crane's brow contract, and they shot out of the gate at a terrific pace. She was frightened, but afraid to say so; she'd rather be killed, she thought, than remind him that his record was not clean. Then she thought of her mother.

"Aren't we going a little fast?"

"Frightened?"

"Yes, a little."

He slowed down at once. She experienced one of the most poignant of all regrets—the regret of having been sensible. What a cowardly infant he must think her.

"I'm sorry," he said. She thought his tone was cold. "So am I. I want to tell you, it wasn't that I was afraid, not only that, but my mother was terribly broken up by my father's death, and she lets my sister and myself do all sorts of things, only she made us promise to remember her and never take any unnecessary risks, and I couldn't help feeling that we were taking an unnecessary risk."

"We certainly were."

"Mr. Crane, are you angry?"

"No, I think I'm ashamed."

"I'd almost rather you were angry."

He glanced down at her. "You're a great kid," he said.

Her heart swelled with pride and joy. She yielded herself to the charm of the smooth though modified flight through the still night.

They reached home long before Michael and the old car. He sprang out and opened the door for her.

"Good night," he said. "Are you

dining at the Masons' next Saturday?"

The Masons' was a completely grown-up party; she hadn't been asked. She thought she had better tell him the truth at once. "No, I'm rather young, you know. I'm only seventeen."

She saw the line of his white teeth. "Well, I didn't think you were forty."

"You'll see my sister there."

"Freddie's friend? I'll look out for her."

They shook hands: the meeting of a very strong, firm, hard hand and a very soft and slightly tremulous one.

"Good night." She was not exactly praying, but she was saying, with all the ardor and psychic strength she had: "Ask to see me again. Say something about our next meeting."

He released her hand and put his own hand on the door. "I'm coming up again next week-end—to the Harridges'."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

He didn't say anything more, but he might be taking it as a matter of course that they would meet at the Harridges'—possibly they would. She saw he was waiting to see her safely inside the house, and she went in. As she shut the front door, she could hear the family's old car snorting and roaring up the drive.

She stole softly upstairs through patches of moonlight, not even turning on a light until she was safely in her own room. She was not of a secretive nature, except as the oppressed are always secretive. She would have told her mother anything that the older generation was capable of understanding. She would have told Helen anything, if only Helen were always as kind in public as she was when she and her sister were alone. But Kate had suffered—as the families of public characters often suffer—from the fact that Helen was different sometimes before an audience—the cherished little sister of private life sometimes became the butt of a

public appearance. She couldn't bear it if Helen made fun of her about this. She must keep it secret.

Waking the next morning in that familiar bed, she lay motionless, and wondering whether it would be possible to conceal such an experience; whether it wouldn't be as apparent as if she had suddenly received the gift of sight after a lifetime of blindness. Then, a second after her mother had come in, she knew that nothing would be easier.

"Oh, yes," she called, drawing her bath. "I had a lovely time, mums. Mr. Harridge is such a dear. I wish all father's friends were just like him."

Her mother followed this red herring very happily. While Kate was dressing, they discussed her father's remarkable ability to make friends, and hold them. Everything was going beautifully until the door opened and Helen came in.

Helen looked as if she were painted on porcelain by a miniature painter with the cleanest of palettes. She was perfectly pink and white and gold and blue. Now, as she stood in the doorway in a soft white dressing-gown, the bright morning sunshine made her eyes look like little pieces of the sky itself.

"Well," she said, with a prolonged stress.

Nothing more than that, but Kate knew at once that the worst had happened—the telephone—why hadn't she remembered that infernal instrument?—one of the other girls had been telephoning to Helen.

"Well what?" said Kate, hastily abandoning strategy and putting on her armor.

"Well, I hear you had a great success last night. Congratulations."

"I had a very nice evening."

"You occasioned a great deal of pain among the onlookers."

Kate now saw—too late—that Helen was on her side; that she was delighted that Kate had been admired by a young man whose admiration made a difference. She saw that if she had been quick enough she could have had Helen as an ally in keeping the whole incident a secret. But it was too late. Mrs. Lattimer was asking what they were talking about, and presently it all came out. Kate had danced with no one but Ridley Crane; had sat in the garden with him till all hours. Helen took it up with relish: "All the older girls waiting like cats at a mouse hole for him to come in again. No good; he didn't come. It serves Gertrude right; she persuaded me not to go, on the grounds that it would be dull, and she must have known all the time that Ridley Crane would be there."

"RIDLEY CRANE,"

said Mrs. Lattimer, feeling for some association.

"Yes, mums, I've told you about him; everyone is in love with him, and he has millions, and Gertrude means to marry him, though he hasn't been very co-operative so far; and your innocent younger daughter—so timid that she hardly dares go to a party alone—walked in and carried him off for the evening."

"We only sat and talked a little while in the garden," said Kate, and then remembering that Michael would undoubtedly tell on her, she added: "And then he brought me home."

By this time Mrs. Lattimer had remembered: "But, Helen, that's that dreadful young man. There was some scandal. And he killed someone driving his car when he was drunk."

"Well, yes, but he got off."

"By bribing a doctor, or something equally dishonest."

"Obviously, he wasn't drunk last night, mums, for we have received our little treasure back safe and sound."

"I don't like the idea of Kate's driving about the country in the middle of the night with a man like that... Didn't Michael come for you, Kate?"

"Yes, he did, but—"

"But, mums, have a heart," said Helen. "Any girl would drive home



PETER PIPER

SAMMY SMELLIE is the subject of this week's tongue-twister from the Peter Piper series.

S S S

SAMMY SMELLIE

Sammy Smellie smelt a smell of small-coal:

Did Sammy Smellie smelt a smell of small-coal?

If Sammy Smellie smelt a smell of small-coal.

Where's the smell of small-coal Sammy Smellie smelt?

(Next week the T T tongue-twister).

with Ridley Crane if she had the chance, if for nothing but the pain it gave all the other young ladies present.

Presently Mrs. Lattimer went away to get ready for church, and Kate, alone with her sister, began to cry.

"It's so unjust," she said, "because a man is nice to me and tries to give me a pleasant evening, he must be subjected to the sort of things mother was saying about him. I don't believe he drinks."

"Well, he does drink, Kit," said Helen kindly. "But that doesn't mean he mightn't pull up in the right hands."

Kate dried her eyes. "There was a lot of talk about it, wasn't there? About that accident he had?"

Helen nodded. "You see, he had a couple of chorus girls with him at the time, and they sued for injuries that they hadn't received, and of course the family of the dead man sued, too. It was a good deal of a mess."

"But he did get off?"

"I imagine the Crane estate has pretty good lawyers."

"Helen, he isn't like that; he's good and kind and nice." Encouraged by her sister's friendliness, she suddenly found herself expressing an idea that had been lurking in the back of her mind. "Oh, Helen, don't you think the Masons might possibly ask me to their dinner on Saturday?"

Helen looked grave. "I don't think I could manage that," she said. "You know, Gertrude does regard him as her private property. Naturally, she wasn't pleased by what happened last night. But I tell you what I will do. I'll be very nice to him myself, and get him to come here for a meal—or even perhaps for a week-end."

Kate clasped her sister in her arms in an access of gratitude. "Oh, Helen," she said, and added, after an instant's thought: "I suppose the result will be that he'll just fall terribly in love with you."

"I think, Kit, that that's a young man who has been about a great deal and won't very easily fall in love with anyone."

Kate recognised this, with distaste, as a warning. Well, she didn't need it. She was under no illusion that Ridley Crane was likely to fall in love with her; she didn't even think about it.

Please turn to Page 45

THE PERFECT FINISH TO A BEAUTIFUL HAIR STYLE

Californian Poppy

BRILLIANTINE

A NEW hair-style—modern and exciting, to make you into a radiant new personality. And then a touch of brilliantine—Californian Poppy Brilliantine—for that immaculate finish that good grooming demands. Californian Poppy gives the dulllest hair a lovely silky gloss—a soft, rich sheen without a trace of greasiness. It's just that final lift to glamour—to make your lovely locks really and truly your crowning glory.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY BRILLIANTINE

... a distinctive preparation made from the costliest oils. Only the finest, lightest oil is used in Californian Poppy Brilliantine—that's why it's the safest for a girl's fine hair and tender scalp.

Just rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands and lightly pat it on your hair before combing. This preserves the set of your wave; too, and prevents any possible frizziness or flatness. And then your hair takes on a richer colour... a gleaming, lustrous shine.



Californian Poppy
Brilliantine

ATKINSONS OF LONDON

ATKINSONS' BRILLIANTINES ALSO IN
ENGLISH LAVENDER, WHITE ROSE OR UNSCENTED



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GENUINE OLIVE OIL SOAP, APPROVED BY THE BRITISH PHARMACOPŒIA

1/6
Per Bottle

Real Life Stories

Storyettes

Officers Attacked in Mutiny at Sea

AWAKENING!

I HAD travelled from Perth to Narrogin to spend a week-end with my cousin. On the return journey I caught a slow all-night train. It was midsummer and breathlessly hot.

I wore a navy-spotted frock, and my overnight case contained a ribbed silk vest, ridiculously long, and white embroidered pyjamas. The carriage was empty and I lay down along the seat to sleep. At 1 a.m. it became bitterly cold.

Opening my case, I drew the pyjama trousers on under my frock. Then I pulled the pink vest over my head and it came well down over the hips. The pyjama top went over this.

Even in the dim starlight I presented a remarkably grotesque appearance. Settling again, I slept.

When I awoke it was broad daylight, and the opposite seat was full of passengers.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Martyn, Fish Creek, South Gippsland, Vic.

LOST AND FOUND

OUR neighbor and my husband were clipping the dividing hedge between our homes when the neighbor exclaimed that the large diamond was missing from his ring.

We searched at intervals for months, but found no trace of the missing stone. At last all hope of finding it was given up.

Again the neighbor and my husband were gardening, and our neighbor remarked that it was two years to the day since he had lost his diamond.

Just at that moment my husband pulled up a tuft of weeds, and to the amazement of both there was the diamond in the loose soil.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Mathieson, 24 Ackers St., Hermit Park, Townsville, Qld.

TELEPATHY?

ONE Christmas Eve my brother Reg was to come on his motorcycle, from his job at Berry, to Helensburgh. My father, mother and I waited up for him until 10 o'clock.

I hadn't been in bed long when I heard a car pull up and a man called out: "Does Reg Hendry live here?" My father went out and I heard the man tell him that Reg had been detained and would arrive in time for breakfast in the morning. With that news I settled down to sleep.

Mother came in about 7.30 on Christmas morning, and said she hadn't been to sleep all night owing to worry about my brother.

I said: "But the man who came last night said he could 'get here in breakfast-time this morning.' She looked surprised and said that neither she nor Dad had seen anybody. We were still talking about my 'dream' when in rode my brother in time for breakfast.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Armon, Edward St., Kingsgrove, N.S.W.

TALE OF A CLOCK

I HAVE an old-fashioned kitchen clock which was brought out from Scotland by my husband's grandfather, whose name was Donald. When the old man died the clock stopped (like the clock in the old song).

No one could make it go again until my husband's cousin came out from Scotland. He repaired it. His name was Donald. When this man was killed at the war the clock stopped again.

In 1919 we retrieved it from some rubbish, and decided to have it mended.

We took it to several watch-makers, but although it went for a couple of days it eventually stopped.

We put it in the lumber room, where later it was found by my then 12-year-old son. He took it to pieces and made it go. For the past two years it has ticked cheerfully away.

My son's name is Donald.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Muir, Frankston, Gould St., Frankston, Vic.

WHILE travelling from Capetown to New Orleans in the year 1900 I experienced a sensational mutiny at sea.

During the long voyage across the ocean friction developed between the crew and the captain and officers over the food provided.

It was not until we were approaching the island of Barbados, a British possession in the West Indies, however, that the dissatisfaction culminated in open mutiny.

The stokehold crew threw down their tools and the work had to be done by the engineers.

Armed with iron bars the furious men rushed on deck and, after a violent altercation with the captain and officers, attacked them.

The situation looked ugly until, with drawn revolvers, the captain and officers drove back the men two of whom were wounded, one seriously.

The second officer sustained a nasty cut on the head.

Next day the ship crawled into Barbados with the police flag flying.

A British warship, one of the West Indies Squadron stationed there, sent a boatload of armed marines aboard. They arrested the mutineers and escorted them to the gaol on shore. We were delayed in port several days.

The mutineers were tried at the island police court and received various terms of imprisonment. One, I heard afterwards, met a tragic fate. While working on the breakwater he became demented, threw himself into the sea, and was taken by a shark.

To enable our voyage to be resumed, the captain of the ship engaged a crew of negroes from the island. We then sailed for New Orleans.

11/1/- to H. Dalton, 389 Upper Heidelberg Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic.

Saved From Well

IN the early days when we came to this part of South Australia to live there were not many windmills, so we had to draw water with a windlass and two five-gallon buckets.

One day I was told to attend to the buckets while my younger brother turned the windlass. I had placed my hand on a small plank across the top of the well, and was waiting for a bucket to reach the top when the plank slipped off at one end.

I managed to grasp the revolving windlass with both arms, and with the tips of my toes was just able to reach the side of the well. I hung suspended across the well until my brother turned the windlass enough to put the side-pole in. If I had not hung on, I would have fallen 50 feet to death.

2/- to Mrs. E. Sleets, Penong, West Coast, S.A.

Lucky Pen-knife

BEFORE leaving on a fishing expedition, my brother said, "Take this, you might need it," and handed me a small pen-knife. It was just as well.

Crossing the bar at Port Stephens the launch we were in was caught by a huge wave, and the next thing I knew I was overboard, and had become entangled in the folds of the fishing net, with a hook deeply embedded in my foot.

Desperately, I struggled, and then I remembered the pen-knife.

Frantically I hacked at the strong cord on the hook. It seemed an eternity! Every second I was becoming weaker!

When the cord broke the net slid away and I became unconscious.

On regaining my senses I found myself in the lighthouse boat. I had been grabbed by my more fortunate companions.

5/- to M. Stirling, Cary St., Marickville, N.S.W.

Send in Your Story!

IT does not matter whether it be tragic, humorous, or eerie, but it must be AUTHENTIC.

A guinea is awarded for the best each week, and 5/- for others published.

For storyettes we pay 2/6 each. Items submitted for this page cannot be returned.

Write legibly on one side of the paper, and address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. The full address will be found at the top of Page 3.

Fell Under Train

AS a child of five years, I was about to alight from a train with my mother when I slipped and fell between the train and the platform.

I had turned to see where my mother was when a woman came hurrying out, not noticing the position in which I was. She pushed past mother, and gave me a knock which sent me flying.

Between the train and the platform there was a fairly wide space, and I fell right between the wheels of the train.

Had the train moved an inch I would have been killed, but luckily it didn't.

The luggage porter, seeing what had happened, rushed straight over, and jumped down to help me.

He lifted me up again, and I was none the worse for my fall. I did not get a cut or a scratch.

5/- to J. Corrigan, 197 Clarence St., Geelong West, Vic.

Peril on the Cliffs

WE were on a shooting trip at Cape Shanck, Victoria. Huge cliffs tower 250 feet sheer from the jagged shore of Bass Strait, with not even a foothold on their entire surface.

I had walked to the edge to look over, when, without warning, the edge collapsed. Next moment I was hurtling through space.

A small tea-tree, the only one on the whole of the cliff face, broke my fall. I grabbed it, nearly wrenching my arms out of their sockets.

Temporarily I was safe, although hanging by your arms, with a 200ft drop beneath you, is not the pleasantest situation.

Seeing my predicament, my friend rushed to get a rope.

For what seemed a century I hung there. Then I noticed that the tea-tree was gradually tearing away.

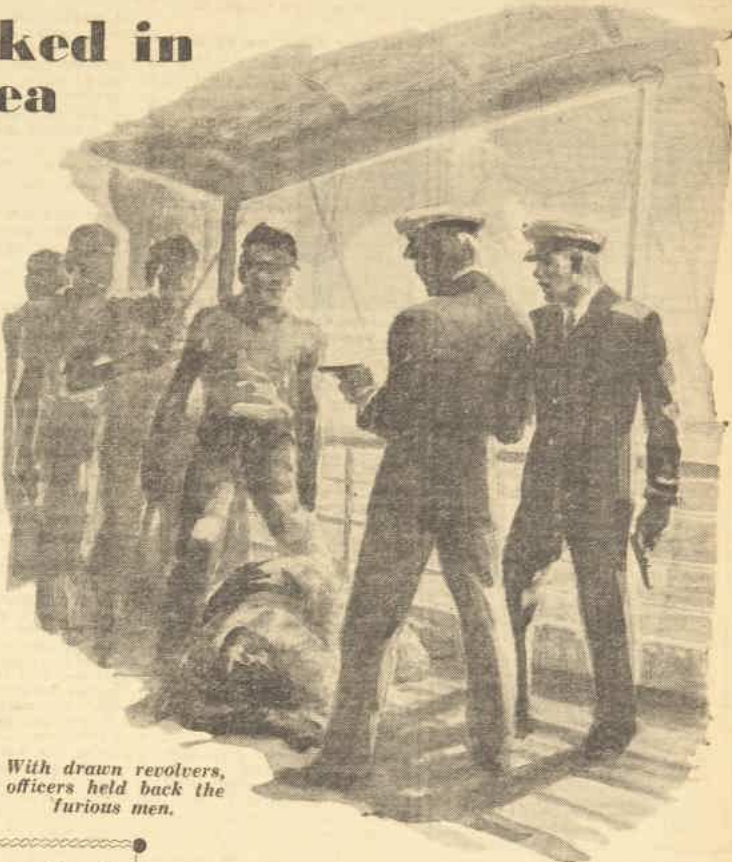
At any moment I expected to hurtle to my doom.

In the meantime, my friend was having difficulty. He called at a farmhouse, but found no one at home, and no rope. Then he went to the Cape Shanck lighthouse.

He returned to the cliff with the lighthouse-keeper and they lowered a rope with a slip noose which, with difficulty, I fastened over my shoulders.

I was then hauled to safety, after having hung from the shrub for three-quarters of an hour.

5/- to Geoffrey Mohr, c/o P.O., Cairns, Nth. Qld.



With drawn revolvers, officers held back the furious men.

ITALY

IS "EUROPE'S TOURING COUNTRY No. 1"



ROME. Not since the days of the Caesars has it been possible to see the Forums, the Colosseum, the theatres, and palatial baths so plainly as they can be viewed today. Ascend the Palatine Hill; look down with half-closed eyes and you will visualise the historic scenes that were enacted below centuries ago. In those days, Christians worshipped in secret—now the majestic dome of St. Peter's, the Mother of all Churches, rises high above the Roman skyline.



FLORENCE. Between Rome and Florence you will have passed through a part of Italy that has remained unaltered since the days of St. Francis. If you have not broken your journey at Assisi, Perugia and Siena the loss will be yours. It was from this region that the Renaissance spread to France, Germany and England. Here it was that Giotto, Leonardo Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were born and their priceless pictures still adorn the walls of cathedrals and churches. From Florence you will, of course, visit Pisa to see the tower which leans 13 feet out of the perpendicular.

ITALY is one of the most economical countries in which to travel. The special Tourist Rate of Exchange greatly enhances the buying power of your currency. Hotel Coupons are available at 5 to 18 shillings (sterling) per day, absolutely inclusive; motorists benefit by rebates in the cost of petrol, and rail fares are reduced by 50% to 70%.

For information and descriptive booklets apply to
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E.N.I.T., 58 Margaret Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

What Women Are Doing

She is Ruler Of an Island

BRIGHT-FACED, grey-haired Mrs. Ethel Zahel rules an island. She is Government superintendent of Badu, in Torres Strait, and has held the position for 30 years.

Now enjoying her biennial leave in Sydney, she will be pleased enough to return to her 500 native charges. Only four other white people live on Badu, but Mrs. Zahel, who has charge of the school, has no time for boredom.

She finds her pupils intelligent, can produce excellent examples of their artistic work, and is proud of her dark-skinned Guide troop.

The picturesque palm-clad island is under the control of the Queensland Home Affairs Department and the natives are self-supporting.



Mrs. Ethel Zahel
—Monte Lake.

NURSES RETURN FROM SPAIN

TWO courageous girls, Amy Macfarlane, of Perth, and Una Wilson, of Sydney, have returned to Australia after two years' service in Spain as nurses with the now disbanded International Brigade.

"We have been hungry for two years," they say. "So has everyone else in Spain."

Never at any time, they said, was there sufficient food or medical supplies in the hospitals. Refugees were living in caves and in open fields, and orphans wandered the roads in thousands.

Miss Wilson has kept a diary, which she hopes to have published under the title of "Spanish Theatre."

Young Queenslander's Success at Tennis

TWENTY-ONE-YEAR - OLD Edith Niemeyer, of Brisbane, is one of Queensland's most promising young tennis players.

Six years ago she began as a schoolgirl at Hatton Vale, in the country, and her father encouraged her to develop her skill.



Miss Niemeyer
—Poulton.

For three years, 1934-35-36, she held the Queensland junior championship, and in 1936 represented Queensland Juniors in Adelaide for the Wilson Cup.

In 1937 she won the Queensland mixed doubles, metropolitan ladies' doubles, and the ladies' open doubles at Toowoomba and Nambour.

Last year she reached the semi-finals in the Australian hardcourt tennis championships played in Sydney.



TO BE SURE

OF YOUR POPULARITY
KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY

Your friends won't tell you and you probably won't detect perspiration odour on yourself. There's only one way to be sure... Keep the underarm dry! Odo-ro-no does more than merely take the odour out of perspiration... It gently checks underarm perspiration... a practice used and recommended by physicians... and protects your clothing from musty odours and ugly stains.

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FOR THOSE WHO PREFER
A CREAM DEODORANT.
Odo-ro-no is the perfect deodorant. It has a vanishing cream base that does not soil or stain clothing—and it will not irritate your skin. Does not check perspiration.
Prices: 1/- and 2/-

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Keep your dog clean — Keep him healthy and you will never have a dull moment with your pet.

B.I.O. FLEASOAP

contains the necessary germicide for destroying fleas, lice and other vermin. As a cleanser and healer of mild attacks of skin disease it is unequalled.
B.I.O. Fleasnap is the soap that is NECESSARY FOR THE WELL-BEING OF THE DOG. No matter what dog remedy you need—look on B.I.O. Remedies.
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THIS PRACTICAL FRONT Corset fits to perfection, and is very comfortable to wear. The elastic at waist lets you move with ease, and the adjustable lacing over the busk fastening inner belt lets you draw in the corset at will. No. 900, for medium average figures. Sizes 22-40.

Lady Ruth

The Case of THOMAS SLOCOMBE



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NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

Appointed Matron of Queensland Lazaret

RECENTLY appointed matron of Peel Island Lazaret, Queensland, Matron A. O'Brien has been nursing since 1917. She began as a voluntary aid in the returned soldiers' wards at the Hobart Hospital.

After training she relieved as school nurse in Hobart during a diphtheria epidemic, and later joined the staff of the Women's Hospital, Carlton, Melbourne, where she became night superintendent.

She had a highly successful tenure as matron of the Innisfail District Hospital, Queensland, and had it registered as a training school within four months of her arrival.

Subsequently she took charge of Innisfail Private Hospital, Mt. Mulligan Hospital, and Westwood Sanatorium, all in Queensland.

Has Lived Among Aborigines

YOUTHFUL and brilliant student of anthropology, Dr. Phyllis Kaberry is back in Sydney after two and a half years at the London University. She graduated as a Master of Arts in anthropology at Sydney University, and took her Doctorate of Philosophy in London.



Dr. Kaberry
—Dickinson, Manly.

For her thesis, "The position of Aboriginal Woman," she had gained first-hand knowledge beforehand by living among the natives in the Kimberley district, West Australia.

"Among aborigines women are not oppressed by their menfolk," she says. "Old and feeble relatives are cared for, and the general atmosphere of a tribe is one of cheerful contentment."

Australian Heroine Of Indian Floods

WHEN floods worse than any within living memory swept East Bengal recently, an Adelaide girl, Dr. Beryl Bowering, ministered day and night to stricken natives.

Three years ago she left home and an excellent job at the Adelaide Hospital to join the London Missionary Society at Jagann Mission, Murshidabad, Bengal. Here, at a huge hospital for Indian women and children, she dealt daily with hundreds of outpatients.

Came the floods. The only other doctor was away on furlough, and with only one European nurse and some native nurses Dr. Bowering coped with the refugees.

Working day and night, Dr. Bowering ministered to their wants until the floods subsided and they returned to rebuild their wrecked homes.

Globe-Trotter Here From America

AMERICAN travel writer Mrs. Grace G. Bogart has reached Australia in the course of a quarter of a million miles of wandering. Her travels on the seven seas have included 100,000 miles in freighters.

"I like them because they call at odd ports," she says, "and never want to go back to luxury travel."

After seeing as much as can be seen of the continent in a month she will be homeward bound for New York to finish a travel book.

Adherent of Bahi Philosophy

MISS MARTHA ROOT, New York journalist and lecturer, has reached Australia after a 15 months' lecture tour in India. A daughter of the late Elihu Root, famous United States jurist and statesman, she is an adherent of the Bahi philosophy.

Its followers believe that this philosophy, which originated in Iran, Persia, is a force towards world peace. The late Woodrow Wilson, founder of the League of Nations, studied its teachings.

She Must Be Our Smallest Pilot

MISS FLORENCE MARTIN-DALE, who is a telephonist in Dimboola Telephone Exchange, Victoria, is less than five feet tall, but she always wanted to reach great heights. Now she has her wish.

She saved up carefully to learn to fly, then found that she was too small to see out of the cockpit, or even to reach the controls on the first plane she tried.

However, with one cushion to sit on and two behind her, she learned to fly in a Porterfield machine at Ansett Flying School. When her holidays fell due she went to Melbourne, and spent the entire three weeks learning. After ten hours' solo and three hours' solo she obtained her "A" flying licence on the last day of her holidays, went back to Hamilton, and celebrated the occasion by making a parachute jump of 3500 feet.

Now she is back at her switchboard, but hopes to do much flying in the future.

Dentist Working on Nutrition Problems

SECRETARY of the Research committee of the Queensland Nutrition Council, Miss Gwenda Hanger is a qualified dentist. It was while studying dentistry at Queensland University that she took particular interest in the association of diet



Miss G. Hanger
—Mortin Trevail.

decay.

She is also a member of the Queensland Women Graduates' Association, which at present is conducting research on the ideal summer diet.

Miss Hanger, who belongs to a clever Queensland family, matriculated from the Gymple State High School. She is a keen amateur actress and has played important roles with the Queensland Repertory Society.

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AIR-CONDITIONING keeps Farmer's always a cool 73 degrees with humidity never over 60%. Mail orders to P.O. Box 497AA.



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NEW WOOLLENS

Stripes loom large on the fashion horizon for Autumn . . . your new woollens feature them in colours so gay, combinations so daring, weaves so various, that you're likely to wear them as First Favourites for your most sculptured frocks and suits . . . wool remains striped in vivid silks . . . new tweeds with stripes on blue, red, gold or green grounds. Mexican and multi-coloured stripes.

MEXICAN striped rib weave, two multi-coloured styles, 54" wide. 25/-

GUARDSMAN stripes in rough basket weave, 54" wide, yard for 13/11

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2/11 HANKIES, 1/6. Sheer linens with hand-rolled hems and applique corners. In pretty pastel colours, also navy. Selling now at half price!

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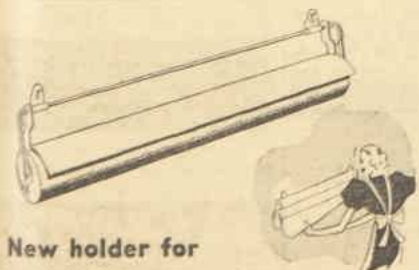


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Lower Ground—Country Carriage Extra.



BOYS' BROGUES

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Escalate to the Fourth Floor.



10/-
Us. 14/9



10/-
Us. 17/9



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GREY LINEN court with a smart high Louis heel, in most sizes. Usually 14/9. Sale, 10/-

NEW WHITE buck mudguard oxford with brown or blue calf trim. 4's, 2-7, 29/6. 20/-

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WHITE BUCK court by Bedgood, blue or brown calf trim, in most sizes, 29/6. Sale, 24/9

Escalate to Third Floor for Shoes.



20/-
Us. 29/6



24/9
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14/11 buys an

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People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, baby, often pinchy. Your nerves may become jittery—you tire quickly—feel depressed.

What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world famous pills help you make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your chemist or store and see for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep.



"Constant is the Baker's tip for Rosehill," says Betty.

Betty's "Racey" Narratives

By BETTY GEE

Randwick winners were hard to find on Challenge Stakes day

In Sydney, in January, one never knows whether to wear snow skis or cricket pads. It was like that for the Randwick races.

The cricket pads you'd need thigh-high to contend against the outsiders bowled at us poor, unarmed punters.

IT'S a wonder they got anybody to settle in a country at all which couldn't provide a few more favorites for the punters, on the anniversary of its colonisation.

Thank goodness Chicola gave me something in the way of a surplus from Victoria Park on the Wednesday to take to Randwick.

But I am always suspicious of Anniversary meetings at Randwick, and I touched the harpsichord lightly.

That's why I shall be able to face the tradesmen. Lots of my friends went home with only what they stood up in.

I wanted to back a grey horse called Lord Belmont in the Hurdle race, but I ran into the newly-wed Mrs. Harold Cooper, and her husband said Frassdale couldn't lose.

What more could a woman want? I invested £1. But Frassdale was like a woman trying to get a taxi to her bridge school on a wet day.

What annoyed me was that when I met Dickie he confessed he had employed a simple process of picking the Hurdle winner.

There were six runners. Leaving out Frassdale because he was only a miserly 7 to 4, he backed every other runner at 10/ apiece, and he could only lose £2/10/, but when Lord Belmont won at 12 to 1 he showed a profit of 14.

I went hot foot for The Blizzard (£12 to £2), the Baker Man's tip for the Novice.

Then I realised, with a gasp, that there was a place tote, and thither I went with another £1, and here am I with £3 out on a single race, and already low tide in my purse. You'd think I was a Night Club Queen, throwing my wealth about like that.

Beat The Blizzard

Teddie McMenamin brought The Blizzard past them all like a tornado from the south, and everybody was saying what a good thing it was even 50 yards from the post.

Then a hurricane in black and white swept down on him, and Ripley beat him by a long head. Blizzards ought to have longer heads.

But I got back for my £1 on the Tote, £1/17/, which was fair, but not satisfying.

Anything which came with the ice seemed suitable for such a day as Saturday, so I took the Ice Man's tip for Desert King (£6 to £1) for the Bondi Handicap. And then I heard that Mr. Harry Taylor, of Wellington, believed his horse, Loombah, unbeatable, so I saved £3 to £1 here, too.

But could you believe that a person's two horses could be left in the one race? Well, it's a fact. They were never in the hunt.

I was on another runner who tripped over the electro-lux in the Widdien Handicap, Penthides (£2/10/ to £1).

He must have been swept up with the dust, completely.

I had £10 to £1 about Hamurrah for the Challenge, and just when the bank is getting as thin as cellophane, Mrs. Frank McGrath whispers that I'd better be on Bradford if I don't want to go home barefoot.

Rather than do that, I have £2/5/ to 10/ about her tip.

Bradford won very handsomely, but I'm still looking for Hamurrah underneath those new hedges.

Win For Braidwood Boy

I stuck slavishly to the Head Waiter's tip, Braidwood Boy, for the January Handicap. Sixes to one I got, too.

Braidwood Boy was last of all like all the other corks I had been backing, so I raised my voice and my broily, and Jockey O'Sullivan evidently heard me threatening him, and came at full speed round the home turn, and gathered them up like the matron at a charity bazaar, and that was that.

I think we can go on following Braidwood Boy in the next few months.

It cost me £2 to find out that Feminist was out of her element among the gentlemen in the Paddington Handicap, and Tartarus won it. I think Feminist is too fickle for a modest little girl punter like I am.

We race next Saturday at Rosehill, and the Head Waiter tells me I can put what I like on Loombah for the Flying Handicap.

The Baker's Man brought in Constant with the Vienna rolls.

Grafin is the Ice Man's offering for the Trial Stakes, although, goodness knows, we need no ice this frigid weather.

Esperanto is a syndicate tip for the Quality Nursery, and my own choice is Brown Oak for the Maiden, because I've had a special whisper right from the horse's mouth.

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9'11 Frocks Shop for still better Values

- Waffle Crepes
- Plain sheers
- Fancy sheers
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29'11 values 9'11 each

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1. Candy stripes on dark grounds. Smart square neck.
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Please send me Frocks.

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Mrs. Miss

Living Beneath the Swastika

Englishwoman's Story of Five Years Spent in Germany

GERMAN girls' leisure is regimented for exercise in Youth Movements.



"It is my duty to warn you that from the moment you sign the marriage register you cease to be a British subject. Whatever difficulties you may encounter in the future, this country is not responsible for you."

With this not very warm-hearted send-off from a London marriage registrar, Madeleine Kent left England with her German husband, Hans, in 1931.

"I Married a German," she describes her five years in Germany as a housewife, lecturer and English teacher, as the wife of an anti-Nazi suspect, and finally as a suspect herself.

She writes with equal simplicity of the humors of housekeeping in a new country and the horrors of Nazi persecution of suspects and Jews. Her calm recital of savage atrocities and of the suspense of living in a house where police let themselves in with a skeleton key at any hour of the day or night takes the horrors all the more horrible.

"On the first Saturday morning of Germany's new era," she writes, "we gazed from our windows on a scene that made us rub our eyes incredulously."

"Long lines of men, among whom we recognized many of our fellow-tenants, crowded on hands and knees, industriously scouring the asphalted roads with bath-brushes. Storm Troopers stood behind them, and a couple of Nazi officers strutted up and down the pavement."

"Only those who actually witnessed these scenes can have any idea how peculiarly horrible was this degradation of the human spirit."

"It was all the more horrible because it was accomplished with little display of actual brutality."

"Doubtless any man who had tried to run away would have been shot at and afterwards beaten unmercifully. But none of them did."

Madeleine Kent's idealistic school-teacher husband—a charming person who planned a rubber floor in the kitchen so that if she dropped a plate "it would bounce back into her hand"—was dismissed from his school as an anti-Nazi "suspect." There were numerous raids on his home, because he had a printing press (for printing his drawings), and his wife had a typewriter (for writing

ing articles to English newspapers), and he carried an attache case to bring home pickled cucumbers.

On a pension of £5 a month they had left their little house in Dresden, and fitted up a fruit shed on a farm as their home. When their landlord threatened to shoot Madeleine's cat she called him a "savage."

This nearly landed her in a concentration camp. Only after six months' legal battle did she persuade the court that her opinion of the landlord was not a general slur on the whole German race.

A depressing aspect of the coming of the Nazi regime was the loss of many of her new friends.

"Unofficial spying was the worst feature of the Nazi revolution. Rarely have personal spite and jealousy had such opportunities as in the first days of the terror."

"Much of its apparent aimlessness, which made it seem like the work of maniacs,

was due to the irresponsibility of the Brownshirts who accepted without question the denunciations of those whose only object was private revenge."

But a few of her friendships survive, among them stout, stoutly loyal Frau Zetschke, the daily help, and Mrs. Scherf, a spirited little cockney married to a Saxon.

When a schoolmaster reprimanded Mrs. Scherf for letting her son go to school in dirty boots, and added that it was her duty to clean them every morning, she retorted: "If you'd teach him to clean his mother's shoes, that would be what I call education."

Ardent Monarchist

MRS. SCHERF was denounced to the police as a suspect on the ground that the English class she held weekly for young shop assistants was a cloak for Communist and pacifist propaganda.

"Asked what she thought of the Third Reich, she replied tartly that, as an Englishwoman, she could not

be expected to think much of any country that did not even have a king, and was marked off as too ardent a monarchist to engage in revolutionary activities."

Madeleine Kent is critical of German women. The "brave German mother," she says, is actually the victim of hysteria.

She retells an incident told to her by one of her friends.

"A sixteen-year-old boy was leader of a Hitler Youth group in a poor district. Regulation marches with packs of regulation weight on their backs were too much for the boys."

"The leader asked permission to shorten the marches and lessen the weight of the packs. When it was refused he did it on his own responsibility. He was beaten and trampled on by Storm Troopers so that he died."

"His mother wrote a violent, bitter letter to Hitler. Did he have her arrested? No, he did something that shows how well he knows the people with whom he has to deal."

Less Courting

"HE sent a wreath as large as a table and a few lines in his own handwriting saying: 'I weep with you for this young martyr to Germany.'"

"The mother was not infuriated by this evasion, but was consoled and proud and goes everywhere showing the Fuehrer's letter."

"Sentimentalists and cowards, that's what these German women are and have always been. And now, in addition, hypnotised."

She adds that before a woman marries the bridegroom's family may engage a detective to inquire into her past.

"The German woman is less courted than ever before. The young men are all in labor camps or in the army or acting as political guards and have little time and no money to spend on girls."

"Partially segregated as they are, the young men are now rarely seen in cafes or dance halls, and the social life of the German girl is becoming more and more colorless."

Back In England

BEFORE she and her husband finally left Germany, Madeleine Kent wanted to visit England. After considerable difficulty she was permitted to travel if she produced a doctor's certificate that her father was ill, a police certificate that the doctor was bona fide, and a promise that she would not stay right in London, where she might disseminate anti-Nazi propaganda.

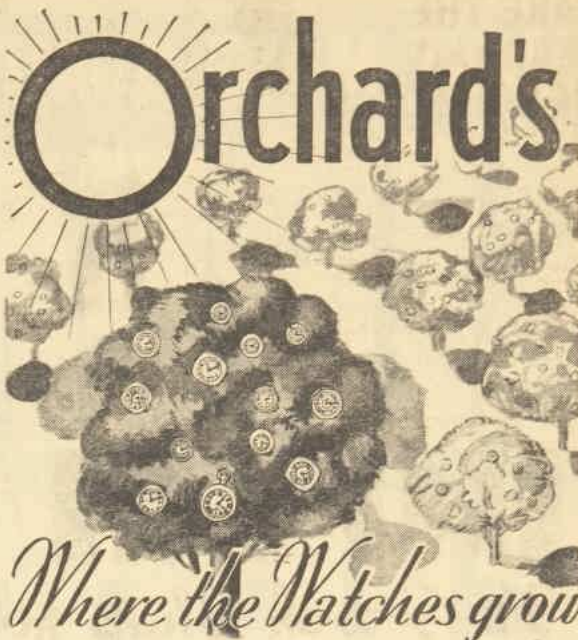
At Dover she asked a porter for a cup of tea, adding, "a trifle portentously, 'I have just come from Germany.'"

"Ave yer miss?" he said nonchalantly. Then a broad, pitying smile overspread his homely countenance. "Why, then, miss, he ejaculated, 'you don't know oo's won the Derby.'"

"For a moment my universe literally rocked on its foundations . . . then England's daughter, making a supreme effort, responded, 'No, who did?'"

"I Married a German," by Madeleine Kent. (George Allen and Unwin. Our copy from Angus and Robertson).

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Charming design in chrome. Finest timepiece, 15 Jewelled precision lever, fully guaranteed.

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Splendid man's wristlet in chrome. Finest 15 Jewelled lever perfect time-keeper, fully guaranteed.

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How many housewives help their house-keeping money go farther by getting splendid quality gifts for Siren Soap crosses! Now Siren Soap brings you many more free gifts for 1939—good, well-made articles, too. You'll save your crosses in next to no time because you get 4 crosses with each large bar of Siren Soap. Remember, too, you get an easier wash with Siren's extra-soapy suds—and Siren saves linen and hands. If you don't already wash with Siren, the quality soap—start to-day!



★ NOTE: All the gifts shown in this advertisement are available at the Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York St. (Town Hall end), Sydney. For those who cannot call the majority of the gifts are post free, but to cover the cost of packing and postage of the heavier and more fragile gifts (marked *) remit the amount shown, in stamps in addition to the required number of crosses.



WATER SET

* Jug and 6 Goblets. Save 96 Siren Crosses. Send 1/2 to cover postage and packing.

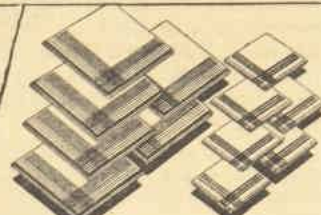
* GLASS WATER JUG ONLY. Save 48 Siren Crosses. Send 1/4 to cover postage and packing.

* GLASS GOBLETS. Set of 6 to match Water Jug. Save 24 Siren Crosses. Send 1/4 to cover postage and packing for 3 or 6.



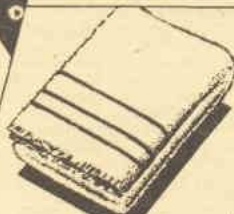
KITCHEN JUGS

* Set of 3, 1 and 1 1/2 pints, grey blue and white stripes. Save 148 Siren Crosses. Send 1/- to cover postage and packing for set of three.



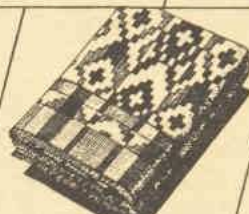
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Large size, Superior quality, Dainty and attractive with coloured borders. Save 64 Siren Crosses for 1 dozen.



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Red striped Admiralty Bath Towel. Size 23" x 46", extra thick and long wearing. Save 48 Siren Crosses.



BATH TOWEL

Large coloured, size 23" x 46"—long wearing in gay modern designs. Save 48 Siren Crosses.



LADIES' APRON

British Shantung, Silk Ladies' Aprons; charming colours; exclusive designs. Save 64 Siren Crosses.



ENAMEL BILLY

3 1/2 pint size—white enamelled. Save 88 Siren Crosses. Send 3d. to cover postage and packing.



GLASSCLOTH

23" x 32", Pure Irish Linen red or blue side striped. Save 24 Siren Crosses.



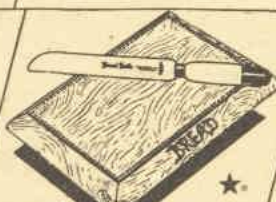
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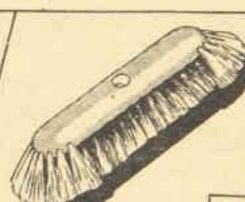


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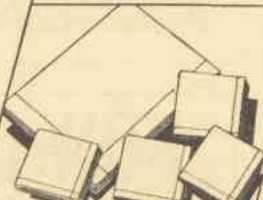
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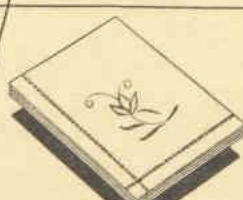
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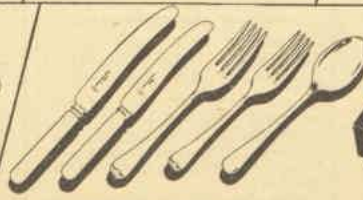


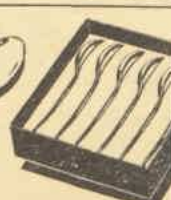
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THE MOVIE WORLD

February 4, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

1 MELVYN DOUGLAS threatens Virginia Bruce for interference in his cases.

2 MARGARET LINDSAY, as the glamorous part-owner of the robbed jewellery shop.

3 VIRGINIA BRUCE, in mud-pack, disguises her husband's chief suspect in a beauty parlor uniform.



4 VIRGINIA decides to rob the jewel shop herself.

5 HUSBAND, wife and suspect (Gordon Oliver) argue.

6 THIS is what happens to amateur lady detectives who get mixed up with gangsters.

7 VIRGINIA gets this black eye accidentally but deservedly.

Moviedom Gossip

By JOHN B. DAVIES and BARBARA BOURCHIER, from New York and Hollywood

Carole to Clark

CLAUDETTE LOMBARD sneaked on to the set to watch Clark Gable do the last of his dance routines for "Idiot's Delight," and embarrassed him enormously by stepping up as director Clarence Brown called "Cut," to present him with a huge bunch of flowers!

Gable is used to the Lombard rags, however, and joined in the laughter, mainly from relief over having the annoying dance scenes completed.

Caustic Critic

EDGAR BERGEN couldn't seem to get his lines straight one day, and after three unsuccessful takes in a row the director declared a holiday.

Charlie McCarthy looked up at his master.

"The next time you buy a toupee, Bergen," he cautioned, "try to find one with some brains in it."

Ported!

PRISCILLA LANE is still devoting all her time to Oren Haglund, assistant director on the Warner lot, and the affair seems to be getting quite serious.

Meanwhile Wayne Morris, Priscilla's ex-fiance, is all a-dither over an heiress named, amazingly, Bubbles Schinas.

Lucky Dog

ON the set of "Midnight," prime favorite is Claudette Colbert's well-behaved poodle, Smoky, who always accompanies his mistress to the studio.

Smoky is a handsome dog. His black curly coat is allowed to grow as nature intended instead of being hacked about like a badly-cut lawn.

He sits by Claudette's chair, paying close attention to all her movements, but gently dozing off when other players are before the camera.

Smoky's nice manners on the set have earned him his first movie job. He'll be allowed to appear in a couple of scenes with his mistress.

Just a Tailor's Dummy

ROBERT YOUNG has been practically living at his tailor's during the past few weeks. Playing a dual role in "Honolulu," Bob has to wear no fewer than twenty-five different suits, all specially made for the picture.

Shirley on Her Toes

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, in "The Little Princess," will make her debut in the ballet field. The youngster has studied toe dancing for some time, and a ballet number has been inserted just as a change from the eternal tap.

Dizzy Detection Drama

The plot of Columbia's "There's That Woman Again" pivots on a series of diamond thefts from a super jewel shop. Melvyn Douglas, as the private detective called in on the case, suffers from the delirious activities of his wife, Virginia Bruce, who harbors delusions of being a detective herself, and takes a hand in his cases.

Garbo on Strike

WHEN "Ninotchka" was all set to go before the cameras, Greta Garbo refused to go to work because she couldn't have her favorite director, George Cukor. The Swedish star can't have Mr. Cukor because he is already booked for "Gone With the Wind."

If Garbo persists in her attitude she will not begin work until the middle of the year, when Cukor will be free again.

During 1938 she made not a single film.

To Glide or Not

JAMES CAGNEY has suddenly become air-minded, and is taking gliding lessons. Plans to buy himself a private glider, too. The studio doesn't think it's such a good idea.

Of Possible Interest

ELAINE BARRIE BARRYMORE wears a formal evening gown with lace pantaloons showing under. Victor McLaglen celebrated his 50th birthday for the third time.

Humphrey Bogart likes to relax between takes with a chocolate ice-cream sundae topped by whipped cream.

Joan Crawford is wearing black suede earrings and bracelets.



"QUICK" Enamel is easy to use and dries perfectly with a glossy, washable finish that requires no effort to keep clean. All paint and hardware stores sell "QUICK" Enamel. No mess—no bother—simply brush it on!

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Fairbanks Jun. Rides A See-Saw

FOR 15 YEARS "YOUNG DOUG" HAS SWUNG BETWEEN BITTER FAILURE AND BIG SUCCESS.

From JOHN B. DAVIES
in New York

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUN., is at the top again, and he looks like staying there this time.

His career has been one of the most erratic series of ups-and-downs known to Hollywood.

Leading man at the age of 14, a Hollywood outcast at 23, a mildly successful producer at 25, and now, at 29, one of the screen's most popular stars—this is his record.

He's a moody, rather sensitive young man, this Fairbanks. A small setback will depress him beyond reason, he has strong likes and dislikes, and yet he has enjoyed life most of his time, even when it wasn't treating him.

His most successful roles suggest a sharp diversity of talent.

Remember him as the diabolical Rupert of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which skyrocketed him back to favor? That was rather in the manner of his famous father.

And then think back a bit further and remind yourself of the sensitive sincerity of his performance as an earnest young playwright in "Morning Glory." A different manner but one in which he is equally successful.

Yet for four years before 1937 Doug Fairbanks jun. was considered a flop by the public which is now acclaiming him!

Early Failure

IN 1923, at the ripe age of 14, he decided to become an actor, made contact with Paramount through a friend and gave his age as eighteen. He was blazingly publicized on his father's name and given a leading role in "Stephen Steps Out."

To-day he winces at the memory. The reviews were merciless, for the picture was incredibly bad following such a fanfare of publicity.

He was unceremoniously dropped for the time being and came back later as a stock company player.

Doug identifies the turning-point in his career as his assignment in "Stella Dallas," the silent film, for which he had to grow a moustache.

Joan Crawford married him when he was 19 years old and that romance, remembered as one of the

● Doug Fairbanks, jun., as Rupert of Hentzau, the role that skyrocketed him back into favor. Extreme right: "Young Doug," a characteristic portrait.

maddest in all mad Hollywood, lasted five years.

A succession of unsuitable roles put an end to a promising start when talkies came and then he embarked on his mediocre producing career in London, from which he was recalled by the "Prisoner of Zenda" offer.

Since then with Irene Dunne in

"The Joy of Living," with Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris," and with Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time," he has climbed rung by rung up to first-grade popularity again.

His latest film is "The Young in Heart," with Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Roland Young and Billie Burke.

Like his co-star in this film, Janet Gaynor, Doug has blasted the one-time Hollywood axiom that fallen stars can't make a comeback.



● Doug, jun., with his famous father, who recently formed his own film company in London.

● Doug with his mother, Anna Belle Sully Fairbanks, daughter of a wealthy cotton merchant.



● Myrna Loy, Hollywood's classic example of an escape from type-casting.

MYRNA LOY IN DANGER OF BEING TYPED ONCE MORE

By JIM TULLY
Noted Hollywood Film Writer

MYRNA LOY will have to watch out or the type-casting goblins will get her—again.

She will star in more "Thin Man" films now that Bill Powell has recovered from his long illness, and these are bound to underline her previous successes in roles of the tolerant-modern-wife type.

Which might bring about that state of affairs when any worthwhile wife role will evoke the cry—"Send for Myrna Loy."

And Myrna's had about enough of being typed for one career.

It's not really so long since she escaped from a screen life of slanted eyes after a long struggle.

Success in Hollywood came sparingly for her—at first an unknown dancer, then an Oriental film siren, then later in full bloom with William Powell and "The Thin Man."

Born Myrna Williams, on a Montana ranch, she was a more or less carefree hoyden who rode with cowboys on the range and lived much in the open.

Dancing Teacher

AFTER her father died of influenza during the world war she came to California with her mother.

Upon entering high school she took part in spring dances and amateur performances.

She studied dancing during this period.

She left school when poverty became more acute, but her mother insisted that she use some of the remaining money to have a dozen photographs taken.

Thus equipped, she went from one studio to the other. The crude photographs did not bring out the dancing witfulness and grace that were later to make her famous.

She gave up in despair and opened a small dancing school near a big studio in Culver City. This was fourteen years ago.

No pupils came. Money dwindled with hope. Closing the door of her tiny dance emporium early one morning in May, she went to the casting office of the studio, where a dancing film was in progress.

After waiting several hours she was told that all the dancers and extra necessary had already been selected.

At this period, words of one syllable were popular as the names of

cinema players. Though there was no necessity of her doing so, Myrna changed her name from Williams to Loy, and thus by sheer accident gave it an Oriental tinge.

She eventually secured an engagement as a dancer—"centre girl"—in the stage prologue to Chaplin's "Gold Rush," which was given its premiere at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood.

Beyond a small salary at the end of each week, she received no other recognition.

AT last a dubious honor came. At that time many film celebrities made footprints in the new cement in front of the theatre.

The famous showman, Grauman, decided that he wanted the footprint of an "unknown girl," and Myrna Loy was chosen.

A leading photographer then had a "hunch." The red-haired girl with the freckled face and the slender body might make an excellent character study.

He obtained permission to make a

● Florence Rice, lovely young MGM player. First typed as a sports-girl, she is now being built up as a youthfully sophisticated type.

series of photographic studies "on speculation." The photographs were placed on exhibition, but made no impression.

The photographer was ready to "retire" them, but decided to hold them over another day, as a new series of "unusual girl studies" was not yet ready.

Upon such a small peg is destiny hung in Hollywood. Bored, "between pictures," a famous actor went through the photographer's studio.

A one-time dancer himself, he noted the graceful pose of Myrna Loy. The photographer revealed her identity.

"I will see her to-night," said the

actor, and was as good as his word. He was one of the audience which applauded the prologue at the Egyptian Theatre that night.

The dance ended, and word was sent to the "centre girl" that Rudolph Valentino would like to speak to her.

With him was his wife, Natacha O'Shaughnessy Rambova. She soon became Miss Loy's "most understanding woman friend."

Valentino, the one-time restaurant flunky who conceived of everything in terms of the exotic, had the girl reared on a ranch east in an Oriental role.

In the film "What Price Beauty?" she slanted her eyebrows and gave a more sensual curve to her mouth in make-up, and otherwise did everything possible to "type" herself in Hollywood.

So for the next five years she played in Chinese, Malayan, Hindu and Indian roles. To each she gave a touch of sinister mystery, thus entering further into the cave of

Type-Casting Is Still a Menace to Film Careers

BREAKING into Hollywood is a tough enough business, so those who force an entrance do not usually insist on picking their own doorway.

Inside a promising door, however, they often find themselves in a neat compartment from which escape seems impossible.

In other words, they find themselves typed.

Once typed as vamp, as sweet innocent, as sophisticate, playboy, tough guy or strong silent man, a player must either put up a fight that may jeopardise his career or else remain contented with the limited field type work gives him.

despair occupied by all those who become "typed" in the cinema.

It became so serious that William K. Howard, one of the more intelligent directors, jeopardised his future by casting her as a dutiful Caucasian wife in "Transatlantic." Upon the release of that film her work was well reviewed. She thought she was at last away from Oriental roles.

But no! A leading producer said, "Of course, Miss Loy, you were excellent in 'Transatlantic,' but the public is accustomed to seeing you in exotic Oriental roles."

She again played the siren in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," and next was a half-caste in "Thirteen Women."

Then, a few films later, she was given a "straight American romantic lead" opposite Robert Montgomery in "When Ladies Meet." This was her release.

Dangerous Fight

AL.L. barriers now safely hurdled, she was next cast as an "English girl" in "The Barbarian," opposite Ramon Novarro.

Her work in this film earned her a long-term contract.

"Where have you been so long?" asked the casting director. "I've never had a look at you before."

"Yes, you have," returned Myrna, remembering the hours she waited in the casting-office. "You nearly looked a hole through me once."

"When was that?" he asked.

Myrna explained. "You know," he said, "I often think that if I took those I refused, and refused those I took we'd be just as well off."

After such films as "The Thin Man," "Manhattan Melodrama," and "The Prizefighter and the Lady" it was assumed by all that she had completely broken away from exotic temperamental types.

Instead, she was next cast as the Austrian girl opposite William Powell in "Escapade."

Realising that it was "now or never," she begged to be excused from the role as being "too foreign" to her. It was a brave and dangerous decision at the apex of her career.

If studio officials could not be made to understand, it might mean her finish in films.

Worried, she left for Europe.

The studio officials understood. Emerging from Oriental and vampire roles to the fascinating and beloved young wife, Myrna Loy is now one of the greatest box-office attractions in films.

At a recent gathering of the immortals whose feet had left a cement imprint in front of Grauman's Theatre, Myrna Loy stepped into those made by "the unknown girl."

It was then that Grauman recognised his one-time "centre girl" in the prologue of "The Gold Rush."

"Well, your feet are no bigger, Myrna," he smiled.

"Neither is my head!" was her rejoinder.



● Florence Rice, lovely young MGM player. First typed as a sports-girl, she is now being built up as a youthfully sophisticated type.

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The Painful Path of Screen Love

THAT SCREEN KISS IS JUST A CRICK IN THE NECK TO FILM LOVERS

By JOAN McLEOD from Hollywood

CELLULOID osculation is not what it was. There's less of it, and less heat to it. At the moment, everything possible is being done to make it less painful for the principals.

That may not be your idea of the position. Maybe you think that to melt into a kiss in the arms of Robert Taylor or Hedy Lamarr would be compensation for any Hollywood trials.

You're quite wrong.

Of all the sequences in film production none is more tedious, more painful, and more arduous than the love scene.

What looks like a passionate climax to romance is usually just a pain in the neck to the stars. Literally a pain in the neck, because kissing for the camera often means holding an uncomfortable position too long.

Nowadays, of course, screen kisses are strictly curtailed by Hollywood's nice standards. No clinch can last longer than a few seconds, and the

day of drawn-out embraces appears to have gone for ever.

But still it is found necessary to take special measures to smooth the path of what's left of screen love.

On summer sets, love scenes are now air cooled. On "Brother Rat," as one instance, Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris spent two days mainly in each other's arms in making the love scenes, and they were followed about by a huge perambulating air-conditioner. The weather happened to be unusually hot, but they were kept comfortably cool.

Make-up departments have helped too by developing a genuinely kiss-proof lipstick, something long yearned for by film lovers.

Formerly the gallant's make-up had to be repaired after every contact.

Offering to romance from the electrical department has been a special baby spotlight which can be focused on the under side of the lady's chin in a clinch. This eliminates the former trouble of a shadow

that could make a slim young beauty appear to have a row of chins.

Faster film and better cameras have made for quicker takes, and therefore more spontaneous dalliance. It isn't easy to look as though you are walking on air when actually you are standing on a hard floor going through a bit of coy nonsense for the tenth time in an hour.

The varying censorships of different American States have added to the problems of screen wooing. In

● RICHARD GREENE and Nancy Kelly, comparative newcomers to the screen, demonstrate the tender technique of the film kiss on a Fox set.

Maryland, for instance, the censor frowns on a kiss on the neck; in another State he is horrified if lips contact a bare shoulder.

So producers find it easier to take no risks and keep screen blandishments well within all the standards of decency.

Think back over the pictures you've been seeing lately. You'll remember comparatively few kisses, and most of those will have been playful or romantic rather than torrid.

And you haven't really missed the other kind of screen wooing!



Keep Your Smile brighter with IPANA!

Ipana and massage is a modern way to help keep your gums firm and your teeth sparkling!

DON'T risk your smile! Just a little tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. It doesn't look serious! It doesn't seem important! But neglected, what a penalty it can take of your beauty and charm—health and happiness.

When you see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist! He can give you proper advice. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, the story is the modern one of gums robbed of work by to-day's soft foods—gums that need more exercise—

gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana with massage is designed not only to keep your teeth brilliant and sparkling, but also to help tone and strengthen your gums. So why not begin at once to help safeguard the health of your teeth and gums, in this

simple, easy way? Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the lazy gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, stronger—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your chemist to-day. Make Ipana and massage your regular dental health

routine. Let it help you to have firmer gums and brighter teeth—a winning, attractive smile that will bring you admiration and happiness.

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.



CHANGE TO

IPANA
AND GUM MASSAGE

PRIVATE VIEWS

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO

★ SWEETHEARTS

(Week's Best Release.)

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

"SWEETHEARTS" suffers from plot trouble. The plot of a musical show is nearly always clumsy, but this is also outrageously plausible and hackneyed at that. It has pace, color, and melody to compensate.

Heralded as the first Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy show with the singers in modern ordinary dress, the story opens with a build-up for the show within the film, a musical comedy celebrating the fourth year of its run. The two stars are the caviare and champagne meal for Producer Frank Morgan and his associates.

You are then switched to the stage for a beautiful, but typical, musical comedy sequence that unfortunately prompts a doubt that it would have any for six years.

Jeanette and Eddy are supposed to have been married ever since the show opened, and they are still billing and cooing in honeymoon manner.

But as public darlings they walk a tightrope.

Reginald Gardiner then comes screaming into the picture as a Hollywood agent, determined to lure them from stage to screen, and they fall for his story that in Hollywood they would have free nights, no fuss, and would simply have to sing a song.

Shows Still Running

*** Pygmalion, Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller in brilliant G. B. Shaw comedy. Victory, 7th week.

*** The Sisters, Bette Davis magnificent in sincere family drama. Century, 2nd week.

*** You Can't Take It With You, Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore in diverting comedy. Regent, 3rd week.

*** Great Waltz, Musical biography. Liberty, 7th week.

and forget it instead of singing it 2000 times and then some. Strange—they believe all that, and decide to go into celluloid.

The plot finally breaks down on one of those palpably absurd misunderstandings that occur only in books and films. Jeanette by a tick-a-half-wit would have suggested is made to believe that her husband has been carrying on with their pretty secretary, Florence, for years.

The team is broken and the Hollywood plan becomes null and void.

Nelson Eddy only in brief flashes captures the romantic charm that made him a big hit in "Naughty Marietta."

Jeanette wears some stunning modern clothes, and technicolor adds a vivid beauty to the evergreen pleasures of her voice.

It's a pity about this film. It has a number of melodious duets for the pleasant blending of the two popular voices. It has Frank Morgan, Misha Auer, and Herman Bing in their routine but still enjoyable mode of fun.

In fact, anyone up to the age of 15 may find reason for rapture in it, but those at least mentally above that age will be irked by its naivete. —C. James; showing.

★ GOING PLACES

Dick Powell, Anita Louise. (Warner Bros.)

PLEASANT enough fun can be gleaned from this comedy of a sports-shop salesman who poses, at an exclusive amateur steeplechase, as the greatest horseman in the world.

THEATRE ROYAL

Highly at 8. Matinee, Wed., Sat., at 2.

The Most Discussed Play of the Decade.

"THE WOMEN"

With New York's Distinguished Actress, Mrs. Furst, and a cast of 40 women.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

No stars—below average.

★ One star—average entertainment

★★ Two stars—above average

★★★ Three stars—excellent

Yes; he has to ride in the race—and Yes, he wins it.

And, if it can be counted as a compliment, the genuine greatest horseman in the world cannot protest—"because he has gone to Australia."

Dick Powell plays the sports-shop salesman for every ounce of comedy, and hardly sings at all. The music is left to swing-trumpeter Louis Armstrong who, heavily disguised as a stable-hand, yet manages to put over a maddeningly unforgettable tune, "Jeepers Creepers."

Colored songstress Maxine Sullivan lifts a lovely lilting soprano in a complicated number.

Set altogether on country estate and race track, "Going Places" gives rowdy farce opportunities to that belligerent pair, Harold Huber and Allen Jenkins. As bettors who have their own reasons for making Dick Powell ride, they are robustly comic.

As to the love interest—Anita Louise, in Edwardian hair-do and pretty gowns, makes an effective picture—Mayfair; showing.

★ KING OF THE UNDERWORLD

Humphrey Bogart, Kay Francis, James Stephenson. (Warners.)

"THE KING OF THE UNDERWORLD" says to one of his "boys": "Go get me a typewriter."

"Gee, Boss, where can I get a typewriter at this time of night? The stores are all closed."

"Well, open one!" That's how the Napoleon of crime works in this underworld thriller, with Humphrey Bogart as the most cold-blooded of likeable murderers.

Kay Francis does a very competent job as the widow of a doctor proved to be tending illegally men wanted by the police. He is shot in a raid. In an attempt to prove that she, also a doctor, knew nothing of her husband's criminal entanglements, Kay deliberately involves herself with the gang at their hide-out.

There's even more shooting in this than in most gangster films, and some of the dialogue is as quick as the gang's trigger fingers.

Watch James Stephenson, who speaks real English in a rich, quiet voice, as the good guy caught up by the bad ones. He'll be in bigger pictures soon—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

FLIGHT TO FAME

Charles Farrell, Jacqueline Wells. (Columbia.)

AN ordinary little programme film mixes up the old plot of the inventor who produces a death-ray with the new one of the aviator who has designed a new test plane.

Only genuine thrill in the piece is the half-minute of a power dive.

But there is plenty of melodramatic action—including people being frizzled alive in ray-struck planes—before the aviator discovers that the inventor is innocent, that his own plane will pass all tests, and that the inventor's daughter loves him.

Cast, headed by a more than usually sweet Charles Farrell, is negligible.—Mayfair; showing.

SAY IT IN FRENCH

Ray Milland, Olympe Bradna. (Paramount.)

WHEN a comedy misses all along the line, it is embarrassing to the point of pain to watch. "Say It in French" is that kind of unfunny film.

The plot is rather reminiscent of Berta Ruck at her brightest. Young golf champion, charming Ray Mil-



THE "PLATE GLASS" STORE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH A STUNT-MAN, DOUBLING FOR TYRONE POWER IN "JESSE JAMES", JUMPS A HORSE WAS A 200-LB. SHEET OF TRANSPARENT SUGAR CANDY.

WHILE FILMING A SCENE FOR "LOVE AFFAIR", CHARLES BOYER GOT A BLACK EYE FROM POPPING A CHAMPAGNE CORK!

Here's Hot News From All Studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

HOLLYWOOD'S two most celebrated romances are in the news. Mrs. Rhea Gable has gone to Reno, so that may mean wedding bells for Clark and Carole Lombard soon.

Barbara Stanwyck is offering her ranch for sale, and gossips are asking if that means she will yield to Bob Taylor's pleas, get married, and share his ranch.

RICHARD GREENE is to co-star in England with Margaret Lockwood in "The Blue Lagoon," which 20th Century-Fox will make at Gainsborough Studios.

Greene is said to have made a

land, loses his heart while winning a golf tournament in France, and brings back a little French bride.

They arrive in America to find that Milland is expected to wed a wealthy heiress, and so save his father from financial failure.

The little bride enters her home-in-law as a lady's maid, and the false engagement is given out.

Ray Milland has a fatal charm, and even this film cannot entirely extinguish it. Olympe Bradna is boring.

A warm round of clapping, please, for Australian Mona Barrie's good work in one brief scene. Prince Edward; showing.

ESCAPE FROM YESTERDAY

Akim Tamiroff, Frances Farmer, Leif Erikson. (Warner Bros.)

THIS film ends up without explaining itself. Akim Tamiroff has a splendid lusty part as a Cossack, established in a big way as a cattle rustler out west in America. How he got there, and a lot of Cossack society, singers and all, with him, remains a mystery.

This engaging outlaw discovers his long-lost son, Leif Erikson, just a day or two before the law catches up with his cattle racket.

To contrive a jail-break for the father, Erikson joins a military school near the jail, and has a tough struggle between loyalty to his father and his duty as a soldier.

The struggle, we regret to say, is a very dreary and prolonged one, and when right triumphed we could not smother our regrets.—Prince Edward; showing.



THE LION'S ROAR

[A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures]

FLASHES of Success!

While Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power



continue to sweep the country in their magnificent "MARIE ANTOINETTE"

While Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney



break all standing records at the Sydney St. James in their truly great co-starring picture "BOYS TOWN"

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has another BIG treat for you!



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in "SWEETHEARTS"! Filmed entirely in Technicolor! Their first modern story together! Victor Herbert's glorious melodies! And a supporting cast headed by Frank Morgan, Florence Rice, Ray Bolger, Misha Auer and Herman Bing! You'll love "Sweethearts"!

It's still another grand entertainment for you from, Your Pal, LEO, of M-G-M.

Nervous, Weak, Ankles Swollen?

Much nervousness is directly traceable to Poisons in the Kidneys and Bladder, which also cause Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Swollen Ankles, Backache, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains and Disinches. The Doctor's prescription Cystex starts eliminating these poisons in 3 hours, quickly ends Kidney and Bladder troubles, restores energy, health and steady nerves. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you.

CORNWELL'S

PURE MALT

VINEGAR

Saves finer

FLAVOUR

to

SALADS

QUARTS and PINTS

FRANK REILLY

VOICE OF Snow White

ADRIANA CASELOTTI

and her

ENTOURAGE OF...

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS STARS

IVOLI

2.30 & 8

Coverspot

saves you from the embarrassment of a
SKIN BLEMISH!



IN a few seconds COVERSPOT safely and completely conceals skin blemishes such as freckles, pimples, spots, skin discolorations, burns, bruises, circles under the eyes, scars, scratches and many others. You simply rub COVERSPOT over the blemish just like an ordinary face-cream, and the blemish is concealed so perfectly that no one will even suspect its presence.



COVERSPOT does not fade or easily rub off. Stays on, soft and creamy, all day. Four shades. A 1/8 jar lasts a long time. From all chemists and stores. **COVERSPOT** handy for emergencies. **COVERSPOT** is perfect for all-over make up, too!

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Conceals all Skin Blemishes
SAFE . . . cannot harm the finest skin.

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Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
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MAY I HELP YOU

To see your problems a little more clearly?
To find a brighter hope for the days to come?
To overcome fear for the future of the world?



Pastor L. C. Naden

Fear to-day rules the world . . . fear of the warring politics of the nations . . . and fear of what may follow. But the Prophets foretold it all — and they foretold Truth . . . See with me through the eyes of Prophecy, and find new hope and faith for the days to come.

Will You Join Me In The
ADVENT RADIO CHURCH
2GB Every Sunday at 5.30 p.m.

Good News for Dads of Debutantes

Royal Edict Ends Costly Court Presentations Ranging to £3000

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

The regulations governing Court presentations of 1939 debutantes are to be much stricter than in other years.

Because official circles fear that presentations are becoming a "racket" every application will be thoroughly investigated.

No hostess who has accepted a fee from a would-be "deb." will be permitted to present her nominees.

It has been rumored that certain peeresses, who are at liberty to present whom they like, have taken advantage of their position by accepting payment for a privilege that should be honorary.

They have been paid as much as £3000 for arranging the presentation of a debutante at Court. The Royal edict bringing this practice to an end will be hailed with delight by fathers.

It is believed that the Lord Chamberlain will reject more than fifty applications made on behalf of would-be debutantes. The letters rejecting the applications will be sent not to the "debs." but to the peeresses who were to have presented them.

News of the tightening up of regulations has caused anxious heart flutters in Mayfair.

In recent years many peeresses have sponsored debutantes for high fees to meet the heavy cost of maintaining expensive London houses and their country estates. Some of them use the direct advertising method, others offer their services as sponsors through agents who receive commission.

In addition there are agencies which receive a percentage from peeresses for providing would-be debutantes and vice versa, as well as commissions from dressmakers, caterers, beauty specialists and hire car firms.

In various quarters it has been stated for some time now that the Court disapproves of the practice of peeresses and others who are persona grata undertaking this high social duty for financial reasons, and they will find their applications rejected.

It has been found necessary to adhere rigidly to established custom, which frowns on any idea of sponsoring becoming a business transaction.

Royalty must not be exploited for private gain, and to ensure this a thorough inquiry is being made. Those undertaking presentations for a fee will learn that their applications have been refused.

This tightening up in Court circles will not affect Australians.

Debutantes are presented by the wife of the High Commissioner, the wife of the Agents-General or the wife of the Minister for Dominions and Colonies, and there is no suggestion in any of these rumors that any official person is concerned.

Nowhere else in the world does the launching of a young girl into society hold such an important place in social life. An almost fanatical observance of custom banishes all other interests in the family circle into the background.

Parents' Sacrifice

FOR his daughter's first season the debutante's father is scarcely seen at his club, his shooting box or in the intimate circle of his own friends. He has to cut down on his own pleasures in order to be in attendance on his daughter.

A society mother bringing out her daughter is crossed off practically all the visiting lists which knew her before the girl grew up, for chaperoning the "deb." is an exhausting and whole-time job.

Apart from Ascot, Henley, Lords and all the social events of the season there are something like 1500 parties given for the debutantes. There are ten to twelve parties for each "deb." from small intimate lunches to brilliant and expensive balls, to which hundreds of guests are invited.

Small wonder that some parents are glad to pay anything up to £3000 to a peeress or some lady of rank who will undertake the responsibility of sponsoring their daughter through this arduous social season.

The practice is common and a virtually recognised thing. Both parties benefit by it. The peeress or person of good social standing who acts as a chaperon does not consider it an embarrassment to receive a fee for doing so.

If she has no daughter of her own she not only benefits financially but finds a new interest, while the debutante enjoys the guidance of an experienced sponsor, receives introductions to people whom she might not otherwise have known, and has the opportunity of learning much, which could not be taught otherwise, of conduct and bearing of formal society.

This first season is a kind of finishing school, and there is no stigma attached to the debutante whose sponsor receives a fee for successfully launching her into the world.

It is because in many cases to-day it is felt that the fee is paid merely to ensure the debutante's inclusion in the ranks of those to be presented that the careful scrutiny of the lists is being carried out.

Presentation is a cachet of solid respectability, giving privileges such as the use of the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.



NEW COIFFURE by Vasco, London, for this year's Court debutantes. For the "swathing" coiffure the hair is brought from the left side to the right, the curly points used to make "creillons" behind the ear. Hair from the right side is brought to the left with the same effect.



Usually you can't drag Bill away from his game of cricket. But Bill's mother whispered this morning, "Captain Salmon for tea to-night, son." And Bill can't get home for tea quickly enough. The rest of the family will also be punctual. They love those delicious, rich red, juicy steaks of famous Captain Salmon.

Captain is a sockeye salmon—all quality. AT ALL GROCERS AND STORES Obtainable in 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 1 lb. tins. Don't fail to try Captain Sardines too.



Only the best cut from the finest fish goes into Captain tins.

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Captain
Rich Red Sockeye
SALMON STEAK
MAKE FRIENDS WITH "CAPTAIN" CRAB TOO!

Commencing **THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND****GRACE BROS Summer SALE**Goods shown here
NOT Available
until **THURSDAY,**
FEBRUARY 2nd, 9 a.m.**2⁴ IN THE £**Goods shown here
NOT Available
until **THURSDAY,**
FEBRUARY 2nd, 9 a.m.**DEDUCTED from your BILL!**

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES AND SERVICE DEPTS. EXCEPTED.

Country Customers — Please Make a
Second Colour Choice When Ordering

10/4
4/11
LESS 2/- IN THE £

DA7. Matrons' Straw Ready-to-Wears—most becoming shapes in finest Pique Pedaline and Fancy Pedal Straw, nicely finished with best quality Faille Ribbon also ornaments. Deep, comfortable head linings. 22, 22½, 23 inches. In Black, Navy, Brown, Beige. Usually 10/11.

SALE SPECIAL **4/11**
LESS 2/- IN THE £

8/9
LESS 2/- IN THE £

6/11
LESS 2/- IN THE £

8/4
3/11
LESS 2/- IN THE £

7/3
LESS 2/- IN THE £

10/1
LESS 2/- IN THE £

ADD 1/6 EXTRA For Box and Postage on Millinery.

ME111. Attractive Shirtmaker Styles for many sizes. Well assorted patterns of floral and figured on grounds of Black, Navy and Brown. Also light grounds for smaller sizes. In SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS. **8/9**
SALE SPECIAL **8/9**
LESS 2/- IN THE £

DO113. Crisp and fresh for Summer days!—this Swing Skirt Dirndl in gay floral washing cottons; buttoned — and buttonless — down centre front, with collar and cuffs to contrast. Full "pull" sleeves. Shades Almond Green, Sage Blue, Rose. Lengths: 30, 33, 36, 39". **6/11**
SALE SPECIAL **6/11**
LESS 2/- IN THE £

DA8. Special Job Purchase! Glazed Panamas of finest quality. A most becoming ready-to-wear style suitable for all occasions. Faille ribbon trimmings in Cream and Natural shades only. Head sizes: 21½, 22, 22½. **3/11**
Usually 8/11. SALE: **3/11**
LESS 2/- IN THE £

DO114. For the younger set! This new suspender Dirndl with its own headwrap is the mode of the moment. Obtainable in gay Printed Lace Sheer in Green, Powder Blue, Red, Lemon. Lengths: 33, 36, 39, 43 inches. **7/3**
SALE SPECIAL **7/3**
LESS 2/- IN THE £

ME112. Smart Centre Panel Frocks. Brightly coloured patterns on Black, Navy and Brown grounds. Sustainably styled for sizes SSW, SW, W. **10/-**
SALE SPECIAL **10/-**
LESS 2/- IN THE £

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. :: BROADWAY, SYDNEY :: PHONE: M6506

She Helps Photographer of Royal Children

Australian Girl's Work in Famous London Studio

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London

Pretty, titian-haired Mary Doberer, well-known Australian society girl, has one of the most interesting jobs in London.

Royalty, social celebrities, diplomats, every visitor of importance—in fact, almost every distinguished person—call at some time or other at the studio in Dover Street where she is assistant to Marcus Adams, Royal Photographer.

MARCUS ADAMS, who specialises in children's photography, has taken nearly 150,000 of his little subjects in every part of the world, and

Miss Doberer counts herself extremely fortunate to work with such a great master of the art of photography.

"You see," she explained, "we

use the camera here, not as a mere mechanical instrument to catch a likeness, but just as the artist uses his brush to paint a picture, or the sculptor his clay to mould an image."

The Royal Family and the Duke and Duchess of Kent, with their two children, are frequent visitors to Marcus Adams' studio.

One of the photographer's most treasured possessions is a watch of the Early Victorian period. As soon as Princess Elizabeth arrives she asks for this and, in almost every photograph, is holding the round heavy glass ball on its thin silver chain, in which is sunk an exquisitely wrought timepiece.

"Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are so attached to each other," Miss Doberer said, "that even in the studio they are hardly separated for a moment."

"Princess Elizabeth sits very still for her photograph, but I am afraid that the same cannot be said for Princess Margaret Rose, who is very



ASSISTS ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER. Miss Mary Doberer, Australian society girl, now helps photographer of princesses, meets many celebrities.

Headache?



Doctors and Nurses Advise

BEX the better A.P.C.

It's just "old fashioned" (or plain foolish) to put up with a headache—or any other nerve or muscular pain for that matter—when Bex A.P.C. stops pain in five minutes or less and leaves no bad after effects. Doctors and Nurses recommend Bex—they know it's swift—sure—safe, definitely the better A.P.C.

Medical Opinion Endorses Bex A.P.C.

Mr. Gordon Garrett, 136 Bourke St., Sydney, writes:—"I suffered for some time with neuralgia, and tried several other remedies, including other A.P.C. Powders, but my Doctor advised me to switch to Bex A.P.C. I found that Bex A.P.C. had a very rapid action. The neuralgia disappeared, and I have not been troubled with it since. I fully recommend Bex A.P.C."

Read What Nurses and Dentists Say:

Nurse D.N., of Victoria Park, W.A., writes:—"I can highly recommend Bex A.P.C. Powders. I give them to my patients when necessary. I am a great sufferer from migraine (headache), but since taking Bex A.P.C. I don't have to rest as much."

Sister V.R., of Adelaide, S.A., says: "I always recommend Bex A.P.C.'s to my patients."

A leading N.S.W. Dental Surgeon writes:—"I find Bex A.P.C. invaluable before and after extractions, and invaluable to both dentist and patient when drilling a sensitive cavity."

Nurse was Right!

Bex Banished the Pain in a few Minutes



It is no wonder that Bex A.P.C. stops pain and reduces fever so swiftly, surely, and safely. Bex is a properly balanced medical prescription, containing only the world's purest ingredients. Inset on Bex, the better A.P.C.—there's no substitute for Bex.

Prove Bex Yourself Free

BECKERS PTY., LTD.
174-176 Campbell Street, Sydney.
Please send me free sample packet of three Bex A.P.C. Powders.

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Mail
Coupon
Now!

BEX the better A.P.C.

Sold Everywhere, 12 Powders or Bottle of 24 Tablets—1/-

high-spirited and always wanting to jump about and play jokes.

"Princess Margaret Rose, however, is most 'photogenic' and I don't think there is any pose in which the camera has caught her that is not a lovely picture."

When the two Princesses come to the studio they are always accompanied by the King and Queen, for photographs of the Royal Family are very important, and they like to supervise the work personally.

"The King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Kent insist that all formality be waived when they are at the studio, and so it is," Mary said. "As with all our children, we have a game with the Princesses before they face up to the camera."

"Once, when it was a serious photograph that we required, Mr. Adams produced a sixpence and showed the Princesses how to draw beautiful patterns with circles. In a few moments the game was well under way, the Princesses calling it 'Putting a frame round Grandpa.'"

Charming Family

"THEY are such charming people, we love having the Royal Family in the studio," Miss Doberer said.

"The Princesses are so completely unspoiled and so interested in everything that they are almost perfect subjects for the camera."

"Many of the modern children are so bored and sophisticated that we have to spend a great deal of time in arousing their interest sufficiently to get a good photograph."

"Some of them have appointment books just like their mothers. They come here from an appointment with their hairdresser, then, perhaps, have luncheon engagements, and go on to dancing classes and tea parties. Goodness knows what time they arrive home eventually."

"One little girl of ten had an appointment at a dress show at Claridge's," she continued. "We find that frequently the girls know all about clothes and nothing about toys and dolls. It is as though they have skipped from being babies and stepped right into their early teens."

"Both the children of the Duke and Duchess of Kent love a visit here for there is every kind of toy animal and doll to play with. Princess Alexandra has no more devoted slave than her brother. It doesn't matter how many times she throws away the toys he will pick them up and bring them back to her."

"They simply adore their mother. It is lovely to watch them cuddling up to her. The Duchess will sit on the rug with them and romp and play."

"The great affection that exists between the Duchess of Kent and her children contrasts with the attitude of many young society mothers towards their children."

"Quite often when we want to get a photograph of the children with their mothers we have the greatest difficulty in making the children

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY RADIO SESSIONS... from STATION 2GB

WEDNESDAY, February 1: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, "Maison Rouge," by Dumas; Music for Madame.

THURSDAY, February 2: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Music of the Stars, and June Marsden, Astrologer.

FRIDAY, February 3: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, and Music for Madame.

SATURDAY, February 4: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Meet the Band Leaders.

SUNDAY, February 5: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., June Marsden, Astrologer, and Music of the Stars.

MONDAY, February 6: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Serial, and Music for Madame.

TUESDAY, February 7: 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Music of the Stars, and June Marsden, Astrologer.

look happy. Their 'nanny' is so close to them that their own mother seems a stranger."

Miss Doberer has been to the Duchess of Kent's home in Belgrave Square. "It is very beautiful inside," she said, "every room reflects the Duchess' charming personality and exquisite taste."

Freckles

Don't Try to Hide these Ugly Spots: Kintho Will Remove Them Quickly and Safely.

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all chemists with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumber; get an ounce of Kintho and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Kintho—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

FOR ALL TRAVEL INFORMATION, CALL, WRITE, or PHONE

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau

St. James Bdg., Elizabeth St., Sydney

Nurses are Trained With Plaster Patients



BANDAGING is a hard thing to do properly. Probationers at King's College Hospital, London, first practise bandaging on plaster legs and arms. They graduate to live patients.



PLASTER MODELS of heads, legs, and arms cannot be hurt. Patients can. Young nurses are sometimes nervous when helping patients who move. Training on models gives confidence.



TEMPERATURE READING is taught to probationers. Hospitals presume girls know nothing when they join, and carefully teach them the most simple duties of their profession.

● Probationer nurses at the King's College Hospital, London, no longer tie their first bandages on a live patient. They work on plaster models of arms and legs, and they learn to wash babies by experiments with dolls!



WRONG BATHING of a doll doesn't matter. A baby might object. And he might be hurt. With a doll an experienced sister can demonstrate to probationers and correct their early mistakes.



"MMM-MM. I hope this is right." On a model wrong bandaging does not matter much. On a patient it might have serious results.

FALSE TEETH

Facts not generally realised

There is a very serious danger to health, arising from unsterilised false teeth. Ordinary rinsing or scrubbing is not enough. Food particles lodge in the crevices of dentures and, unless they are completely removed, soon decay and become breeding grounds for germs, which may lead to serious illness.

Don't take risks with your health—give your teeth a regular bath in Kemdex solution overnight (or a few minutes in double-strength solution in the morning.) Unclean dentures often lead to unpleasant breath.

Kemdex cleanses by oxygen—one of the most powerful germicidal agents known. Kemdex in solution releases millions of tiny oxygen bubbles which sterilise, remove all food particles, neutralise acids, and do away with film and stains—leaving the teeth hygienically clean and fresh!

From all good chemists and stores.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

One trial of Kemdex will convince you that it does all that is claimed for it. Test it at our expense. Write for free trial sample to Scott & Bowne (A's) Ltd., Dept. WW11, Box 40, P.O. Surry Hills, N.S.W.



GRAPHOLOGY

Know yourself. Let me read your character by handwriting. Cultivate your natural self. Send 50 words with signature, in ink, on unlined paper, also 1/8 p.m., and stamped addressed envelope.

RILEY, 68 CAMBRIDGE ST., STANMORE, SYDNEY.

"O H, I don't mean you. I don't blame anyone. I'm as bad as the rest of us. But where does it get us?"

"I don't know. It got us here," he said, determined to stay casual and undramatic. "I say, have you still got old Anna?"

"Yes."

"Lord, I was afraid of her when I was a kid!" he said, grinning. "Do you remember the time I snatched the cake and ran and slipped and hit my head against the stove?"

"It bled like fury," she remembered. "You had to have stitches, didn't you?"

"The scar's still there."

"Is it really?" Then as he proved it, she said: "Well, you can always say you got it in the next war. Or that I bit you."

"You little savage! The trouble with you is you're hungry. You didn't eat anything at dinner. You looked at the food as if it were rubber."

"Perhaps it was!"

"What's the idea of starving yourself?"

"I'm not."

"Think I'm blind?"

So he had watched her when she thought he was absorbed with Jean. He watched her plate. That was something.

"It isn't healthy not to eat," said Bobby. "What do you think your kids will be like?"

"What do you care?" she said fiercely.

"You must eat."

"Giving me orders now?"

He said that somebody ought to. Vaguely and without practice he worried. She was jealous and she had a temper. He ought to know. But when you got down to things, she was about the only one—she was the only one a fellow could be serious about. By fellow he defined himself, and she too became more definite. Standing there, he saw her as underdressed and neglected, and it was his business to do something about that.

"How about some bread with that

water?" he asked, and went to the bread bin. "Here's where they hide it."

His hand was on her shoulder and they struggled.

"Please let me go. Bobby, you beast! All right, I will, you miserable bully. No, I didn't say it. Oh, Bobby, it's been such a rotten evening. Do you really like Jean? If you do, it's all right. You know that Do you?"

"Look here, you know who I like," said the wise young man, suddenly weak because feeling like this was new to him. "Nancy, you silly kid, you know who's my girl. You know the girl I want—when she isn't on a hunger strike. Look here . . . that's the way . . . that's the way I want you to kiss me. You've never kissed me like that before. . . ."

When they left the kitchen they left behind them a piece of trodden tea-cake and two almost empty glasses whitened and ringed with milk. The rings of milk had become stiff on the inside of the glasses when May came in with her young man.

"That's funny," she said, picking up the glasses. "hardly anyone drinks milk in this house! Not as early as this, anyway."

Joe Bligh, well inside the kitchen door, took off his hat. He felt that there was some reproach in that remark about the earliness of the hour.

"I needn't have brought you back so soon. There's more time than I thought. But I do have to catch that eleven o'clock train."

"Oh, that's all right," said May generously.

"Can I sit down for a minute?"

"Of course. Let me get you a bottle of beer."

"No. I don't want any of their beer."

"Mrs. Dryden says it's all right any time we have company."

"When I drink the Dryden beer I'll drink it with them," remarked Joe.

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Continuing Love is Universal

from Page 6

May admired his independence. She admired his dark, not quite healthy skin, and his vigilant eyes that were always on the lookout for a better world.

"Well, I wish you would," she said, sitting down beside him and opening the bag of peanuts he had bought for a better world.

GIRLIGAGS



YOU may not be able to take your riches with you when you die, but you can find some good places to take them while you live.

on the way, "but I see what you mean."

Joe said: "You mustn't compromise. That's the main thing."

She nodded, waiting for his arm to come round her, as it did.

"This sort of thing has to be evened up," Joe told her. "You wait and see. It will come. Look at this place. All for one family."

"Don't worry about that now," she said.

"No, but May," he answered, "just look at it! Who is Dryden? A rich barrister. What does he live on? Tricks. Legal tricks. Making the law too difficult to understand. That's what they do. Using it against the working man."

May nibbled peanuts. "A little place would do me," she said, "but I'd want everything nice. I could do it, too. I pick up lots of ideas about cooking from Anna."

"Think you could cook for a man?"

"If he wasn't too critical I could."

He kissed her intently on her lips.

"Look out, Joe. Somebody might come in."

"Let them come! You're not their slave. This is a free country. You're entitled to breathe, aren't you?"

"Well, I know—"

"Now listen. When this strike is over—"

"When you get your job back—"

"I'll get it back all right," he boasted. "They're going to have to take all of us back or keep the factory closed."

"I'll be glad when it's over."

"It will be years before it's over. It's only the first step," he said with dedication.

She didn't like it when he talked

like that. She felt her dreams shake at their foundations. The home she wanted, with its neat kitchen, as prettily equipped, seemed to anticipate its battle with strike meetings and moneyless weeks.

"I'd let somebody else do some of it," she said.

"Listen," said Joe, turning her towards him, "you want to come with me, don't you? All the way?"

She trembled. Young as she was, inarticulate as she was, she could make no mistake about this. He was asking her not only to live with him but with her rival—with the conviction that would take his time, his energy, part of his love, perhaps even the bread from her mouth.

She saw his young, already tired, overcast face and she knew that he would sacrifice her now if she said the word. He would have to. But he needed her. He didn't even know how he needed her. May did as she looked at him. He needed someone who would be tender, who had the power to rest him.

"Joe, you know how I feel," she said.

He put his head down on her shoulder and she held it there closely, careless now of interruption. She felt as if she owned the kitchen. The world, for that matter . . .

It was an exceptionally long picture and she they were seeing it through to the end it was eleven-thirty before Helen Dryden and Tom Carlisle left the cinema. She understood now why he had been so enthusiastic about it. It represented almost perfectly the milieu that Carlisle lived in now. It was a fast moving, gossip New York show, the only one of its kind just yet, peppered with actual appearances of people whom Carlisle knew, who had dined with him and crossed on the same boats. No wonder he had wanted her to see it when they had begun to talk of it this afternoon. It showed him off. And it made her restless, which she guessed he had expected and perhaps anticipated.

He was a great deal pleasanter than she had thought he would be. When he had telephoned that he was very briefly in London and would like to see her, she had been curious about him and doubtful about herself.

"Nancy may have come in by this time," she said, as they entered the Dryden house again, "but probably not. She's a very gay young thing."

"Gay young things make me feel old," answered Carlisle. "I hope she's having a good time and stay out."

Helen Dryden laughed, called her husband's name lightly and then went upstairs to reacquaint "Will" not in either," she said, returning "We have the house to ourselves."

"That's what I used to beg you for," he reminded her, "a house to ourselves."

"You wouldn't have liked it."

"Don't be so sure."

Please turn to Page 38

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

A New Scientific Treatment for INDIGESTION AND STOMACH DISORDERS

NYAL PANAZE

Medical men admit that excess starch is the most common cause of indigestion and gastro-intestinal disorders. Chemists in the Nyal Laboratories have now developed an amazing new digestant . . . known as Panaze . . . which is capable of digesting in 10 minutes 200 times its own weight in starchy food. Panaze is one of the strongest starch-digesting agents known to medical science and is now available to sufferers from indigestion and stomach disorders . . . in NYAL PANAZE . . . the new complete treatment for indigestion, colitis, hyper-acidity, and other gastro-intestinal disorders.

A COMPLETE Treatment

Every ingredient in Nyal Panaze is one regularly prescribed by stomach and intestinal specialists. In addition to the digestive agent Panaze, it contains the mild astringent almost invariably prescribed for colitis . . . an ingredient which forms a protective coating on the walls of the stomach, safeguarding them against inflammation, and an ingredient which eliminates toxins. You will see, therefore, that Panaze is a complete treatment, and not one which deals with only one aspect of your ailment.

Your doctor will tell you that for the complete digestion of food an adequate flow of bile is essential. If you will ask your doctor to test Nyal Panaze, he will confirm the fact that it increases the vital secretions. Because of the manner in which Nyal Panaze protects the walls and membranes of the stomach, many stomach sufferers are able almost immediately to increase their diet. Panaze enables

you to derive the maximum nourishment from the food you eat.

Accurately Measured Doses

In treating indigestion and stomach disorders, far too many men and women are inclined to carelessness in judging the doses. They fail to realise that in the correction of acid stomach (the common cause of indigestion) it is possible, through careless dosing, to introduce an excess of alkali into the system. Excessive alkalinity is just as harmful as excess acidity. With Nyal Panaze there is not the slightest possibility of such mistakes, because each dose comes to you accurately measured and individually wrapped. Panaze brings quick relief from indigestion. It eliminates excess starch. It neutralises acids, soothes the delicate membranes of the stomach, and increases vital secretions. A complete Panaze treatment of 24 Panaze powders (each a complete dose) costs only 2/6. . . . Panaze is obtainable from all chemists.

FIT AND WELL AFTER 15 YEARS CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA

NYAL COMPANY, SYDNEY.

Dear Sirs:

I have been a chronic dyspeptic for about 15 years. I could not eat or drink without vomiting. I tried almost every powder on the market, and had treatment from several doctors and hospitals without getting relief, until Mr. Boyers, Chemist, of Wylong, recommended and gave me three Panaze powders. They gave me instant relief, so I bought a box to give them a fair chance. I gained 12 lbs. the first month, and now I am a different man, feeling in the best of health, although I still have to watch my diet.

Yours,
(Signed) E. CLARKE.



NYAL PANAZE FOR INDIGESTION

TRAVEL SERVICE

North, South, East or West, wherever the traveller may wish to go, in Australia, he may use the convenient and safe travel service that a Commonwealth Savings Bank Account offers. Not only does a Savings Account provide the means for saving, in advance, the money needed for the journey, but helps to protect it en route.

A Savings Account costs nothing to open, and enables the owner to make, in advance, provision for withdrawing or depositing money at any point within the Commonwealth.

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Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

LIKE—

Mrs. Graham Pratten's snappy little jacket of tomato-and-blue check taffeta fitting closely to the figure and adorned with wide braid—Mrs. Pratten wears it with a black skirt and filmy lace jabot.

Naval Officers Entertain

BOTH H.M.A.S. Canberra and H.M.A.S. Hobart will be here this week before leaving for the summer cruise to Tasmania.

This Friday, Admiral Custance will entertain at cocktails on board H.M.A.S. Canberra. Captain Patterson will be present, and others who will attend are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert, and Mme. Elinck Schuurman, Lady Bavin and daughter Valerie, Colonel and Mrs. M. J. Brimmer, M. and Mme. de Dardel, Mr. and Mrs. John Arnott, Mr. and Mrs. Gratian Guinness, and Mrs. Ellis Fielding-Jones.

Captain Stewart, of H.M.A.S. Hobart, will be host at a dance on board this Wednesday. Most of the officers' wives make this an annual date for a trip to Hobart, and many of them are leaving town at the beginning of next week, and will rejoin their husbands in Tasmania.

Dr. Weston, who is paying Sydney a visit from England after an absence of nearly 30 years, is staying at the Union Club. Dr. Weston is a brother of Mrs. Neville Dangar, who has just returned home after a short visit to America.

Renewing Friendships

WITH their daughters Evelyn and Madeleine, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. J. Forster are over from Melbourne, holidaying at Avalon and renewing many friendships after two years' absence from Sydney.

The Forsters lived for many years at Wahroonga, you remember, before making their home in the southern capital.

A Colombo Notable

VERY good looking, very tall, and a good all-round sport, Gordon Armstrong, to whom Tracy Finlayson has just announced her engagement, is one of Colombo's most eligible bachelors. Educated in England, he is an international rover of risk and flies his own plane.

With his father, Mr. Dyson Armstrong, he owns the largest fleet of hired cars in Colombo. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Gordon live in a magnificent flat overlooking Colombo Harbor.

Winter Wardrobes

ALREADY winter wardrobes are being planned. Noticed Mrs. Osborne Wilkinson and her daughter, Mrs. Lennox Bode, at Carat Jones' autumn preview last week. Mrs. Atwell and attractive Jocelyn Josephson were there, too, buying winter frocks.

Thinking of the Easter races, Mrs. Ellis Fielding-Jones bought some warm suits, and others interested in the coming season's fashions were Mrs. Stuart Doyle, Mrs. S. H. Ervin, with her daughters, Mrs. Sim Bennet and Goldie Gray; Mrs. Frank Bragg; Mrs. Ellen Vivers (Glen Innes); and Mrs. Frank Genge.

Barbecue at Palm Beach

WITH "back to work" the next morning after the holiday week-end in mind, invitations to the cocktail-cum-barbecue party at Palm Beach Golf Club on Monday said 5.30 to 8.30 p.m. Cocktails were served at the Palm Beach Club, and guests then wended their way to the Pacific Club, next door, for the buffet meal smoldering over a huge fire at the back of the clubhouse. Strolling gipsy players supplied the music for dancing or as a background for bright chat, just as the mood decided.

Ritty Dalrymple Hay and Miss Russell were organisers for the festivity, and others who took along parties were the Malcolm MacCormicks, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Langley, Mr. and Mrs. K. Coles, Nola Gough, Myrtle Rankin Rowe, Mrs. Dale Burnie, Mrs. Laurie Seaman, the John Goodmans, Claire Symon, and the David Huns-

Miss M. Abbott to Wed

AT her wedding in London this Saturday with Colin Bednall, of Melbourne, Marion ("Cherub") Abbott, daughter of the Administrator of the Northern Territory and Mrs. Abbott, will be attended by Ella Wharton-Duff, a kinswoman of the Duke of Fife, and Joan Ivemy. Joan is a niece of Mrs. S. F. Richards, from whose home, Kitwells, Herefordshire, Marion will be married.

In the absence of her father, the bride will be given away by Lord Stonehaven. His daughter, the Hon. Ariel Baird, Lady Milbanke, Lady Sanderson, and Mrs. Bessener Clark will be among the guests at the ceremony at St. Martin's Church, Radlett, near London.

Lame Gowns Popular

SHIMMERING lame gowns were a popular choice with well-dressed women in the large audience which greeted the first night of "The Women" at the Theatre Royal on Saturday night. Mrs. Claude Plowman, who had Lady Stephen as her guest, wore a gown of silver lame which gleamed through her black chiffon wrap.

Mrs. Stanley Crick chose white-and-gold lame, and added an ostrich feather cape. Mrs. Ken Asprey's American model of black net had bands of gold lame on the skirt.

Mrs. Margaret Allen, who seldom misses a first night, was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ken Austin, who is on a visit from her home in New Zealand.

Mrs. Winn, who assisted her daughter in entertaining, wore a black cocktail gown with an ecru lace blouse. The reception rooms were gay with gladioli and zinnias gathered from the garden.

Jill Cantor is off to England next Monday in the Merkur. She says she will be away indefinitely.

Cruise to Tasmania

MR. CONSETT STEPHEN and Mr. and Mrs. "Banjo" Paterson are a lucky trio who will escape some of February's humid days. They will leave by the Strathaird this Thursday for a trip to Tasmania.

Smart Racegoers

SMART punters at the A.J.C. holiday meeting at Randwick included the Lady Mayoresas (Mrs. Norman Nock). Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Watt were also doing a little punting.

The Longworth sisters, Margaret and Jean, who rarely miss a meeting, were others trying their luck at picking winners.

England via East

I HEAR this month will see Ailsa Cullen setting sail for England, via the East. About the date of her return Ailsa is delightfully vague. Maybe in two years' time, she says, maybe longer.

Annually, the summer months find Ailsa in Tasmania with her cousin, Amy, and Amy's husband, Arndell Lewis. But this year Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were in Canberra for the Science Congress, and Ailsa, who was also in the Federal Capital for the week, farewelled them there.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Lawes are at present holidaying at Newport with their three young daughters, Annette, Maru, and Barbara. Mrs. Lawes has just completed furnishing the attractive new home they have built at Horsby.

Honeymoon in Norfolk

AFTER their wedding in London this Saturday, Cherub Abbott and Colin Bednall will leave for a brief honeymoon in Norfolk before settling down in a flat in Chelsea. They first met in Darwin a little less than two years ago, when Colin went there as representative of a group of Australian newspapers, and soon after Cherub's father had taken up his appointment as Administrator of the Territory.

She went to London a year ago, and Colin travelled overseas at the end of last year. For her wedding Cherub will wear a parchment satin gown.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbott hope to fly to London in April to see the young couple. This will be their first visit to England in 18 years.



On Summer Holidays

HAVING disposed of her flat at Edgecliff for some time, Mrs. Gwen Wharton, with her daughter Gwenda, has left town to spend the remainder of the summer with her parents, Sir George and Lady Fuller, at their Bowral home.

Gwenda has her school friend, Jane Sandy, daughter of the Ted Sandys, staying with her. Another youthful absentee from town is Alice Morashead, daughter of the L. J. Morasheads, who went to Melbourne last week with Bunty McConnan. Bunty was returning home after a visit to Sydney with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. McConnan.

They Like Sydney

THOSE charming American visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Knight, who are staying at the Australia, find they like Sydney so much that they have decided to make their home here. They sent to Honolulu, their home town, for their lovely furniture, and will move into the H. P. Christmas' flat at Edgecliff, when H. P. and his family take up residence in their super-new penthouse in Macleay Street.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Mrs. Campbell Dibbs, who with her daughter Cecile has had a flat at Park Lane Mansions for some weeks, is motoring back to Temora this week? Cecile will remain in town until Easter, and will share a flat with Louey Gatacre at West End, Potts Point.



A RECENT STUDY of Betty Alder, attractive, fair-haired daughter of the M. C. Alders, of Double Bay. Betty has just returned to town from Palm Beach, where her family had a house for some weeks.

Much-Travelled Sub-Deb

ATTRACTIVE sub-deb, Barbara McConnell, who for the last 18 months has been abroad with her mother, Mrs. Ken McConnell, living for the most part in Paris and London, will go to Frensham at the beginning of the new term.

The family returned from their world wanderings a few weeks ago. Mr. McConnell and his elder daughter, Mary, joined Mrs. McConnell and Barbara abroad some months ago, and they all travelled home together.

After spending six weeks' holiday as the guest of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Alfred Spain, at Neutral Bay, Mrs. John Russell, wife of Colonel Russell, will return to her home in Melbourne shortly.

Fortnight at Wamboral

BAD luck for Mrs. Jim Litchfield. She motored up from her home, Hazeldean, Cooma, hoping to see her mother, Lady Harvey, while she was in town. But their plans went awry, and Lady Harvey had left for Wamboral just before her daughter arrived.

Sir John and Lady Harvey had the Pockleys' cottage at Wamboral for a fortnight, and arrived back in Sydney last week. They had as their guest Lady Harvey's nephew, Bob Turner.



EVERYONE'S talking about this "new thrilling way to wash hair"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo!—Without any doubt, it quickly brings out the full radiant loveliness of your hair, and awakens alluring highlights which you never previously knew existed.

Immediately you commence "beauty washing" your hair with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo you FEEL the difference. The rich, live "coconut bubbles" begin to foam through your hair, dissolving dust, dandruff and oily-film—leaving your hair SILKY-CLEAN and more attractive than you've ever seen it before.

Then when you look at your hair in the glass—what a thrill! A glorious picture of shimmering loveliness, its very texture richer, silkier, and altogether adorable—Watching how the waves come out deep, crisp, sparkling, and ever so much easier to dress.

Blondes—Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo preserves that true gold colour of your hair.

Brunettes—"Beauty washing" with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo finds new gleaming highlights in your hair.

Make your next shampoo a real "beauty wash"—with Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo—a 2/6 bottle gives you 14 wonderful Shampoos. Obtainable all chemists and stores.

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It has succeeded in hundreds of difficult cases of irritating, disfiguring skin disease when other treatments have proved entirely useless, or, at best, only temporary in their effect. And its success is due to the recognition of the actual causes of the differing types of skin trouble and the need of specific, individual treatment for each case.

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THE AUSTRALIAN

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Contributors and Artists: Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be returned at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prices: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

"I PROMISED you a drink. What will you have? I'll get it for you."

"Let me come and help."

"If you like."

The light on the side wall of the kitchen burned in its porcelain niche.

"I'll get the ice and a syphon of soda," Mrs. Dryden said. "If you'll find a couple of glasses in the pantry. Wouldn't you like some cheese?"

"Not a thing to eat, thanks."

She was washing ice cubes when she felt his hands on her shoulders, practised hands, used to caressing women. She guessed at that and wondered if she should be flattered because she, too, tempted him.

Turning, she held out cold, wet hands from the touch of the ice and he dried them with a very fine handkerchief that had been on display in his pocket.

"Pity to spoil that show piece," she remarked.

"It's not spoiled. It's an historic handkerchief now."

"Until it's washed."

"Well, I'm still in love with you."

She denied it with a quick, protesting no.

"But I am. And I'm a better lover than I used to be. I think you might be, too."

"What makes you think so?"

"You're grown up. You were a child then. A girl who wanted to be married. To have a house. Well, you've got it. And now you've outgrown this doll's house."

"You'll have to be more explicit," she said.

He mixed the whisky and soda and took a long drink.

"What's ahead of you here isn't good enough for you," he told her.

"Even if it weren't, what could I do about it?"

"Let me know when you come to New York. Come soon. Come very deliberately. The doll's house will be here when you get back. If ever you do."

She wasn't shocked. She was almost surprised at the pleasure of temptation, its delicious, racy taste. It was an appetizer. She found herself suddenly hungry for new places, fresh experiences, strange passions.

"Would you like it?" she asked.

"I believe you would."

"A lot of women have liked it?"

she asked, meaning him.

He laughed at that in a flattered

way. "Well, I told you that I could guarantee you a better lover now."

And putting down his glass he tried to show her how it would begin.

"Don't," she exclaimed, "somebody might come in!"

"The suburban fear," he said, letting her go. "It's true. Somebody might. There are places where it doesn't matter."

His drink was finished and he made himself another. She watched him, leaning against the panel of a tall brown cupboard. It was like

Collected Poems

*I spent the day
Reading your book,
And found reflected there
Your voice,
Your touch,
Your look.
And then with tenderness
My fingers shook,
For in that glorious design
Of beauty you had placed
A verse of mine!*

—YVONNE WEBB.

a white mat setting off the picture of her body, moulded in the long green dress.

"Don't other men make love to you?" he questioned.

She didn't answer.

"I thought so," he said wisely.

"But it's unimportant," said Helen Dryden. "They always like their wives best."

"Not much courage, have they?" remarked Carlisle with both contempt and vanity. Helen Dryden heard both notes. They sounded off-key to her, very flat.

"Some men," said Helen quietly, "take care of women they've loved when they aren't lovable. When they aren't beautiful. When they're ill. When they behave like shrews."

"Only if they have to," he chuckled.

"No. Even if they don't."

"This was beginning to be tiresome."

He said: "Well, it doesn't apply to you, because you're too lovely."

Continuing Love is Universal

from Page 36

"It has applied," she said. "It will."

"Look here—" began Tom Carlisle.

"I did look," said Helen, "and I saw."

"Saw what?"

She glanced round. "How safe I am in my own kitchen . . ."

She went back to the kitchen after he had called a taxi and left the house. She had no sense of loss. The kitchen seemed bigger now that he was out of it, and she began to clean it up. Safety, she thought. It did not seem a word to be despised. The provocations of the afternoon and evening faded out. She washed both glasses, tipping her own hardly-touched drink into the sink. The water was running so hard that she did not hear her husband come in.

"Hello," he said, "still up?"

"I've just got in. You're late, too."

"Yes, but I think our case has taken a turn for the better now. I've been with Simpkins. He's discovered a whole bagful of fresh evidence."

"How about a cup of tea?"

"That would be fine. Was that Carlisle I saw driving away?"

"I suppose so."

"Did you have a good time?" asked Will Dryden. "He's a brilliant fellow in his way."

He looked at his wife, wondering how she felt about Carlisle. The worry had been in his mind all the evening behind the other problems. He hoped Nell wasn't going to be discontented or impatient. Once upon a time he used to fight these attacks of passion that other men had for his wife with his own passion for her. But after all these years it seemed a stupid battle. He didn't feel up to it.

"Not so very brilliant," she said. "He hasn't done very well for himself. He knows a lot of people and he makes a lot of money. But it goes like water and he doesn't know how real people live. I wouldn't lead that shuttle-cock life for anything in the world. Would you like something to eat?"

"It would be an idea."

She got out the butter and a loaf with a crust on it because he liked that better than biscuits or cake. She served him the food he had

provided for her and there was peace in the kitchen.

"It tastes awfully good," he said.

"Give me a piece of it," said Helen.

It was in moments like this that they lived together. Moments like this held them together and always would and they knew it. They left their home about them.

"Well, let's go up," said Will Dryden. "Everybody in?"

"Nobody but us, I think. I'll put the food away and leave these few dishes for Anna. I'll be up in a minute."

ANNA came in heavily but quietly. She had forgotten the delay at the start of the evening. She had forgiven her employer. For the States in Fellowship had had a fine meeting and the hymns which they sang had been of forgiveness and glory. Their soaring tunes still rang in Anna's head. Then there had been coffee and cake and they had taken up a very good collection for the distressed family of one of the members who was in trouble. It had been very satisfying.

She glanced round her kitchen and saw the signs of the intruder with no surprise. There was a smear on the floor under the table. She took a floor-cloth and wiped it away. Better now than in the morning. The butter was in the wrong place in the refrigerator, she saw, as she restored the syphon to its shelf. She adjusted that and looked to see if Miss Nancy had eaten the sandwiches. No, they were still there. But someone had cut some bread over there, judging by the crumbs.

She rinsed out the cups and teapot and put them away.

There was no trace of disorder left. No clue to the confusion of emotion that had gone on in her kitchen while Anna was out. She did not guess at it. But she knew, as she went upstairs, that for the night at least, everything was in order.

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"MY HUSBAND— ashamed of me!"





Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, signs with Granite Film Studios in Hollywood to play in a picture with **MARILYN DAWN:** Talented film star. Marilyn secretly employs a double.

NETTIE: Identical with her in appearance, to make public appearances for her. The only other person who knows of Nettie's existence is

FARRELL: Marilyn's business manager. Marilyn, returning from a secret vacation, finds Nettie in complete possession of her home and job. Nettie has bribed Farrell to say nothing. Everybody, even Mandrake, is deceived. Marilyn is penniless, Mandrake, suspicious of Nettie's bad acting, becomes invisible, hears Farrell talking to Nettie. He finds Marilyn and tries to help her by catching Nettie out. NOW READ ON—



When FEET feel THROTTLED!



When feet feel choked, throttled, ready to burst right out of your shoes—blame the stale Foot Acid that collects in the skin pores. Your feet have more pores than any other part of your body—3000 to every square inch of skin! These are the valves through which your feet perspire. If they get choked up the stale perspiration turns acid. Then this acid piles up in the muscles and o-o-oh! your feet ache and burn! Soon corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering!

The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. This supercharges the water with oxygen, which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Swellings go down. Tired, burning, acid feet are cooled and comforted. Radox is obtainable of all Chemists, price 2/6 and 3/6 per packet.

RADOX

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Constant headaches, poor circulation, falling sight, dizziness, nausea, indigestion and bladder weakness are caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer this way start a 3 month course of DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS. The new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to soothe aches and pains, improve circulation, rejuvenate your arteries, give you new vitality. DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS. 12 Days' Pack, 3/6. Ask your chemist.

"HE'S been one of the people trying to fight this disease for the last ten years—ever since he gave up his medical practice to do it. Every man I've seen at the Institute says the same thing; that he's got a genius for this; and it was his mother and I who, both of us, insisted on his doing it. We talked it over together and we decided it was worth while. It was she and I who put him—in the front line. And it's been my idea," she said, "that when you have got someone to fight it's your business to back him up. Not just because you love him, but because you believe in the thing he is fighting for. And if I were to let David down it wouldn't be a personal thing—goodness knows, if it were only that I should have left him years ago—but I should be betraying something much more important—"

He interrupted with a sort of violence, as though he were trying to shake her out of a trance:

"But why can't David work without you?"

"Well," she said, "just for the perfectly silly, simple, human reason that if I didn't keep him at work, and if his mother and I didn't, between us, persuade him that it was important for him to be doing this work, he would have left me and gone wandering round the globe and enjoying himself a good many years ago. You see," she added, "David isn't the conventional young scientist of a film drama or romantic novel—he happens to be a naturally idle, pleasure-loving man with not very much heart, a lot of vanity, charm and this streak of genius that makes it horribly worth while keeping him where he is."

As she finished speaking Alan summoned the waiter. He said in a hard, even tone:

"Well, since it seems worth while, it's hardly worth while my telling you now that my firm is sending me to America in ten days with a rise in salary." Then, as he turned away without looking at her again, he remarked: "I just thought we might have gone together."

When she got back to the office

there was a press of work that kept her too busy to think, until it was time for her train. Just as she was going, her secretary ran after her to say that she had forgotten to give her a message: that her husband had telephoned at lunch time to say that it didn't matter about her fetching his papers from the Institute.

As usual, she only just caught the train. On the journey, one of her neighbors—a woman who had been shopping all day—had an interminable series of anecdotes to tell about the difficulties and misfortunes she had endured in her search for exactly the right colored navy gloves to match her new navy coat.

So she had time only on the way from the station to the house to think what she had done.

THE maid was setting out supper on the oak table and then David himself came in through the farther door, the door he always entered from his laboratory.

She said: "What sort of a day have you had?"

She saw that he was in one of his sulky moods, hardly answering. He threw himself on the sofa and told the maid to bring him a cocktail. Then he started a tirade against the tediousness of life in the country, going on from that to a series of ironical inquiries about Irene's work at the office. When he was in a bad temper he amused himself by sneering at the type of people who went in for business. Sometimes he could be amusing on the subject. Yet Irene knew that the sneers were caused by jealousy of the routine which kept average people busy from nine till five. He pointed out that she was lucky to be able to go every day to London and so delude herself that she was an important woman indispensable to the business of her firm.

He was handsome, his dark eyes fixed on her without affection, but with a sort of vague satisfaction at having her there to divert his wit.

Never Break Faith

Continued from Page 5

He was complaining now that he had rung up his mother to suggest that she might come over and amuse him during the afternoon, since his work was going badly. He had rung her up, he said, and found that she was out; apparently she had gone to London. It seemed that others except himself were able to go to London whenever they felt inclined to do so. He added that there were all sorts of advantages in being an average person or even a fool, and wasting your time in the way you wanted to was one of them. As for his work, he broke out, turning on the girl to get him another drink—as for his work, there was no freedom and no holidays and no appreciation and no reward. It was nothing more or less than a highly distinguished sort of slavery.

Perhaps it was the familiar jibing of his voice combined with her own increasing sense of rashness and loneliness that made Irene turn to him and say, quietly enough, that at any rate his slavery was distinguished, but had it ever occurred to him that her own job, six days a week, forty-nine weeks of the year, winter and summer, had not only an element of slavery, but had not in itself any sort of worth or distinction at all.

"Very well then," he said, "why do you do it?"

"What would happen if I didn't? You know as well as I do that we shouldn't have enough money."

"Enough money for what?" he retorted.

She was too miserable to be angry at his small injustice when the whole of her life at that moment seemed so unjust.

"Oh well," she said, "for you to work, for the way we live."

HE put down his glass, cursed his work perfunctorily for a few minutes and then started describing to her as though she were an unknown audience exactly what he would do if he were only free of it.

Then the telephone rang in the other room. He went to answer it and she, left alone, found herself facing a new and sudden aspect of their problem. Were she and David, after all, keeping each other in slavery? Had she denied her love for Alan simply in order to deny David his passion for a more glamorous world? Was she after all essentially wrong in the renunciation which she had made herself believe was right? Had her idea of David's research being supremely important been a false one and did all these notions about humanity really count against their individual freedom? After all, said her practical sense, if they gave up their house David would have just enough money to go on his Odyssey.

And she . . . ? She had only to move to the telephone to ring up Alan and in ten days she herself could be gone on her own blue voyage.

David came back half mad with temper. It was Dr. Sorel speaking from the hospital to say that he had put a very important X-ray plate that David wanted with the dispatch-case of papers, supposing that they would be collected from the Institute that afternoon.

Irene said: "But you told my secretary yourself that it would do just as well to-morrow morning, and I've been terribly busy all this afternoon."

But reasoning was futile. He turned on her in a rage, accusing her of supposing her work was more important than his.

That evening, after supper, Irene telephoned Alan and asked him to meet her the following evening for dinner. She made no admission on the telephone, but she could tell by the eagerness in his voice that he knew she had changed her mind.

She said nothing to David; she had had enough of scenes for one evening, and he was quite capable, if she suddenly gave him his freedom, of talking it and throwing it down for the mere pleasure of seeing his beauty smashed into a thousand pieces at his feet.

When Irene arrived at the office the next morning she sent her secretary into Mr. Watson's office to find out if he had yet arrived. The girl came back to say that Mr. Watson hadn't arrived and he had telephoned to say that he would not be in the office until the afternoon.

"All right, then," said Irene, "Find out if Mr. Brent is in." Mr. Brent was the junior partner in the firm.

But Mr. Brent had an eleven o'clock appointment in the City, so that he wasn't likely to be in until twelve.

Irene glanced automatically through the letters on her desk and with practised precision picked out the more important ones, dictated the answers, gave the girl a number of telephone messages to get off and told her to shut all that morning's appointments over to the next day. At this moment Brent's secretary came in to say that he was coming in at eleven-thirty after all. Irene said she would come in and see him then. She had decided to give in her resignation the morning.

Meanwhile, in this general process of tidying up her life, she would go up to the Institute and fetch David's portfolio and X-ray plate; sometimes in her mind this mission seemed a final and rather pleasant act of devotion.

She took a taxi and arrived at the Institute within ten minutes. She knew her way pretty well as she had been there on several occasions in the early days of their marriage when David's work was mainly in the laboratories and he had not yet been able to rig up a laboratory at home. Just as she was passing the Outpatients' Department the door opened and a woman came out.

The sunlight had been so brilliant out of doors that she could still only half see within these long shadowed corridors. She glanced at the woman, and an instinct made her stop before her mind could register why she had done so.

The woman's face was turned away from her, and she found herself staring at the line of the cheek, the wide, slender shoulders, the curve of the hip line, and then a familiar pattern on the black-and-white coat. Then the woman turned, the door shut after her and she faced Irene.

"Irene!"

It was David's mother. In that second Irene saw, felt and suspected so much and with such a vivid shock that she was unable to speak at all.

"Irene," the other woman repeated, and as she said this Irene found herself registering all sorts of small irrelevant matters about her mother-in-law's appearance—such as that her eyes were extraordinarily dim and beautiful and brilliant for a woman over sixty, and that her face really did look as though it had been carved out of ivory by some incredibly skilful Chinese sculptor of the 4th century.

"Irene, what are you doing here?"

"I've—I've come to fetch an X-ray plate for David."

The older woman was now facing the light which streamed from the big doorway in the lobby behind Irene, and now Irene could see every flicker of her expression.

IN all the years in which these two women had come to know and respect and love each other, neither had ever been insincere, though they had had their reticences. Their mutual problem had been steadily to love a man who was incapable of really loving either of them; to care for a human being who was in many ways impossible and yet in one special way greater and more valuable than either of them. And in the work of solving this problem they had come to understand every inflection of each other's character and moods.

So when David's mother said briskly: "What! You wasting your time out of the office fetching X-rays for David when I came here for that purpose myself!" Irene was not deceived, nor did the older woman expect her to be.

She said: "Oh, then I needn't have bothered," aware that she was reticent and trying not to show it—and the next moment the older woman's arm was in hers, and her voice, still fresh and brisk and deliberately unsentimental, was saying: "My dear child, you don't look well, come and sit down while I get you a drink of water."

This tragic-comedy of perfect manners between two people who loved each other was in full swing when once again the door opened behind them and Dr. Sorel himself came out.

Turning to Irene he said: "Ah, Mrs. Fraser, how do you do? I'm glad you've come—I see you've come to bring your mother-in-law. You're just the person I'd hoped to have a talk to. Might I see you for a moment?"

Please turn to Page 41

As young as she looks—

Milk builds stamina and vitality, without taxing the system. Milk is the food that is packed with pure nourishment, unburdened with acid waste. Milk builds strength without encouraging unwanted weight. Milk possesses a wealth of vitamins and minerals that give you vigor and guard you from illness. Milk, in fact, is the finest natural food known to mankind, and should be the mainstay of old and young—men, women and children!

Inserted by the Milk Board.



Never Break Faith

Continued from Page 40

IRENE felt her mother-in-law's hand tighten on her arm and heard her say: "I think we ought to be going," but it was Sorel who insisted, though very gently.

"Please forgive me. I won't keep you for more than a moment," Irene begged to her mother-in-law, who said: "Go my dear, I'll wait for you here. I haven't had time yet to read my morning paper."

Irene followed the doctor and they went to a small white room together and a desk and the same smell of perfume that hung about the corridors, and he was saying:

"You probably agree with me that no one person we can't tell in the circumstances is your husband; the doctor would be too appalling; the only thing he is working on himself is to avoid an emotional impulse and a piece of pure scientific work might wreck the whole thing . . ."

Irene heard what he said and automatically agreed. Of course Sorel concluded not only that she knew everything now that she had realised in the last five minutes, but that she had known for some time. In which case—she realised this now—her mother-in-law must have known for some time! Sorel's assumption was that the two women, with the extraordinary fortitude often given to their sex, were facing the whole thing together and deliberately keeping David in ignorance.

"You see," Sorel was saying, "she didn't me to tell her. She isn't the kind of woman you can disobey and she isn't the kind of woman you can lie to. She may live two years. It might be longer. It might be less. One thing you can be sure of—that when she needs it—she hesitates again, took up an ivory paper cutter and tapped with it on the blotter and put it down again—when she needs it," he repeated, "we shall do all we can to make her comfortable."

Now he thrust his hands into the pockets of his white coat, his voice changed and a kind of anger came into it.

"It's a desperate fight," he said, "When we think we're winning in one place we lose somewhere else—a cure

here, a failure there. Whatever hope we have is in people like your husband—fighting inch by inch to try to consolidate whatever knowledge we have." He broke off. "Well, I mustn't keep you. She's brave enough and I see that you are." As Irene turned to go he said: "Oh, by the way, I've got your husband's portfolio—I'll send for it right away."

IRENE went back to her mother-in-law. The older woman was sitting up very straight, very elegant, entirely tranquil.

Irene said: "I think I shall come back with you by the early train." And her mother-in-law said:

"Well, I've a certain amount of shopping to do. We might lunch together, like a couple of really leisureed women, and go home by the three o'clock. You had better come with me now and help me decide on some new chintzes for my bedroom—there is one with perfectly delightful little green birds pecking pomegranates."

The next few hours were so unreal to Irene that there were moments when they ceased to be dreadful and were only strange. They did choose the chintzes together, and it did not seem possible that her mother-in-law, sitting beside her and charming the young man who served them simply by the way she had of giving her name and address, could be the same woman who had come out of a door in a hospital corridor less than an hour ago.

And then there was lunch and then a rush to find exactly the right blue slippers to match a certain tea-gown, and another rush to find a musical box for a friend's little boy; and then on the way to the station Irene remembered she must ring up her office to say that she would not be in again that day, and that she had not been able to get back in time to see Mr. Brent. But would she want to see Mr. Brent now? Or Mr. Watson?

Her secretary said on the telephone that a big box of flowers had arrived for her, and Irene knew that she

must ring up Alan and tell him—well, tell him anyway that she couldn't dine with him to-night and had to go home.

But there wasn't time to telephone him before she caught the train.

When they were in the train and David's mother sat back in the corner and closed her eyes, saying that she must have a "beauty sleep" since she was invited to have dinner with them that night, Irene was shocked to see how tired she looked. Now her pallor and this sudden exhaustion had a new meaning.

When they drove up to the house David was waiting for them at the door. He seized the portfolio from Irene saying: "Thank goodness—and since you've bothered to come back early for once I'll be able to get in an hour or so's work before dinner."

And without another word to either of them he had turned his back on them and gone towards the laboratory, leaving both women to decide that the most important thing in the world was to motor fifteen miles across country to deliver the musical box to the friend's little boy before he had to go to bed.

David was late for dinner. Irene was used to this. It had become a habit, demanded by him, that meals should begin in the household whether he was there or not. It irritated him to be waited for. So the candles were lit on the table, the dusk was gathering in the garden outside and the maid had served the second course, to the accompaniment of some sort of conversation that the two women were managing to keep up, when the door opened and David came in.

PERHAPS on any other evening Irene would have noticed the expression on his face, and the mood which possessed him, for even after ten years there were certain things about him which held her affection and recaptured her imagination. The first of these was his climatic quality; his changes of mood which, though they could make him maddening and hurting, could still at certain moments make him more exciting than other men.

He came straight to the table and sat down in his place. He stretched out one hand to lay it on his mother's arm and the other to seize Irene's hand in his.

"Well, David, what's the good news?" said his mother.

And then Irene herself, though she was still only half aware of the warmth of his hand holding hers, turned to look at him and met the brilliance of his smile and a sort of dancing gaiety in his look, and felt as though she had stepped into sunshine out of shadow—the mood that was rarest in him and yet, when it came, most irresistible and contagious, so that she repeated after his mother:

"What is it, David, what's the good news?"

He turned to the girl bringing his soup and told her to bring a bottle of claret, then he turned to his mother:

"That X-ray plate you brought," he began, "the exact confirmation—it's no use going into details with you two, but I can tell you, my dears, that this is a lucky day! A red letter day!"

He sat back in his chair now, glancing dark-eyed and with a sort of loving peacefulness from one woman to the other.

"Heavens!" he said. "It's incredible and yet the proofs are all there! It's only the first step, but it's the first step on a path I have been looking for for six years. I've a good mind to ring up Sorel now—no, I probably shan't be able to get him." And then, as far as he was concerned, they ceased to be his mother and his wife, and became an audience of students to whom he explained with a mixture of excitement and perfect precision exactly, step by step, detail by detail, what the discovery was that he had made within these last two hours.

At the end of it—it was Irene who, leaning towards him, white and intent, in the candlelight, put the question:

"Then does this mean that there's a perfectly definite possibility of a cure?"

He stared at her face—his mind seemed to be coming back slowly from a plane of abstract reasoning.

"Well," he said, taking up his knife and fork and starting to eat, "well, if it doesn't mean that it doesn't mean anything."

"But when?" she insisted. "When can you hope to get such a cure? How soon?"

"Within a year," he said shortly. He didn't notice for how long

neither of the women spoke. He didn't see them look at each other and he wasn't even interested enough to comment when Irene got up, went round the table to his mother and put her arms round her.

The telephone bell rang and the maid came in to say there was someone to speak to Mrs. Fraser.

Irene went quickly, leaving the door open between the dining-room and the hall. They could hear what she was saying, but David was too preoccupied to take in the meaning of the sentences which came to them in Irene's voice.

"I am sorry—I meant to phone you. Something's happened—I'm writing to you to explain it all . . ."

There was a silence and then her voice again:

"I can't explain here, but everything's changed. No, I can't—I can't possibly, and it's better not to—but I am writing. I'm writing to thank you for—everything—for the flowers, too. I think when you get my letter you'll understand. Please try to understand."

And then the word "darling" spoken once and the click of the receiver put down.

She did not come back immediately, and when she did she seemed to hesitate in the doorway as if she were trying to focus them both—her husband and her husband's mother waiting for her to come back to them in the soft, faintly quivering light of the four candles.

"Now what about another slice of that delicious pie for me?" said David, but glanced now with a very faint surprise at his mother because she got up before he had finished and went to Irene in the doorway.

His surprise increased and he said, his brilliant mood clouded by a vague irritation: "Do you both have to keep moving about just when I'm having my dinner?"

But they didn't seem to hear him and he sat staring and disconcerted as his mother put her arm round Irene's shoulders and walked her out of the room.

(Copyright)

While You Sleep To-night Cleanse and Strengthen WEAK KIDNEYS with this Special Kidney Remedy

Why stay crippled with pain, feeling and looking too-old before your time? Here is the quickest, surest way of banishing kidney trouble and all its painful symptoms.

Get a supply of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills today and start taking this fine remedy to-night. Very soon your pain will go and you will once again feel naturally healthy, vigorous and strong.

De Witt's Pills are specially prepared for action on the kidneys. They get right to the cause of your trouble. They cleanse the clogged kidneys of impurities that cause your pain.

Proof Positive from one-time Sufferers

NEVER BETTER IN HIS LIFE

Mr. J. T. Clarke, of 11, Portman Street, Waterloo, Zealand, Sydney, writes:—"I suffered for a long time with pains in the back and across my kidneys. Two or three times I had to take to my bed. When I used to stoop down it was agony to try to straighten up again. One of my sons gave me some De Witt's Pills, and since taking them I have never been better in my life. I feel better than I did fifty years ago."

LUMBAGO AND RHEUMATISM ENDED

Mr. C. D. Eady, J.P., of P.O. Box 140, Victoria Street, Taree, N.S.W., writes:—"For some time I suffered from Lumbago and Rheumatism—intensely at night and early morning. I was recommended to try De Witt's Pills. I took them and got relief the next day. I carried on and am now absolutely cured. I am just on 60 years of age and I have no return of the complaint."

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

Maybelline makes eyes look



larger and lovelier

It's simple to add glamour to your eyes—make them brilliant, irresistibly lovely. Just a touch of MAYBELLINE to the lashes—and no matter how thin and colourless they are, they will magically appear to be long, dark and lustrous. Smart women all over the world insist on MAYBELLINE—apart from adding to their charm, it is absolutely safe. There are no dangerous dyes in MAYBELLINE. It is non-smearing and tear-proof. Black, Brown and Blue.

MAYBELLINE

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Standard size - 4/6
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Keeps lashes soft and silky. Easy to apply, without water. The newest addition to smart women's beauty aids.

Price, 1/6 including brush

Found at good Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists

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HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy
and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, each play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy, coarse or rich foods, or when you hurry nervously through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pains after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and artificial digestives are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Syrup gives quick relief and comfort. Mother Seigel's Syrup is a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and once this is accomplished eating becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Syrup.

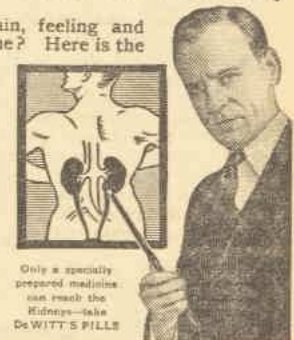
Damp-set
YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

Perfect! Use a little VELMOL before putting hair in pins . . . Ask for VELMOL.

It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! America—and now Australia—is wild about this marvellous new way to "damp-set" your own hair—and save many shillings and many hours of time.

It's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hairdresser.) And all you do is brush it through the hair and simply press waves into place! . . . "Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh—keeps waves so firm and neat—yet never "stiff" or "greasy."

Holds even a finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm." last a lot longer.



Only a specially prepared medicine can reach the kidneys—take DeWITT'S PILLS

RESULTS IN 24 HOURS

Quick relief, lasting benefit, that is what this famous remedy brings about. Gone for good that depressing weakness, gone the awful pains that make you feel and look a health-wreck. De Witt's Pills not only banish your pain but make your kidneys strong and healthy. They act quickly and will rejuvenate your whole system in 24 hours. Start to-night with De Witt's Pills and get a new lease of vigorous life. It does not matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried without success, De Witt's Pills can, must and will conquer kidney trouble if you will only give them a fair trial. Go to your chemist to-day, ask for and see that you get the genuine—

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.



DISLOCATED ELBOW LED TO NEURITIS

Could Not Straighten Her Arm

Four months ago, this woman dislocated her left elbow. Although the elbow was properly set, she developed neuritis and could not straighten her arm. She was ordered to take Kruschen—with the happy result described in this letter:—

"I had an accident four months ago, and my elbow was seriously dislocated. Fortunately, it was set right there and then, but afterwards, I could not straighten the arm to its full extent. It was X-rayed, and the surgeon specialist told me I was inclined to be rheumatic. I was ordered to take Kruschen Salts—one teaspoonful in a glass of hot water on waking. Now I am getting along famously. The pain in my elbow is better, and, daily, I am able to extend the arm more easily."—(Mrs.) P.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to clammy corns, pain and itchy itches. A new liquid called NOKACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dissolves corns and calluses, roots and kills. Contains pure castor oil, rosin, salicylic acid and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. U.S. bottle saves untold misery. The chemist refunds your money if NOKACORN brand Corn Remover fails to remove any corn or callus.

Glamor Girl of 1905 Tells Glamor Girls of 1939

Annette Kellerman, Famous Beauty,
is returning to Australia

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

"Australian girls must be glamorous seven days a week, not only on Saturdays, if they want to compete with their American sisters." That is the advice of Annette Kellerman, Australia's 1905 glamor girl, who, after many years abroad, is now returning to Australia.

"GLAMOR girls and 'plus' girls of to-day are the personality girls of yesterday," continued Miss Kellerman. "It is not only looks and figure that make glamor. It is carriage, character, and a certain elusive something coming from within, but enhanced by the owner by careful study of her type, systematic building up of good points and playing down of defects."

"Australian girls have plenty of natural charm and good looks. I think they have the best legs in the world. They have an excellent dress-

sense, but are inclined to concentrate on appearing glamorous only at the week-end, and on high days and holidays, whereas Americans keep up the standard all the time."

"But I would not like to see Australian girls make such a business of their appearance as American girls, who are inclined to live in beauty parlors and become faddists. Australians should keep their own charm and simplicity, and not attempt to copy the sophistication of American and French women."

"They should develop their own Australian type."

"When I went to America twenty-five years ago I was most careful not to become Americanized, remaining essentially Australian."

"There is no reason why Australian beach girls should not be as glamorous as Florida's famed bathing belles."

"Many of them came to me looking dowdy, but coaching and grooming landed them in the Ziegfeld Follies."

"Australians are too carefree. They need discipline, dietetics, and coaching, though this does not mean regimentation."

"Garbo and Dietrich are examples of what diet and training can do."

"They went to Hollywood far from glamorous. Glamor girls are not born—they are made. Some are

naturally glamorous, but almost any girl brought up in a healthy outdoors life, with a modicum of natural grace, which is the birthright of practically all Australians, can attain 'plus' class."

A Melbourne girl, Annette Kellerman was famous as the "Australian Mermaid." After many Australian triumphs as a swimmer she went to America, where she made a number of silent films featuring her in swimming and under-water feats.

She returned to Australia in 1920 to appear on the Tivoli circuit. Her stage act, in which she dived into a glass tank, caused a sensation.

She gave advice to women on preserving the figure, and demonstrated exercises that could be done while doing the housework. She is believed to have been the first woman to wear a rubber bathing costume.

Though she will be 50 this year, Miss Kellerman's figure is still a fine advertisement for her own physical training.

During the war years she was a tremendous success in revues on the London stage.

Miss Kellerman is married to Jim



Sullivan, a Hollywood cameraman, who is accompanying her to Australia.

For some years she has spent the winter in Florida, America's millionaire playground, organising water pageants. The money earned at this work she spends in the summertime on infantile paralysis cures for children of the poor.

Your skin is
fresh...glowing



after Pears
Tonic Action

A wash with Pears' tonic action—beauty's quickest pick-me-up! So stimulating to weary cells and tissues. Pears' cleanses thoroughly... its tonic action leaves your skin toned up... refreshed... glowing with life and loveliness.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The water, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

A long maturing process removes every trace of harshness... leaves Pears' wonderfully transparent... incomparably pure.

Pears
ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

Now only 6D. City and Suburbs



Life Stories of Popular Song Composers

"The Last Round-Up" Was
Nearly Sold for £5

Popular song "hits" which have been sung all over the world in recent years found publication in many cases only by chance.

"THE LAST ROUND-UP," for instance, was rejected by almost every publisher in New York before one man finally accepted it and made a fortune for himself and the writer.

That is one of the stories told in the new 2GB session, "From One Composer to Another." It is broadcast at 9.30 p.m. on Monday and Wednesday of each week.

Jack Lumsdaine and Miss Sheila Riddette, who are together again in songs at the piano, tell the life stories of the song-writers of to-day, as an entertaining background for their songs.

Billy Hill, who wrote "The Last Round-Up," had written more than one hundred songs, including the famous "Sleepy Head," before the talkie boom drew him to Hollywood.

But his luck was out—he could not "break it," as he put it, and eventually he drifted to New York.

He sold a song or two, but they did not catch the popular fancy. Finally he took a job as a doorman, but in the pocket of his uniform he still treasured one song which he thought was good, but which no publisher would consider.

On the point of selling it to a dance band leader for £5, he made one final appeal to another publisher.

So "The Last Round-Up" was transferred from a doorman's pocket to the music stores and the records and the radio of the world.

With his feet once more on the road to fortune, Billy Hill struck another goldmine when he wrote "The Old Spinning Wheel," and finally achieved the hat-trick in song-writing success with "Wagon Wheels." On those successes, Billy Hill has risen to the pinnacle of popular fame.



MISS SHEILA RIDDETTE, who partners Jack Lumsdaine in "From One Composer to Another," at 2GB.

Each session of "From One Composer to Another" deals with one composer, his life-story, and the songs which he wrote.

In the session devoted to Jerome Kern figure four of the most popular songs which the world has sung in recent years — "They Don't Believe Me," "Old Man River," "I Told Every Little Star," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

In the list are Noel Coward, Leslie Stuart ("Lily of Laguna"), George Gershwin ("Love Walked In"), Richard Whiting ("Ain't We Got Fun?"), Victor Herbert ("Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life"), and Rodgers and Hart ("The Girl Friend") and "Love Me To-night," and many others.

Was THIN and RUNDOWN All Her Life...

YET SHE
GAINED 20 LBS.
NERVES and
HEADACHES VANISHED
ALMOST AT ONCE!

Like Thousands of Others
She Found the
12 Minerals + 6 Vitamins
+ Food Iodine in "VIKELP"
Quickest Way to Add Pounds,
Build New Strength and
Energy

Read her actual letter...

"It is with great pleasure that I write to you to inform you of the marvelous change in my health since I started taking 'VIKELP'."

"All my life I have been underweight and easily run down, and after a very serious motor accident I found it impossible to regain my strength. For several years I was in a very bad state of health, advised from several doctors both in England and the United States. I spent a large amount of money in medicine including Thorazine, but without result. I had almost decided that I should never feel well again when I read of 'VIKELP'. I got in thinking I would give it a trial and was amazed to find a change almost at once. I became less nervous, my headaches disappeared, and altogether I have become a totally different person. Where my bones used to stand out I have firm flesh, and after a time of 'VIKELP' I have gained 20 lbs."

"I recently met a friend... and she was astonished at the change in me."—C. P. Brunton, 59 times out of 100 these dangerous run-down conditions are caused by lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system.

"VIKELP" made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains all the 12 vitally important vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the 12 essential life-giving minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly reconstitute your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength and add lbs. of firm flesh.

HEALTH and BODY BUILDING
VIKELP Tablets

And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 20

SHE was still in that emotional state when all she wanted was to be sure that she was not to see him again. Presently she went off to church with her mother and the great arklake car. She prayed, with her nose between her small, round hands, that somehow or other she would meet over the next weekend. Mr. Harridge was in church, and she smiled at him. Perhaps she spoke to him as they came out he would ask her over to lunch. But he didn't. He exchanged a few criticisms of the sermon with her mother and hurried home.

He seemed to notice, all that following week, that Kate showed a wish to be alone; that she went alone through the woods, early, with her eyes on the ground. On Friday afternoon she was tense with expectation; house guests often arrived on Friday afternoon. But she saw nothing, heard nothing. The routine of her life went on as if this week-end were like any other. She had nothing definite to expect, except from Helen's promise.

Kate and her mother went in to their lonely dinner on Saturday. Helen was still reading, and Mrs. Lattimer said: "Oughtn't you be going, Helen?"

"Oh, I'm only dining at the Masons," Helen answered. "They're going late."

Freddie Alcott was stopping for dinner, and he came in while Kate and Mrs. Lattimer were eating their dinner. Mrs. Lattimer was devoted to Freddie. He was a distant cousin of her husband's, and had read law at his office. Now he was a junior partner. In her secret heart she regarded him as a son-in-law—not Helen, who was obviously destined for better things, but what a good husband he would make for Kate! Unfortunately, Freddie,

ever since he had been in sailor suits, had been single-heartedly in love with Helen.

"I'm sorry Helen's late," Mrs. Lattimer said. "It isn't like her."

Freddie and Kate exchanged a faint smile. Helen was always late.

Presently she whirled in, hurrying Freddie as if the delay were all his fault. She was, as usual, dressed in white—a white dress and her silver slippers, unharmed by Kate's use of them. She wore a white cloth cape lined with scarlet silk, and had drawn on a pair of white-and-scarlet gloves—a great extravagance that her mother had disapproved of, not because they were expensive, but because, according to her ideas, they were unsuitable to evening wear. "They're the fashion, mums—to-day, you know, not thirty years ago," Helen had said, and Mrs. Lattimer had, as usual, yielded her judgment reluctantly. "It may be the fashion," she had said, "but it is not a smart or elegant one."

Now, as she saw them, she was obliged to own they had an air. There was a good deal of talk about them, so that Kate had no opportunity to remind Helen of her promise; she could only give her a long, deep look.

"Good-night, mums. . . . Yes, I have the key. . . . Good-night, Kate."

She went out to the car, followed by Freddie with his eyes fixed on the curls at the back of her neck.

"I hope your car is fairly clean, Freddie."

"It is, but I spread my coat there for you to sit on."

"Freddie, you are such a darling." Sentences like this were his highest rewards for his life of slavery—not quite enough, he sometimes thought.

She leaned back and stretched her white throat so that she could look at the moon, now full and rising well above the trees. Somehow she knew that this, for her, was a golden night. She had never looked more beautiful; her new dress, constructed with great care by the village dressmaker under her orders, was a success. She felt a rising tide of power within herself. It was a night on which anything might happen; on which she could make anything happen that she desired.

She had been sixteen when her father died, and left his family, not poor according to standards of those who have lacked necessities, but much poorer than all their friends and playmates. To Kate, the change in the family fortunes hadn't made much difference. Instead of going to New York every winter, they now lived all the year round at Brantville. Kate liked that better, because, instead of going to a strict private school in town, she had had her lessons with an amiable visiting governess. But Helen's whole outlook had been changed. She had been looking forward to coming out with a great party, to clothes from the best places, trips to Paris and London. Instead they moved to the country, there was no party at all, the hunters were sold, the greenhouses closed, the lawns and the gardens curtailed, so that one man could keep them in order. They thus managed to live just within their income.

Helen was not mercenary. It never occurred to her to marry some impossible man for the sake of his money. No, she merely assumed that her marriage would bring back all that she had missed; that in exchange for her beauty she would get love and wealth and happiness as a matter of course. She never doubted her power to get the best. All she sometimes asked herself was whether what she wanted existed; whether any of the men she met could give her what she desired and deserved.

As she entered the Masons' sitting-room—she was the last guest to arrive—she saw Crane, and said to herself at once: "Yes, that might be the man." She had never said such a thing before. More sophisticated than Kate, she saw at once that young as he was, he had a poise and assurance that the other men she knew didn't have. Her eyes did not dwell on him a second, but as they went in to dinner she knew he was following her; Mrs. Mason had, of course, put him next to her. She talked a few minutes to Osgood Haynes on her left, then she turned slowly, aware that the slim, dark presence on her right was waiting. She looked at him, and he said: "My name is Crane. I met your sister last week."

"Oh, don't I know!"

"What a charming kid!"

"What a cruel thing to say."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Do you suppose any girl of seventeen wants to be regarded as a nice kid?"

"I didn't say 'nice'; I said 'charming.' She gave me a wonderful evening."

"Aren't you a little ashamed of yourself?"

"I'm not aware of having done anything to be ashamed of."

"No? Well, I suppose technically your conduct was perfect, but actually, if you had a small and peculiarly innocent sister—No, don't look so angry. I only mean that an evening like that is going to make the college boys she knows seem very tame and young. Don't you see?—she bent forward, looking up at him, trying desperately to make her meaning clear—"It's like giving a child a detective story when she ought to be reading nursery rhymes? Not that there's any harm in detective stories, only they make nursery rhymes a bore."

"I don't know that I like being called a detective story."

"I thought I was giving you a break. I might have said, 'a wicked French novel.'"

"We should have quarrelled if you had."

"Perhaps we shall anyhow."

"Not impossible."

They smiled at each other. He thought: This is the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life, and not bad fun.

Helen had no feeling that she was appropriating something that belonged to Kate. It was as if she had found a kitten playing with a pearl instead of a ball; she would have taken it away, convinced that the kitten would hardly notice the difference. Presently she turned back to Osgood on her other side; she wasn't going to have it said of her that she paid undue attention to this newcomer. She was rewarded.

Osgood said: "Congratulations, Helen. I've sat next to six girls in the last month who had Crane on the other side, and you're the first one who has turned round until her hostess actually pried her away. What has that fellow got, except all those millions?"

"I was trying to find out, Ozzie, but there's one thing he certainly has not got—he wasn't brought up practically in the same cradle. It's so much cooler to talk to someone you've known all your life."

CRANE turned back to Gertrude Mason on his other side, not quite the same person who had turned away from her. He was twenty-six, rich, and well accustomed to casual feminine admiration, but for all that, youth in the time when your opinion of yourself is altered by the praise or blame of total strangers, and Helen's expert flattery had made him feel stronger, more masculine, more dominating than before.

Before they rose from the table, he murmured to her: "Can we go somewhere later and dance?"

"Well, where, for instance?"

"There's a place about a mile down the highway where the Jazz Baby Band is playing."

"Not very respectable, is it?"

"Oh, respectable enough."

"Yes, I'd like it. Only of course I can't ditch Freddie; I came with him."

"We'll see how it works out."

So easy is it to become conspirators when once a complete understanding has been established.

It worked out better than could have been hoped; luck was with them. Bridge was played after dinner. Helen and Crane found themselves at the same table, not entirely by luck. Their last rubber prolonged itself. Almost everyone had gone home before they had finished. Freddie stood about yawning, though Crane offered to relieve him. "I'll drop Miss Lattimer, if you like," he said over his shoulder. "It's on my way back to the Harridges." But of course Freddie didn't like. Only presently he was undone by his kindness of heart. He offered to run one of the girls back to her house while he was waiting.

He had hardly gone when, like magic, the rubber was over. Helen sprang up. "I must go," she said. "It's awfully late. Isn't that like Freddie, to be off with another just at the moment I want him?"

Everyone assured her that Freddie was coming back, but she didn't seem to hear. A few seconds later she and Crane, in the same sleek

car, were headed down the Masons' drive.

"Are we very clever and executive people?" he asked.

"Reckless. You never ought to have been game on that last hand."

"It was our only chance, and if the finesse worked—"

"Wonderful luck that it did."

"I knew it would. Luck is with me to-night." He smiled at her.

The moon—the same moon that, the week before, had shone on the Harridges' garden—now shone on the white cement highway and the sleeper houses, until its light was blotted out by the bright red neon illumination of the roadhouse.

They went in. The place was crowded, but a table was at once set for them in the best place. Crane fussed a little over the champagne; the orchestra leader tried desperately to catch his eye, and finally was able to nod, and to go into a popular air—Crane's favorite tune. Then they were dancing together.

Helen thought: This is it, this is what I've been waiting for. He pleases me in every way. Mrs. Ridley Crane, young Mrs. Ridley Crane, beautiful Mrs. Crane in emeralds. He and his fortune and his lofty manner—they were all one, so that she couldn't have distinguished, even if she had wanted to, between her feeling for him and for his possessions.

Please turn to Page 46



Tangee changes on your lips to bring out natural beauty

In the stick, Tangee is orange. Apply it once or twice over your lips. Like magic, the color changes to a bluish rose—blends instantly to just the shade most becoming to your complexion. No need to fear that painted look. Tangee, too, with its cream base keeps your lips smooth and soft. Try Tangee. You'll like its magic color change and its alluring fragrance.

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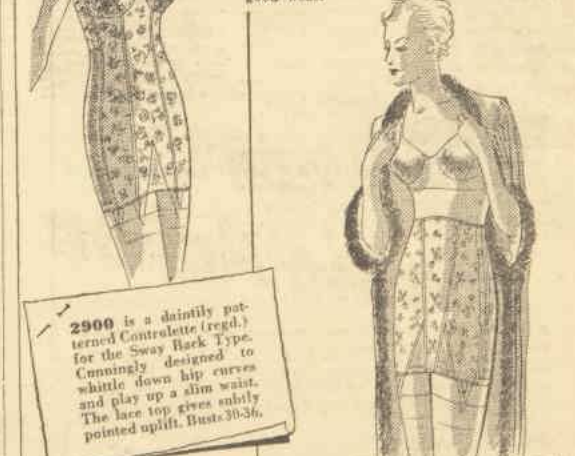
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FOUNDATIONS

1-339

And One Was Beautiful

Continued from Page 45

SHE was conscious that now, as they danced, he held her closer; that her slim hand on his shoulder pressed a little. She didn't dance as well as Kate—well enough, though. When they stopped, he ordered another bottle of champagne.

"Don't do that," said Helen. "There's plenty here."

"Yes, but it's flat now." She looked at the bottle; it didn't seem to be flat, but it did seem to be almost empty. She wondered when that had happened; she herself had hardly tasted her glass. She had protested from habit. It was the code of her friends and herself—all nice girls—not to let the boys who took them out spend too much money; not even if they were show-offs and wanted to spend. She had spoken, before she remembered, that really it wasn't necessary to protect Ridley Crane's pocketbook.

She leaned back, enjoying the idea of his extravagance, of not being obliged to take any responsibility for the size of the bill.

Presently she observed languidly that they ought to be going.

He frowned and shook his head without answering; he was watching the waiter as he showed him the label of the new bottle and began opening it.

"I have a sort of dreadful feeling that I may find Freddie sitting on the doorstep," she remarked.

"Are you engaged to Freddie?"

"Goodness, no."

"Don't say it in that tone. You might do a great deal worse."

She corrected her slip at once; evidently he liked Freddie. "I could hardly do any better, except in one respect."

"What respect?" He looked at her from under his brows. She

noticed that his eyes in their deep sockets glittered brightly.

"I might find someone I really loved."

"Is that so difficult for you—to really love?"

"I imagine it is for everyone—even you."

"Oh, me." He moved his shoulders. "It's no problem to me. I don't ever expect to marry."

Kate's innocent heart would have sunk at this news. Helen's rose. So that was what he thought, was it? "Why not?" she asked, with just the right amount of interest.

"Oh, that's a long story."

"No one good enough?"

He shoved his empty glass away from him. "You have no right to say that; that's the last thing. It's

just the other way. You know, you oughtn't to have said that."

There was such passionate reproach in his voice—an emotion so out of all proportion to what she had said—that she looked at him in surprise, and saw—what a person of more experience would have seen before—that he was drunk. Her first impulse was to get to her feet and insist on going home. But she did not do it. She glanced about the room. There was no one likely to help her in a crisis. On the contrary, there might be danger—a tough-looking lot of people, and a man as well known as Crane. Besides, she didn't want to quarrel with him—to humiliate him and make him an enemy. Also she was a little afraid of him; he was not quite like Freddie or Osgood, whom she could bully; not that either of those two would ever have got her into a mess like this. She sat quite still, trying to work out some way of getting him to go away.

"No," he went on, "that was a horrible thing for you to say—that I thought no one good enough—for it's just the other way. I wouldn't put any nice girl through what she'd have to go through as my wife—a nice little girl like your sister, for instance—whose name, if you'll forgive me, I can't possibly remember. Isn't that strange? I met a thoroughly nice girl, gentle and kind and innocent, and I can't remember her name; but if she'd been a chorus girl I should have it at my fingertips—Della or Gloria or Flo. Well, I know what you're thinking—that I'd written it down with the telephone number. You're right, but don't you see that's the whole trouble? Only your elders never tell you that when you're young—afraid of putting ideas into your head, I suppose. Though you usually have plenty of ideas already. But get this—this is exactly what I mean: The penalty of having all those girls so easily—girls that you don't care for and never think about again—is that you know you're going to be bored—insufferably bored—with your own wife, and you don't want to put a nice girl that you respect in that position—a no-good guy being bored with her. Do you see the point?"

Helen said firmly: "I want to go home."

He nodded, without moving. "Yes, you'll go home and go to sleep, and I'll go home and think about how lucky I am—that's what everyone says. I'm so lucky. I have plenty of money, but what do I do with it? Did you ever think about that? What can I do?"

"Not what you're doing now," she answered, with some bitterness.

"How can you be sure I could do any better? You mean I'm drunk. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, I'm going to get drunker . . . Walter, a pony of brandy."

"Please don't," said Helen.

He put his hand on hers. "Don't fuss me, there's a good girl. You are a good girl, though not so good as your little sister, but prettier—the prettiest girl I ever saw."

The waiter brought the brandy, and he drank it at one gulp. Helen asked for the bill. Crane managed to get out his pocketbook and extract a fifty-dollar bill from a thick roll. Hardly any change came back. She knew they were cheating him, but she was afraid to speak. She and the headwaiter helped him to the door amid the smiles of the on-lookers. Helen felt disgraced, polluted.

An attendant brought the car to the door and gave Crane a steady hand. He slumped heavily into the driving seat. The attendant said to Helen: "Guess you'd better drive, miss."

Crane caught the words. "What do you mean? What damned impertinence! I'll drive my own car!"

"Please let me drive, Ridley."

He did not answer, but sat firmly where he was, making, however, no motion to start the car.

"I certainly won't get into your car if you are to drive."

"You think I'm not fit to drive."

"I know you're not."

The heavy silence continued. She walked down the steps, hoping that he would call her back, but he didn't. She walked through the gate, knowing that the doormen and the boys who brought up the cars were laughing at her predicament.

The great four-lane highway was empty in the dawn. After all, she thought, it wouldn't be impossible to walk home; only she hated walking at the best of times, and in her scarlet-lined cloak and these high-heeled slippers—her darling new

Liebestraum

I HEARD it breathed on the fragrant air,
Like the hallowed notes of a rising prayer . . .
No bird could pipe so sweet a theme
Such song ne'er heard in any dream . . .
Then all at once to me it came
Like the soft caress of a summer's rain,
I read it in the clouds above,
And know it for the voice of Love.

—Marica Wolkowsky.

slippers; they would never be the same—she really couldn't walk home. If only he would be sensible. She did not want to look back, though she heard a car. If someone offered her a lift—someone respectable, how could she tell? She knew dreadful stories of girls who had accepted lifts from respectable-looking strangers. A car, coming very slowly, stopped beside her. It was Ridley. The cold air of dawn seemed to have completed his intoxication, for, as he stopped, he slumped over on the wheel.

"Ridley."

No answer. She walked to the other side of the car, and, pushing him with all her force, succeeded in making enough space for her to get into the driver's seat. She released the brake and began to drive slowly and carefully along the deserted highway. She wished that she were as good a driver as Kate; the car was much higher-powered, much more flexible and responsive than any she had ever driven. Still she was safer than with Crane at the wheel. Suppose he had collapsed like this, going sixty miles an hour.

For a few minutes she was so relieved to be out of the roadhouse that she didn't consider what she was to do with Crane. That horrible place; how had he dared to take her there? She began to reconstruct the whole story to suit the needs of her own ego. She heard herself telling it all to Freddie: "Yes, Freddie, of course, I knew he drank, but it never occurred to me that he would get so drunk that he passed out when he was out with a girl like me. Besides, I did it for Kate. I don't want you to tell anyone, but poor little Kate. Naturally, I wanted to find out what sort of a man—"

The twilight of dawn made driving more difficult than darkness. She switched on the lights, and couldn't see at all. Switched them on again and was confused by the two lights—the grey of the dawn and the yellow of the headlights. Fortunately, the road was empty. A solitary bicycle moving ahead of her, but almost no car. This car of Crane's steered much too easily according to her ideas; she was accustomed to the stiffer wheel of the second-hand runabout in which she and Kate had been pocketing about the countryside for many years. She wished Kate were there—Kate was a good driver. She had nearly reached the little dirt road that turned up to the district in which the Lattimer house stood. She was level with the lone bicyclist; she turned out to avoid him—turned too much, so that she almost shot off the highway on the other side, turned back too quickly and struck the bicycle, jammed on her brakes, and felt the car jolt and shake as it went over something solid; she heard a long dreadful scream—her own voice—and the sound of scattering metal.

She sprang out of the car and ran up the road toward her house. She had always suffered from a horror of accidents—the sight of blood and suffering sickened her. Sometimes she thought of this as a weakness, sometimes as a sign of extraordinary sensitiveness, but she had never done anything to overcome it, and now it swept her away. She ran steadily on until lack of breath made her stop. She was gasping, her shoulders moving convulsively to the pumping of her lungs. She could hear the sound of voices below her, cars—somebody had come upon the scene. She waited only to get her breath and then she ran on.

To Be Continued Next Week

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HOMEMAKER

February 4, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

KEEP TIME...

By JANETTE

with Your Beauty

IF you're sweet and twenty don't try to step out of your age and look like thirty; if you're elegant and thirty don't try to skip back to the twenties.

There is nothing quite as lovely as the fresh young charm of a girl in her late teens or early twenties, or the poised, graceful charm of a woman over thirty.

Yet so many young girls try their hardest to look older and sophisticated, and so many older women try to look as if they're still in their teens.

Each of these ages has priceless assets of its own. And you can learn how to capitalise your own charm instead of obliterating it by trying to look like somebody else.

These are the points about yourself which in your early twenties, must capitalise: five minutes' massage every night helps to



MISS SWEET SEVENTEEN spoils her youthful charm by going all sophisticated with an Edwardian hair-do and heavy make-up as shown at left. But above she emphasises the priceless asset of youth with a simple hair style and light make-up.



ABOVE, Miss Thirty, with ample contour and good grooming, expresses gracious charm, but at right she makes her look absurd with youthful hair ribbon, bows, and a coy expression.

strengthen those muscles which lift the facial contours.

Don't like so many girls, practice a brooding film-star look; it tends to drag your face down into lines you'll spend a lifetime in curing later!

Don't hide that fine texture and color with thick make-up. Heavy make-up can be vivid but it can be light, just a reminder of good points.

Don't use rouge till you must. Add a touch of darkening cream to your lash tips, brush your eyebrows to a slender line, and instead of eye shadow use a little oil on the lids for fun.

Skin Care

Use a light skin food before going to bed, milky liquid foundation and a fluff of very fine powder for morning.

Wash the most of your hair's time with a good shampoo regularly, a brightening rinse now and then, an occasional oil shampoo if the hair gets dry, and regular brushing with a clean brush.

You'll show it off best with a natural style, and remember that youth like yours to get away with those long bobs the film stars wear.

If you are over thirty you will have a different, deeper beauty.



to your complexion, heavier powder—dark over light to give your skin a glowing bloom—shadow to make your eyes brighter and mascara for the tips of your lashes.

Avoid light powders and dark or very bright rouge and lipstick.

You can wear your hair dressed on top and carry it off better than any young thing. You can wear it sleeked up in any of fashion's smartest ways.

Your hair needs more care to keep it in condition, brightening applications now and then to keep its color, tinting at the roots if it is going grey, a reliable growing preparation if it is getting thin, and a nightly massage with the correct tonic.

This is the one thing that can beat sheer youth on its own ground any time. Your small graceful head will be sleek and smooth, your hands



The Tasty Cheese in a Packet



ASK any man who knows his cheeses, and he'll tell you Kraft Old English has just the rich, nippy flavour he enjoys in an after-dinner cheese. Ask any housewife, and she'll tell you that Old English is much more convenient to use . . . it never varies in flavour

like ordinary "cut" cheeses . . . it slices smoothly without any rind to waste or any crumbling . . . it stays fresh to the last tasty bite in its foil wrapping. For flavour, for convenience, order Kraft Old English from your storekeeper to-day. In 2, 4, 8oz. packets at all food stores.

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Use a natural-toned lipstick and rouge—none of youth's vivid shades for you—the rouge blended skillfully to accentuate the bone structure or disguise the hollows.

A warm cream foundation to help hide wrinkles and give warmth

beautifully kept, your make-up exquisite, the details of your clothes scrupulous.

These are the things you must watch for when you're thirty.

Deepening lines, slackening contours, strained eyes, and those two real signs of approaching years—a double chin or a wrinkly neck.

Combat them with a specially rich skin food, muscle oil for the lids, face-packs once a fortnight, regular eye-baths, massage and facial exercises.

The Marquise de la Roche
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Here is a typical example of the success obtained by my famous treatment—an extremely difficult case where the bust was completely spoiled by the heavy demands of maternity.

Miss Helen DUDLEY, world-famous beauty specialist, can obtain the same marvellous results for YOU too!

Thousands of women have been successfully treated during the past 20 years.

Recommended by doctors—the only external treatment which will help you quickly and infallibly to develop, strengthen or reduce your bust.

WRITE TO-DAY

Readers of "The Australian Women's Weekly" will receive under plain cover full particulars about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Please give name and address in block letters and send to Mrs. H. L. DUDLEY, 21, rue Monmouth, St. James, Paris-8.

Prize: Bustier 24, stamp for answer, Postage 24.

There's No Glamor About Colds—So Avoid Them!

PATIENT: There has been an epidemic of colds and influenza in our district in the last few weeks. Some say that prolonged warm weather and lack of rain have something to do with it. Is there any truth in this?

AT intervals throughout the year, we get epidemics of colds and influenza.

These usually occur whenever the weather is extreme or unseasonable. Thus it happens that even in summer, after a prolonged dry spell, for instance, we will have a mild epidemic of colds, influenza or throat troubles.

And although even a trivial cold may not seem serious it often has a most devastating effect on the patient after the cold has gone.

Every woman who has ever suffered from a bad cold knows how it detracts from her looks—how her skin, hair and eyes all seem to lose their usual healthy appearance, while vitality itself is greatly lowered.

In other words, glamor and a cold never did have anything in common. Public health officials are always concerned about sudden outbreaks of severe colds, because they cannot forget the influenza, the "flu" epidemic of 1918 and 1919.

Many of my readers will recall the spread of that dreadful disease which caused more deaths through-

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

out the world than many of the so-called "plagues" of history.

Great strides have been made in research in this field. But still the common cold, gripe and influenza puzzle us.

The actual causes of these disorders are still unknown.

But it is possible to guard against infection of the nose, throat and upper portion of the breathing equipment and in the beginning to control them.

No matter how trivial a cold may seem in the beginning, it is always best to "doctor" it immediately. By all means consult your physician who will outline the necessary treatment.

If fever is present, the patient should remain in bed. Bear in mind that a few days' rest in bed may check the progress of what at first appears as a trivial cold, but which actually is the beginning of an influenza attack.

The victim of influenza usually complains of chilly sensations, fever and prostration. If such signs are

FOR YOUNG WIVES AND MOTHERS

Guarding Baby's Health

ONE of the most important essentials in baby's daily life that every mother must watch is regular elimination.

For mothers who are worried about baby's health in this regard, The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau has prepared a special leaflet.

This may be obtained free of cost by filling in coupon below and sending a request for leaflet, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply, to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 17907Y, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope, "Mothercraft."

Baby's Age

Birth Weight

Present Weight

(without clothing)

Have you written before? (Yes or no)

present, rest in bed and medical attention are urgent.

Frequently there is a dry hacking cough with pain in the chest.

Influenza in and of itself may be a mild disease. But it must never be accepted as a trivial thing.

Too often, if neglected, it leads to dangerous complications. It is especially serious when it afflicts the very young and the aged.

The sufferer from influenza should be kept away from other members of the family.

Let me urge upon you that the disease in its acute state is highly contagious, rapidly spreading from one person to another.

Complete rest in bed, proper nourishment and the taking of medicines prescribed by the doctor are essential if rapid recovery is to be expected.

Early attention will prevent such complications as pneumonia, middle-ear infections, nasal sinusitis, bronchitis and other serious infections.

Care of an Invalid

PATIENT: What kind of diet and what general care do you advise for the invalid?

To care for an invalid is at all times a difficult task. Even when recovery is in sight there continue to be problems. What to feed the patient is always puzzling.

To-day I want to tell you how to plan the diet for the patient who



AFTER A BOUT of influenza, Rochelle Hudson, Fox player, takes things quietly in her own home as a safeguard against a fresh chill and to recover her vitality.

is getting better and stronger. It is difficult to provide tempting and nourishing foods at this period of the illness.

In the hospital there is a trained dietitian to manage. But it is more difficult at home.

The doctors and nurses speak of three distinct types of invalid diets. These are known as the "liquid," "soft" and "light" diets.

The liquid diet is the most easily digested. It contains certain amounts of nourishment, but in such form as not to require effort on the part of the digestive system.

Liquid Diet

THE liquid diet includes hot and cold milk, malted milk and cocoa. Occasionally, cream soup, broth, milk soup or clear meat soup may be added.

Fruit juices may be taken unless otherwise ordered by the doctor.

Of course, the liquid diet is purposely planned to be limited in quantity. It is prescribed where the physical condition will not permit more generous feeding.

If a patient can tolerate more food, perhaps the soft diet is given. This consists of easily-digested and nourishing foods.

The soft diet includes well-cooked cereals, eggs and milk, thoroughly cooked and possibly strained vegetable, fruit juices, stewed fruits, ice cream, junket, custards and gelatine.

If this diet is not considered adequate by the doctor, he will order more nourishment.

He may advise a light diet, which contains foods that are more solid. They should be well chosen and nutritious, carrying those elements that are essential for tissue building.

Energy and Heat

THE foods selected should be rich in substances that supply energy and heat, as well as the necessary vitamins and minerals.

Above all, they should be thoroughly cooked and easily digested.

The light diet may contain thoroughly cooked vegetables, grilled and baked lean fish, grilled and cooked chicken, grilled lamb chops, roast beef or lamb.

It includes potatoes, rice, macaroni, soups, simple desserts, bacon, fruit juices and stewed fruits.

Additional foods may be added as satisfactory progress is made toward complete recovery.

In caring for an invalid it is well to keep in mind these dietary distinctions.

Your doctor will advise you as to the most suitable diet.

Try to make the food look appetizing in appearance as well as in taste. Encourage the invalid to eat, so that she may gain strength.

Re Pregnancy and Bio-Chemistry.



Childbirth is natural, and under normal circumstances, no pain should be experienced. During pregnancy, every expectant mother is under nervous strain, i.e., the nerve fluid is consumed more rapidly than digestive and assimilative processes furnish it. Nerves and muscles must have a proper amount of nerve fluid to sustain the explosive power and our experience has been that where Kall Phos. is received into the system during the last few months of pregnancy, no trouble is experienced in delivery, and even when preceded only a few weeks before birth, the effects have still been noticeable. Kall Phos. is the chief remedy, but Magn Phos. is also indicated when cramps are present. Kall Phos. is the most wonderful remedy in the hands of the modern accoucheur and midwife. Regular doses for a month before confinement will give vigour and tone to the system, and ensure a safe and easy delivery. Kall Phos. takes the place of old-fashioned drugs, and without injurious after-effect, enabling the mother to make a quick recovery.

Besides Kall Phos. and Magn Phos., the cell-salts Calc. Phos. and Calc. Fluor. should be the mainstay of the expectant mother as they supply the salts essential for the development of bones, teeth, nails, hair, etc.

The Bio-Chemical Treatment, assisted by a well-balanced diet and equally balanced exercise and rest will ensure a pregnancy free of discomfort and a quick delivery with complete absence of pain and discomfort. We can definitely claim that where the cell-salts were supplied under our personal direction and advice we have not yet failed to achieve the desired results.

Write to us for particulars—our advice is free.

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Holidays—

Anywhere
Any Place
Any Time

Free Friendly Travel Advice

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau.

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.



"Nancy has terrible tantrums at the breakfast table—won't eat! She's naughty, but she can't help it," sighs Mother. "I used to be like that, too."



"Nonsense," says Auntie. "It's because her food doesn't appeal to her. Get her that new cereal—Rice Bubbles—the kind that 'snaps,' 'crackles' and 'pops' when the milk goes on! Nancy will have fun eating breakfast!"



Auntie was right! Nancy loves Rice Bubbles. Never sulks at breakfast now. Rice Bubbles are fun to eat because they go "SNAP," "CRACKLE" and "POP!" when the milk is poured on. Rice is one of the world's staple foods and Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are wonderfully easy for small tummies to digest.



Listen to HOLLYWOOD "RICK"—the real low-down, by cable, from Hollywood. Presented by Kellogg's over a national relay, Monday nights at 8.15—SCH, 2KO, RZ, TYM, SWG, 4BE-AR, 3SR, 3DR-LK, SAD-MU-PI-SE.

R.I.

February is busy in the Garden

IT is the month when you must keep a watchful eye on plants about to bloom. It is time, too, to plant bulbs and corals, and sow seeds of winter and spring flowering plants

—Says the Old Gardener

SUMMER is passing. In a few weeks autumn will welcome us.

Many gardeners have had a trying time in the last month or so—hot days, winds, and shortage of rain all contributing to the problems of the home gardener.

But those who have been watchful have done those little jobs of hilling, mulching, and the occasional thorough soaking—have gone through with flying colors. And now that February is here the watchful gardener is able to view with pleasure the results of his care.

It does not take any more trouble than to grow rubbish.

Remember the old motto: "Grow the best and discard the rest."

Daffodils planted early will always give better results than those of late planting.

In the warmer districts it is an easy matter to have a bright display of flowers throughout the winter, and to do this you must sow the seed early.

Gives Good Display

ICELAND poppy is one of the favorites for a good display. Sow the seed immediately.

Pansies must not be forgotten. Remember also lupins, primulas, violas, nemesis, wallflowers, and many other varieties which give a

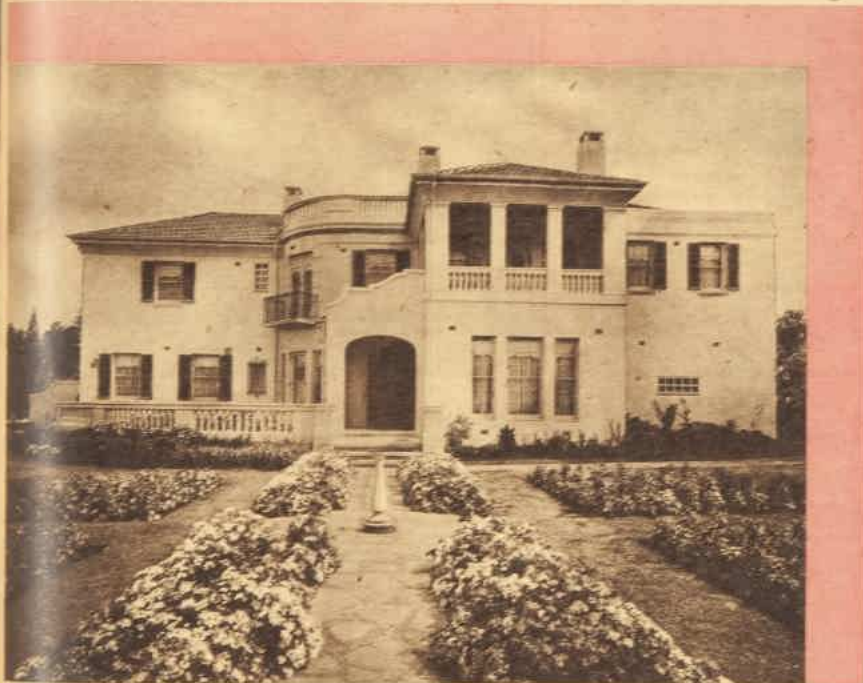
allow the bud to go through. The bark is then lifted gently and the bud slipped in the cut.

It is finally encased or bound. In a few weeks the bud will have grown to the plant.

This is a good method of increasing your stock of choice roses, and is also very interesting work. When binding see that the bud is left visible.

Do not miss sowing winter-flowering sweet peas. Make the soil rich in organic matter, see that the trench is deeply dug and well drained.

Cinerarias make a splash of color during early spring, and if sown early will make large, well-formed plants with large heads of flowers. Late sowing of cinerarias is a great mistake.



A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN where masses of colorful phlox drummondii and other late summer blooms make a vivid display. For color in the garden it is essential to plan ahead—so prepare now for winter and spring.

The autumn months usually give a more settled conditions.

This month chrysanthemums begin to show promise of future glory with their masses of buds.

Dahlias begin to look their best.

Gladolli with their long spikes of flowers are a charm, and many other plants are getting ready to welcome the cooler days.

This is the month when we begin to make preparations for the spring-flowering bulbs. No garden is complete without these lovely flowers.

Be the garden ever so small, there is always room for at least a few spring beauties. Even pots, window-boxes and other receptacles will grow bulbs just as well as the garden. In those who are not so fortunate as to own a garden need not be without some blooms to adorn the home.

Spring-flowering Bulbs

MAKE a choice of the spring-flowering bulbs and corals from tulips, ixias, sparaxia, daffodils, ranunculi, anemones, babianas, jonquills, snowdrops, hippeastrum, and many others. They all help to make the garden gay for the spring.

One of the outstanding ranunculi last season was Magnifica; so if you are seeking a variety that will produce large flowers keep this one in mind.

Magnifica has a wonderful variety of colors and a large percentage of double blooms.

In selecting daffodils, demand the best. It is more satisfactory to grow something of the highest quality, and

grand spring display. Sow all these now.

In the colder districts it would be advisable to delay the planting for a time, or, if you do sow now, select the position where the seed bed can be well protected, so that you can hold the plants in readiness for transplanting time.

February is the busy month for chrysanthemum growers.

Plants should be showing plenty of buds; those who grow for exhibition purposes should be disbudding and all surplus growth should be removed.

Give the plants plenty of liquid manure, do not be mean with it—little and often is the best rule.

Look over the dahlias. See that they are well tied and the best blooms protected from the weather.

This is also the month when a little budding of the roses may be done.

This is a very simple matter. First give the stock, and the plant from which you intend to take the bud, a thorough watering a day or two before the bud is removed.

The bud is then removed with a very sharp knife. Be certain to take a portion of the wood with the bud. In this way you do not injure the bud at all.

The bark of the stock is then cut in a half circle. Next a slit is made in the bark from the half circle upwards, and just large enough to

CINERARIAS and PRIMULAS — Will Brighten Shady Corners

CINERARIAS are delightful when combined with primulas. In Australia cinerarias are regarded as annuals and the deep blues, rich purples and glowing reds of these blooms make them more popular every year.

Both flowers and foliage are attractive, especially when the plants are massed in beds or borders.

Cinerarias are not difficult to grow from seed. Now is the time to sow.

The primula, too, has reached perfection in the last few years. Like cinerarias, primulas flourish well under trees or shrubs and in other well-protected spots. In districts where frosts are severe they should be protected with shelters.

Primulas make splendid borders and will flower for many months.



"Help! Hel-pp! HEL-LUP! Whadayamean 'whatsa-matter'? Look at Neddy! He says he won't go another step. Says he's hot and his saddle chafes. Says he has a will of iron and an unconquerable soul."



"Whoo-oo-ee! OF COURSE! Imagine letting a pal get chafes and prickly heat when there's Johnson's Baby Powder in the house! No, no, Neddy, she is NOT bringing burrs to put under your tail..."



"... she's bringing my cooling, soothing Johnson's—and it's the softest, nicest stuff that ever tickled your hide... But I AM a little worried. You'll feel so frisky, I might have a runaway!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is soft as satin, made from the finest talc. Doctors and nurses recommend Johnson's as the best powder baby can have. Use also Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby - Best for you"

Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Tek Toothbrush, Modest, etc.



For the Small Home-Owner... LESSONS in INTERIOR DECORATION

TO-DAY'S article tells how to plan color schemes and gives suggestions for furnishing an entrance hall.

THE first of a series which will appear from time to time in The Australian Women's Weekly on furnishing and decorating the average small home.

THE prospective owner of a small home might think the task of furnishing and decorating attractively more difficult than for the large luxury home.

A limit to the amount that can be spent and restricted space seem overwhelming factors.

Actually they are not—it is possible to furnish even the smallest home comfortably and charmingly.

But for success it is necessary to plan the entire home carefully and consistently, otherwise the result may resemble something like a jumble sale, because nothing seems to harmonise and colors are badly chosen.

Choice of color schemes is the first consideration.

Don't be afraid of color, but be careful, for, remember, you have to live with it.

Perhaps you have a favorite picture or a colorful piece of china that can be used as a keynote for the scheme.

Having decided on a color as a principal motif, it can be used as the dominant note in every room, though



supplemented by another color or combination of colors.

Thus each room has its own color individuality, yet taken together the whole interior of the house has a coherence and unity—is, in fact, a set of variations on a theme.

Let's say you have decided on blue, your favorite color, as the dominant color to be used throughout your home.

The living-room may combine blue, the main color, with rust and yellow. The main bedroom could harmonise blue with rose and fuchsia. The guest-room might be done in blue with brown and primrose, and the nursery in blue with white for contrast.

Blue is a good choice in the case of a small home, for it is a receding color—the color of distance. When used on walls or ceilings its effect is to increase the feeling of space.

IF YOU have a fine old piece like this table, or a chest or old chair, it will look well in the hall.

Now for your hall—and here remember that first impressions last the longest.

You could start with cream-tinted walls to reflect sunshine. A wall-to-wall carpet could be plain blue with deeper blue inset bands. The same color might be used on the loose cushion or upholstery for a walnut occasional chair.

For interest have, say, three small prints on each side of the door, and in the corner a semicircular table in walnut with a wall-mirror above.

In the case of the type of small hall that is common in modern flats and small homes, strive to make the hall appear tidy, comfortably furnished, and well lit.



HOW A SMALL hall might look if furnished as suggested in the article on this page. Carpet is plain blue with deep blue bands, walls cream, walnut chair is upholstered to match the carpet.

Cheerful Fabrics

THE probable absence of windows should be atoned for by the presence of cheerful, light-toned fabrics and flowers to give an air of freshness. A good work of art in the form of a picture or a fine piece of pottery or glass also helps.

There is also the problem of the hall that is little bigger than a telephone booth. In this case it is best to regard the hall simply as a passage towards the inner rooms and attempt no more embellishment than pleasant, light-colored walls, a well-fitted carpet, and a large mirror. If space permits, a small oblong or semicircular table is a help.

If possible, have concealed accommodation for hats and coats. Hall-stands went out years ago.



USEFUL telephone table for hall, carried out in walnut with cupboards at either end and in the centre, circular mirror on the wall above, and walnut stool to match beside the table.



GLAMOUR

lives in clear eyes—dull, tired eyes ruin the most perfect make-up. "I-LO" makes tired eyes brilliant and clear, with whites free of veins or redness, in thirty seconds. "I-LO" is the formula of a famous Eye Specialist—it soothes, cleans, strengthens, and is prescribed for eye strain. Age signs begin at the eyes—"I-LO" arrests them and maintains youthful clarity and charm at a cost of a few pence per week.

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ALL CHEMISTS

14 COLORS
Three new ones—especially for linos and interior floors—Kanimbla Blue, Cigar Brown, Grotto Green.

Solphah

your verandah floor

Taubmans Solpah Paving Paint gives a gleaming finish that's as hard as iron. Solpah any wood or cement surface. Solpah re-colors linoleum and makes it like new.

Ask for Taubmans Solpah wherever paint is sold

FREE Anne Stewart, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 25 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me free your enlarged and entirely new book, "The Colorful Home." I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____



SMALL hall table in walnut with recessed telephone cupboard and shelves. This idea takes up very little space.

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION and COMFORT... COSTS LESS

MODESS

Only this SANITARY NAPKIN has this moisture proof backing, assuring perfect protection.

1 BOX OF 12

Handy Hints Scrapbook . . .

CUT out these handy hints and new ideas from this page every week. Paste them in a scrapbook under their headings in alphabetical order, and you will find your book an ever-ready source of help and information.

Cutting Flimsy Fabrics

To cut flimsy fabrics such as georgette, nylon, soft silk, mullin, etc., pin the material to paper and cut both together. You will then get a straight edge.

To Pluck Poultry

A quick way of plucking poultry is to place in a large bowl and pour boiling water over. The feathers will then almost drop off and the flesh will not tear.

Pastry-making

Use a knife for mixing when making pastry instead of the hands, and it will be lighter.

Shantung Silk

Never iron shantung or tussore silk while damp. Wait until it is bone dry and it will iron like new again.

Tinting Lace

When you want to tint white lace cream, make a solution for dyeing by boiling brown onion skins in water. This is better than coffee.

When Eggs Are Dear

When eggs soar in price, a dessert-spoon of vinegar added to one gill of milk will serve the purpose of two eggs when making cakes. It will also make the cakes lighter.

Instead of a Dishcloth

Try using a piece of loofah about four inches square instead of a dishcloth. You will find it better for cleaning dishes, pots and pans than the cloth.

To Preserve Cheese

Cheese often gets dry and sometimes mouldy. To prevent this, dip a clean white cloth in vinegar, wring out not too dry, and wrap your cheese in it, and it will keep fresh and sweet for a week or two.

Washing China

When washing china that has gilded edges or decorations, never use soda. Use mild soap only.

Washing Pure Silk

Add a little methylated spirit to the rinsing water when washing pure silk and it will make it look like new when ironed.

Ironing Hint

Use a clean whisk to dampen clothes. This will distribute the water evenly and make ironing much easier.

Instead of Shelling Peas

To save time in shelling peas, wash the peas and put on to boil in the pods. The pods will burst open when they are done and can be skimmed off, while the peas will go to the bottom. The flavor and color will be better than that of peas shelled before cooking.

Fireproofing Cotton

An ounce of alum added to the rinsing water or to the starch will render muslin or cotton goods almost fireproof.

The A.B.C. of Cookery

This glossary of the more unfamiliar terms used in cookery and on menus will be continued every week until complete. Cut them out and paste in your scrapbook.

Chives: Plant with delicate onion flavor. The plant grows in clumps and looks like a bunch of very small onions. Only tops are eaten.

Chlorophyll: Green coloring-matter in plants.

Cholla: Jewish yeast roll made with eggs and sprinkled with poppy seeds.

Choux Paste: French paste used for eclairs.

Chowder: An American soup made from fish, slices of pork, and onions.

Chump Chop: Large chop cut from leg of mutton or lamb.

Civet: Way of dressing chicken or hare by frying in lard, then stewing in stock.

Clarify, To: To clear fat from any sediment or impurities.

Coat: To dip cutlet, rissole, etc., in beaten egg or in batter and then fry.

BE SHOPWISE



PREFER THE MERCHANT WITH A VARIETY OF GRADES SO THAT YOU CAN BUY ACCORDING TO THE PURPOSE THE FOOD IS TO SERVE. YOU WILL SAVE MONEY AND TIME IN YOUR SHOPPING.

Ink Stains on Furniture

Ink stains on polished furniture can be removed by rubbing with lemon juice till the stains disappear. Then polish with ordinary furniture polish.

For Polishing Steel

Save fine ashes if you have any steel articles. They make a splendid polish for this metal.

To Clean Aluminium

Soda should never be used when cleaning aluminium. Clean first with soap and water and polish with steel wool.

Hosiery Care

Wash your stockings after each wearing, but do not hang them in strong heat to dry. Dry out of doors, or in a warm room, away from direct heat. Hot sunlight will fade them, and the heat of a fire or radiator will destroy them.

Shoe Polish

When you run out of shoe polish, sprinkle a few drops of lemon juice on black or tan shoes and rub briskly. A brilliant shine will result.

To Test Coffee

Coffee may be tested for purity by sprinkling a little in a cup of water. Pure coffee will float for some time and will not impart much color to the water, while chicory, so often used for adulterating coffee, will sink and quickly color the water.

Chamois Gloves

If you wash chamois gloves in water in which the peel of two oranges has been boiled, the gloves, when dry, will look like new.

Camphor Laurel Leaves

It is said that the leaves of the camphor laurel, if used as a compost, set up a chemical action which is injurious to plant life.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS "FREDDO" NIGHT

The big night of the week for everyone - FREDDO Night!

The idea is to take home two bags of Mac Robertson's Chocolate Frogs. One as a week-end treat for the kiddies and one to use for cooking.

It's by far the best way of buying chocolate - as a sweet or as cooking chocolate for those delicious chocolate cookies everyone loves. FREDDOS give more weight for your money, and they're the famous smooth Mac Robertson's quality chocolate. In 12 popular flavours.

MacRobertson's "FREDDO" CHOCOLATE FROGS

ONE OF MacRobertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS

TAKE HOME TWO BAGS 1 for the KIDDIES and 1 for COOKING

Just call me 'Freddo'

£225

or even less in Australian Money Buys this Really Outstanding

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OUR PARTY WILL VISIT

Naples	Berlin	Logan	Versailles
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Vienna	Munich	Vichy	Shakespeare's Country

53 DAYS' ESCORTED TOUR — 12 COUNTRIES

Remember this: £225 not only includes exchange, but provides the 53 days' tour of Europe, with first class hotels, wonderful motor tours, and all travel on the Continent and Great Britain, transfers from stations to hotel, tips, side-trips, etc., etc., and return steamer fares, tourist class.

EARLY APPLICATION IS ADVISABLE TO ENSURE BERTHS.

SEND OR CALL FOR DAY-TO-DAY ITINERARY.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

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DIFFERENT IT kills



There is only one Fly-Tox. The strongest, most effective insect spray made. All insects die, when Fly-Tox is sprayed . . . it is economical.

INSIST ON FLY-TOX

Lonely and Unlovely

EAT AND HAS PIMPLY FACE.

A young girl has lost her attractiveness simply because she is pimpled, ungainly and has a pimply complexion which the discriminating man of to-day positively dislikes.

But when destroys your figure, it is now possible to get rid of these ugly, unhealthy tissue which clog the pores through the absorption of digestive matter into the blood. Pimples are the root of that evil which can be safely and harmlessly removed by taking Pinkettes. These little pills contain safe laxative ingredients that exercise and cleanse lax bowels, stir the liver, disperse unhealthy fat biliousness, blackheads, bad breath, spots, pimples on the complexion. You will be delighted at the difference they make to your appearance. No bad temper. At chemists and druggists. 3/3 bottle.

Asthma Cause Cured in 24 Hours

It is the discovery of an American doctor that it is now possible to get rid of the terrible spells of choking, gasping, wheezing and wheezing Asthma by killing the cause which is germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more harmful injections. This new method, Mendocin, starts to work in 3 hours, killing the germ cause of Asthma, restoring the blood and restoring you to the state that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. It is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to stop your Asthma completely. Get Mendocin from your druggist or money back on return of package. Get Mendocin from your druggist or money back on return of package. Refuse a substitute. The package protects you.

FALSE TEETH EASY to CLEAN

... with
'Steradent'

Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent,' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in the dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap. Blackest stains vanish. Your whole denture is spotlessly clean. Price 2/- and 3/- at all chemists.

You are safe with 'Steradent.' It is highly recommended by the Dental Profession.

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Steradent
Cleans and sterilises false teeth

BE SURE HIS LINENS MARKED
**JOHN BOND'S
MARKING INK**
Special pen with 8d. size, also
linen stretcher with 1/- size.
Of all Stationers, Stores, etc.

Rosy apples and green leaves Adorn this gay luncheon set

EXQUISITE but easy-to-work design for embroidering white or colored supper or luncheon linens.

YOU can obtain these lovely table linens from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on pure quality Irish linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green.

The linens can be purchased as a complete luncheon or supper set or the various pieces may be bought separately.

The prices are:
Cloth, 36 by 36 inches, 7/6.
Cloth, 45 by 45 inches, 8/9.
Cloth, 54 by 54 inches, 11/6.
Cloth, 72 by 72 inches, 19/6.
Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 4/6.

Needlework Notions

Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 3/6.

Serviette, 11 by 11 inches, 1/-.

D'oyley, 8 by 8 inches, 1/-.
Sandwich d'oyley, 5 by 11 inches, 1/-.

Broder cottons for working the apple and leaf design may also be obtained from our Needlework Department.

To embroider the design, buttonhole the whole outline, padding the work well beforehand. Stem-stitch the small lines on the apples and satin-stitch the stamens. Edges should be buttonholed.

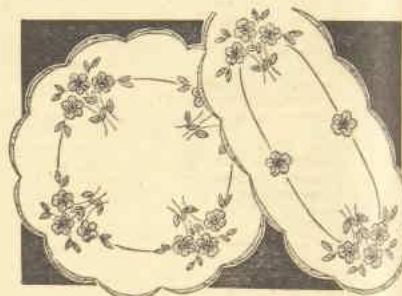
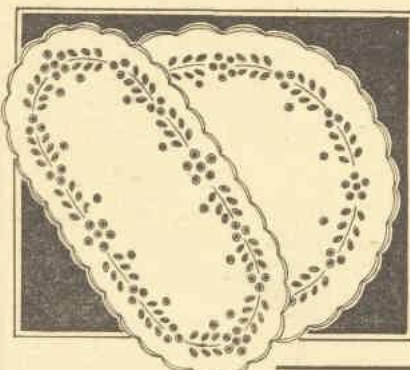
Before cutting the work, be careful to press thoroughly.



WORK one of these luncheon or supper sets. The apple and leaf design is quite simple to do, but most effective when completed. You can buy whole sets complete or the various pieces separately, traced for working, from our Needlework Department.

DAINTY D'OYLEYS IN TWO NEW DESIGNS

FOR plates or sandwich trays, traced for working on white or colored Irish linen.



ABOVE: Plate and sandwich tray d'oyleys in daisy design, and (left) the same d'oyleys in eyelet design. These d'oyleys can be obtained traced for working on white or colored linen from our Needlework Department. For addresses of Needlework Departments, see our pattern page in this issue.

IMPOSSIBLE —
NO FOOD CAN RELIEVE
THIS WRETCHED
CONSTIPATION...

BUT THIS FOOD CAN!
WHAT'S MORE IT'S
THE SAFE METHOD

Not a drug or medicine —
but a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal that
relieves constipation naturally

NO ONE likes to have to rely on purging to bring about what should be a normal bodily function. And no one really needs to. Common constipation can and should be relieved naturally.

Common constipation is nearly always due to lack of "bulk" in our food. Daily staples such as meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk — contain little or no bulk. The residue they leave in the bowels is so slight that the bowel muscles cannot "take hold" of it and so cannot eliminate it. This explains why habitual purging with griping cathartics fails to give permanent relief. Such medicines make the bowels act artificially — but they cannot make them act the way nature intended they should.

What you need is "bulk"

The only way to relieve constipation permanently, naturally and with perfect safety to your system is to eat regularly the kind of food which contains bulk and forms a bulky residue. Fruit and vegetables provide some of this bulk — but seldom enough for perfect regularity.

But there is a food, no less "natural" than fruit and vegetables, which is a far more effective corrective — Kellogg's All-Bran, a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal!

All-Bran is a "bulk" food that acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables — but much more surely, much more thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of" and which gives them the gentle

exercise they need. And it does more: as it passes through the intestines, it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination of the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched.

And, in addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning — either with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal! Do this every day, and drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with common constipation. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



SOLD AT
ALL
GROCERS
Eat it every
day and "never
miss a day"

PAIN
that kept her
in bed

Terrible, dragging, Spasms
so Bad She Missed a Day
from Work Every Month.

Discover for yourself the different —
quicker, more complete and more lasting relief of period pain that
you can get with a couple of little MYZONE tablets.

When your poor back feels as though it is being drawn to the front — when you want to sit down and cry with the pain and that terrible feeling of weakness... let MYZONE's marvellous *acterin* (anti-spasm) compound bring you blessed comfort, and a pleasant, quick, complete relief such as you've never known with any ordinary aspirin or a.p.c.

Just take a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Try MYZONE with your very next "pain." Notice how there is no doping effect.

2/- box. All Chemists.



"It's remarkable how MYZONE banishes that languid, despondent feeling! It is science's greatest gift to women!"

WRITTEN STARS **IN THE STARS** **ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN** President Australian Astrological Research Society

AQUARIUS-BORN people are among the most interesting in the world, but sometimes association with them becomes difficult.

THOSE belonging to this sign of the zodiac are rather contrary in nature. Most of them could be described almost as two people in one.

Now and again they have erratic emotional reactions and either reach for the highest stars in their immediate heavens, fully expecting to grasp them, or dig pits of despair for themselves.

When things go wrong for them they are inclined to think the whole world is against them, that fate itself has conspired them out for tragedy and disappointment. They say to themselves, "What's the use of trying, anyway?"

Fortunately such extremes of mood are not last long, for the Aquarian is a restless soul, interested in the world and its affairs, and sure that he can improve upon it if only someone will give him an opportunity.

Such opportunities frequently are afforded to him, for Aquarians belong to a new era of civilisation, and they attract people who are interested in the new and modern.

Aquarians are those people whose birthdays fall between January 20 and February 19, and they include a wide number of people who belong to other signs of the zodiac, but at whose birth the moon was in Aquarius, or during whose birth-hour the particular sign was rising over the eastern horizon.

Most of these influences incline the Aquarian type of self-expression although naturally the first-hand is the most important of all.

But Aquarians can make a success of their lives. Many of them are brilliant and versatile and, generally, they are hard-working and enterprising.

They seem anxious to throw off the shackles of that which is old and new and restricting to modern ways, and consequently are leaders and pioneers in the field of scientific development.

Many of them excel also in the sphere of art and entertainment. They make good musicians, dancers, writers, and theatrical producers.

Interest in Research

They shine as reformers and welfare workers. Research or common interests of some kind always appeal to them and they will be found well established in

those out-of-the-ordinary businesses or professions which are becoming more numerous as modern inventions increase.

Such spheres include chemical research, health clinics, all branches of radio, electrical engineering, "ray healing," the manufacturing of electrical appliances, the technical side of moving pictures, and aviation, including aircraft design and engineering.

They can also make a name for themselves as doctors, psychologists, advisers and nurses.

If they are nurses or doctors, they should specialise in new and spectacular treatments of some kind and in work connected with mentally-deficient children or treatment of the insane.

For they have the power to soothe and help those suffering temporarily or permanently from mental affliction. In some way they seem able to reach the consciousness of such folk with the result that their dictates and wishes are obeyed without question.

Many famous people were born under this important sign of the zodiac. Among them were Abraham Lincoln, Francis Bacon, John Barrymore, Thomas Edison, Colonel Lindbergh, Mendelssohn, the former Kaiser, Charles Dickens and Jules Verne.

Writers, scientists and artists seem to predominate, but there are very few spheres in which these Aquarian-born folk do not seem able to shine these days.

Daily Diary

TRY to stifle this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Quite fair for you on February 4 and during daylight on February 5.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Let caution be your watchword this week for unwary Taurians can barge into plenty of trouble, especially on February 4, 5, 10 and 11. Let all important matters stand over. Do not be aggressive, and avoid all risks, changes, and arguments.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Go ahead with confidence and optimism just now, particularly on February 7 after 5 p.m. and on February 8 and 9, for matters started then are under friendly rays from your stars. Chase opportunities.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Just a week of days. Poor on February 8 and 9.

LEO (July 21 to August 24): Losses, partings, disappointments, opposition and many other troubles can abound, especially on February 4, 5, 10 and 11. Quiet living strongly advised.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Unspectacular. Routine best this week.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): The stars are shining for you just now, so get busy. Seek opportunities or make them for yourself. Ask favors, plan new enterprises, make changes, especially on February 7 after 4 p.m., and on February 8 and 9. February 4 and 5 are fair. Work hard and optimistically.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Try not to do the wrong thing on February 4 and 5, for your stars are not very friendly just now. Beware of difficulties, delays and arguments. Routine work will be best.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): February 4 and to 4 p.m. (only) on February 5 fair.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Unspectacular. February 6 and 7 (to dusk) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Hard work will pay good dividends to most Aquarians on February 7 (evening), and on February 8 and 9. Seek promotion, ask favors, make changes and begin new ventures. Be diligent and optimistic.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Routine best. February 10 and 11, just fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.]



THEY'RE doing the Lambeth Walk, Oh! Here you see the famous Dionne "Quins" doing the dance that now has the world on its toes. Everything's free and easy, says Yvonne, most dashing of the five.

Her Finger Tips Lift Out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to wither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard throbbing burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Proso-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips. Go get a 1/6 bottle of Proso-Ice today from your nearest chemist or store and get rid of corns—core and all."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making life flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 15c.

OH DEAR! I THOUGHT PAT'S FROCK WAS WHITE UNTIL I SAW DAPHNE'S PERSIL-WASHED ONE!



When you think you've got your things as white as white can be, it's disappointing to compare them with clothes that have been Persil washed. For you find they're not so white after all. But there it is—it's only by using Persil that you can be sure of true whiteness such as ordinary soaps cannot give. Persil's oxygen-charged suds remove all dirt and stains completely. It's just by washing things so much cleaner that Persil gets them whiter.

You'll wonder why you were satisfied with anything else when you see **PERSIL WHITENESS.**



Don't forget . . . Persil's gentle cleansing makes things last longer

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Varicose Veins Rapidly Reduced Simple Home Treatment that is Giving Amazing Results

The world progresses. To-day ailments that took weeks to cure can now be cured in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bunions you can start today to bring them back to normal and if you are wise you will do so. Get an original bottle of Moore's Varicose Oil at any chemist's and apply it night and morning to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required. After a few days' treatment the veins will begin to grow smaller, and by regular use will soon reduce to normal. People who want to reduce varicose veins should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. The leading chemists sell lots of it.

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and cauterising fail. Dr. Leonard's Vacuoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to remove and safely banish any form of hemorrhoids or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.



*Now—he eats
like a horse*

Hubby was losing pep and appetite, but he found a "horse's" when Flo started using "GRAVOX." He loves the rich, tasty rollah that "GRAVOX" gives all dinners.

**SALTS, SEASONS,
THICKENS AND BROWNS**
in one blending.

Send 1d stamp to Klembro for a
FREE SAMPLE.



**MAKE
ICE CREAM
AT HOME
HALF PRICE**



FOR ALL TRAVEL INFORMATION, CALL,
WRITE, or PHONE

**The Australian
Women's Weekly
Travel Bureau**
St. James Bdg., Elizabeth St., Sydney

Cash prizes awarded for These novel recipes

ENTRY giving ways of
turning leftovers into delightful summer
dishes wins first prize of £1 in our fascinat-
ing Best Recipe Competition.

LETOVERS are usually just
as uninteresting as yes-
terday's bread unless they are
cleverly rejuvenated with a
little culinary art.

Here are some recipes for
turning leftovers into delicious
aspic dishes. They are worth
trying.

You, too, may have a favor-
ite recipe that may be a prize-
winner. Write it out and send
it to us. Remember that every
week first prize of £1 is
awarded for the best recipe,
and 2/6 consolation prize for
every other recipe published.

ASPIC DISHES

Useful ways of serving leftover
meats, fish, fowl, game and vege-
tables.

Chicken and Ham Mould: Mince
finely remains of turkey or cold fowl,
etc., and half the amount of ham.
To each large cup of mixture allow
1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tea-
spoon chopped onion, 2 or 3 chopped
olives (optional), and 1 large cup
breadcrumbs. Season to taste with
pepper, salt and a pinch of nutmeg.
Add enough stock flavored with
herbs, a beaten egg (to which has
been added 1oz. gelatine to 1 pint
of liquid) to make mixture fairly
wet. Grease pudding basin, sprinkle
inside with chopped parsley, pour in
mixture and steam 1 hour. When
cold, turn out and serve with potato
salad.

Chicken Aspic Cream: 2 cupsfuls
diced chicken and white sauce, 2
mushrooms, few grains cayenne, 1
cup of green peas, 1oz. gelatine, 2
tablespoons water.

Simmer mushrooms (dried or
tinned mushrooms will do), cut in
strips in a little butter and squeeze
of lemon juice. Cook peas. Soak
gelatine in water and heat to dis-
solve. Combine all ingredients, sea-
son, and when chicken is heated
through allow to cool. Put in wetted
mould. Serve cold with any salad
you wish.

Potted Veal and Ham: Cover 1lb.
veal and 1lb. ham with water. Add
a pinch of mace, cinnamon, cloves,

pepper and salt, using salt sparingly,
also 2 finely-chopped mushrooms if
desired. Simmer till meat is very
soft. Remove meat and chop. Re-
turn to saucepan and simmer fur-
ther until stock has reduced, just
enough for mould. Add to stock
1oz. soaked gelatine to 1 pint liquid.
Dip slices hard-boiled egg in stock
and arrange on bottom of mould.
Pour in mixture, garnish with hard-
boiled egg slices, and put in cool
place to set. Serve with celery and
apple salad or tomato salad.

Stuffed Fillets: Have fillets of
any fish you like. Spread on each
a little tomato chutney and a finely-
chopped olive. Season with pepper
and salt. Roll up tightly and run a
wooden skewer through top and
bottom. Steam 15 minutes and
let cool. Prepare 1 packet aspic
jelly according to directions. Barely
cover bottom of glass dish with aspic
and place fillets. Let set, then add
more aspic. Garnish with aspara-
gus tips, olives and tomato slices,
arranging decoratively. When set
pour in remaining aspic.

MISCELLANEOUS IDEAS FOR HORS D'OEUVRE DAINTIES

1. **Stuffed Eggs in Aspic:** Cold hard-
boiled eggs stuffed with your favor-
ite filling and moulded in aspic.

2. **Slices of Salmon,** or any fish,
garnished with slices of cucumber
and whole shrimps (if available) and
moulded in aspic.

3. **Macedoine of Vegetables:** A mix-
ture of cooked vegetables moulded
in aspic.

4. **Macedoine of Vegetables and
Eggs:** A mixture of cooked vege-
tables and hard-boiled eggs cut in
quarters, moulded in aspic.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. M.
Irvine, Thosna, via Devenish, Vic.

BAKED ORANGE MARIE

Eight oranges, 8 dates, stoned and
chopped, 1 tablespoonful coconut,
1 tablespoonful raisins, 1 tablespoon-
ful chopped walnuts.

Cut tops off oranges. With a
sharp knife hollow out a small por-
tion of each orange near top. Then
work knife around to lift out pieces
of remaining pulp, until orange
shell is clear. Mix orange pulp
with dates, coconut, raisins and
nuts. Return to orange shells. Place
oranges in baking dish with a 1/2 inch



*THIS HOUSEWIFE never wastes leftovers. She gets busy
applies a little imagination and culinary skill, and turns out the
most appetising dishes. See recipes on this page.*

of water in bottom of tin. Bake in
a slow oven for 45 minutes. Take
out of oven and put on each orange
a spoonful of meringue made from
1 egg-white stiffly beaten, 1 tea-
spoonful sugar. Sprinkle meringue
with coconut and return orange to
oven to brown. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss
Nancy Beak, Broadmeadows, via
Rockhampton, Qld.

FRENCH FRUIT SALAD

Two oranges, 3 bananas, 1 cup
nut meats, 1 cup strawberries, 1
head lettuce, cooked fruit salad
dressing.

Pare oranges and remove sec-
tions, peel bananas and cut in 1-
inch slices. Remove stems and wash
berries. Break nut meat in pieces.
Mix all with dressing and serve on
lettuce.

Cooked Fruit Salad Dressing: 3
tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt,
2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 cup
pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons cider
vinegar.

Mix ingredients in order given
and blend thoroughly after each
addition. Cook, stirring, until thick.
Chill.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
E. Bakke, 29 Herbert St., 8th,
Plymouth, S.A.

MOONSHINE PUDDING

Two cups water, one cup sugar,
two oranges, one and a half table-
spoons cornflour, white one egg.

Boil water and sugar together,
mix cornflour to a paste with juice
of oranges, and add to sugar and
water, cook for about 8 minutes, and
when cool add stiffly-beaten egg-
white. Serve with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
F. B. Doherty, 29 Collins St., Kal-
goorlie, W.A.

"CREPES VERLAINE" (Uncommon Pancakes)

Two ounces sugar (well rubbed
over the skin of a lemon or an
orange), then rubbed to a paste with
two ounces of butter.

Heat in a pan to sizzling point.
Drop ordinary pancakes into this
mixture. Pour brandy into the pan
and let it burst into flames. Remove

from fire and let brandy burn off.
Serve the pancakes with a dash of
absinthe.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to
Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Ry-
mante, W.A.

BOTTLED BLACK CURRANT

Six ale bottles, 6lb. black currant
(ripe but firm), corks, sealing wax.

Clean fruit, and put in bottles
(not cut down). By holding bottle
in left hand and bottle in right
slightly tilted one can see to
them. When full shake gently, then
fill nearly to top with clear
water. Place bottles in boiler of
cloth in bottom), and enough water
to reach necks. Bring to boil, and
simmer one hour, cork and seal
like sauce. Will keep indefinitely.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to
E. Swanson, Brier Holme, Hawke-
s Bay, Tas.

FROSTED LEAF CAKES

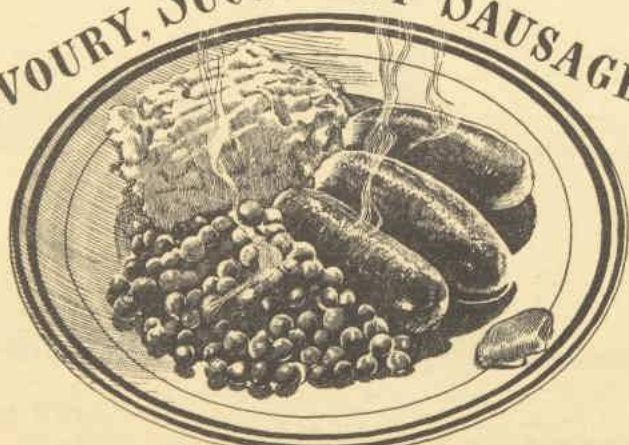
Heat together one cup sugar
and 1lb. butter; stir in one cup
flour, cook and stir briskly over
fire till it forms a lump; cool for
twenty minutes. Beat in 10
eggs, one at a time, whisking well.

Lightly grease a cold oven and
dust it with flour and pipe the mix-
ture on to it to form leaves. Place
in a moderate oven, and cook with-
out opening the door for fifteen min-
utes. Allow to become cold. Mix
one dessertspoon butter in a small
pan, stir in two tablespoons flour
until smooth, add 1 cup milk and
stir until boiling. Cook for 5
minutes, cool, add 1oz. sugar and
1 egg-yolk, and cook but do not let
stirring all the time. Flavor with
passionfruit pulp. Split each cake
down the side, and, when cold, fill
with the butter.

Icing: Boil 1 cup sugar and 1
cup water till it spins a thread.
Pour and stir gradually into beaten
white of 1 egg; add 5 tablespoons
passionfruit pulp and 5 cups icing
sugar. Quickly dip each leaf cake
in icing or pour it over each cake
if tops only are to be iced.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to
J. Fraser, 16 Fitzroy St., Kirribilli,
N.S.W.

SAVOURY, SUCCULENT SAUSAGES!



but they **DO NEED MUSTARD!**

Hear them sizzle in the frying pan,
sniff that tantalising appetite-arousing
odour, then eat those crisp brown
sausages—with mustard, of course.

Sausages are tasty morsels—a trifle in-

digestible for many people, unless they
remember the mustard. Keen's Must-
ard stimulates the digestive juices,
makes digestion quick and easy. Serve
freshly-mixed mustard with all meats.



and **MUSTARD means ...**
KEEN'S



Remember All The — Last Fine Fruits of Summer

By
Mary Forbes
Cookery Expert
to The Australian
Women's Weekly.

Delicious eaten raw on torrid summer days they also make a variety of wholesome sweet dishes.

THESE last days of summer before we slip into the golden, mellow autumn are often a little wearying.

But they are generous at least, for as farwell gesture of goodwill they are lavish with the variety of fruit they offer.

Passionfruit, peaches, apricots, apples, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, grapes, blackberries, and others help to make eating more pleasant and wholesome.

Late summer fruits are also most useful for making a large variety of appetising sweets. Here are some recipes:

FRUIT CHARLOTTE

Any stewed fruit, slices of stale bread.

Butter a heat-proof dish. Cut bread into thin slices, lay each piece in buttered butter or margarine, and line the dish by arranging the slices one overlapping the other, all round the dish. Fill with stewed fruit, cover



ABOVE: Orange cream is a delicious summer sweet. See recipe this page. LEFT: Some late summer fruits.

ORANGE CREAM

Mix the juice of 3 oranges with 3 egg-yolks.

to boil again and stir until it thickens. Beat the whites of 3 eggs. Remove from stove and add the beaten whites of 3 eggs. Allow to set in refrigerator.

AMBROSIA

Peel some oranges, slice very thinly. Place in glass dish, sprinkle sugar and coconut between each layer till the dish is full. Pour over sherry. Leave for 1 hour. Serve with cream.

Then add gelatine, so the dish when cold will set into a jelly. (Allow 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in a little hot water to a cup of liquid). Remove, pour into glass dish, and allow to set.

3 tablespoons sugar, and half a grated orange rind. Add 1 cup of water and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Now blend 1 tablespoon of cornflour with 1 cup water and add to mixture. Bring



with a round of bread, also dipped in butter and margarine. Cover with a plate. Bake in hot oven till brown. Remove plate and allow top to brown. Turn out to hot dish and serve with boiled custard.

FRUIT SAGO

One pint fruit juice (blackberry or raspberry), 3 tablespoons sago, sugar to taste, whipped cream.

Add fruit juice, add gradually, off the stove, the sago, return to stove and stir till thick, then cook very gently till sago is clear. Add sugar. Pour into wetted mould. When cold cut out and serve with whipped cream.

FRUIT PUDDING

Thin slices of bread, stewed fruit, peaches, apricots, cream or custard.

Remove crusts from the bread, line a plain mould or basin with the slices, wedging in evenly. Lay in fruit, cover with slices of bread, and place heavy weight on top. Allow to stand for several hours in ice-chest or cool place. Turn out onto glass dish, and serve with cream or custard.

SUMMER FRUIT PUDDING

Slices of bread, stewed fruit, 1 cup of blancmange, little wine or

liquor. Dip slices of bread in wine or milk and lay in the bottom of a fireproof dish. Cover thickly with stewed fruit, then with blancmange. Allow to stand about 1 hour before serving. Serve with boiled custard.

ALPINE SNOW

One and a half pounds apples, sugar, 1 pint water, rind and juice of 1 lemon, whites 3 eggs.

Peel, core and quarter apples, put into an enamel saucepan with sugar, rind and juice of the lemon. Stew very gently till tender, then rub through a sieve or press to a pulp with a wooden spoon. Pulp is quite cold, add gradually the stiffly-beaten whites and beat well. Heap roughly on a glass

FRUIT SALAD MOULD

One packet jelly, peaches, passionfruit, bananas, cream, vanilla, sugar.

Make jelly a little stiffer than usual, cut the peaches into slices, also the bananas. Remove the seeds from passionfruit. Mix the fruits well together and add the jelly when cold. Pour into a plain wetted mould. Stir occasionally to prevent fruit sinking. Place on ice, and when set turn out onto a glass dish and garnish with whipped cream, which has been well sweetened and flavored.

FRUIT BLANCMANGE

Two cups milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup chopped, well-drained fruit, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Blend cornflour with a little milk. Put remainder on to boil with the sugar and, when almost boiling, pour onto cornflour. Mix well, return to saucepan, and stir till it boils and thickens. Add the fruit and nuts. Pour into wetted mould. Place on ice. Turn out and serve with whipped cream.

SCALLOPED FRUIT PUDDING

Three cups stale cake crumbs, 3 cups stewed apples, peaches or rhubarb, butter.

Grease pie-dish and sprinkle quickly with crumbs. Add a little stewed fruit, then crumbs, and so on till pie-dish is full. Mix remainder of crumbs, butter, well together, and spread over top. Bake in a moderate oven till brown. Serve at once.

APPLES IN WINE JELLY

Peel and core six or eight apples and put whole into one pint of cooking wine; add sugar to taste and the juice of a lemon. Boil until apples are soft, but still whole.

HEINZ Mayonnaise

Meal times can't come quickly enough when crisp, cool salads deck the table, and when Heinz Mayonnaise "dresses" the salad. There's nothing to match such a salad — fresh, delightful, rich in vitamins and minerals — all blended into one gorgeous flavor with Heinz Mayonnaise.

You MUST try Heinz Mayonnaise. If you yourself could make mayonnaise under absolutely ideal conditions, with ideal ingredients, ideal experience, ideal facilities, and an ideal recipe, this is the mayonnaise you would make. Enjoy your salad days! Try some Heinz Mayonnaise, and if you don't agree with what we say about it, your grocer will give you back the purchase price in full — how's THAT for a guarantee!

A copy of a most interesting recipe book entitled "Salads and when to have them" will be sent you free on request to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond E.1., Melbourne, Victoria.



ONE OF THE
57
VARIETIES
MADE IN
AUSTRALIA

- for Salads that Say



EVERY BOTTLE OF **BIDOMAK** CONTAINS ALL THE FOLLOWING VITAL MINERAL FOODS



AS MUCH "FERRUM"
AS 800 OYSTERS
550 pts. of MILK
50 lbs. of BEEF
66 lbs. of LETTUCE
5 lbs. of SPINACH
50 pts. of Orange Juice



Here is how **BIDOMAK** ends MINERAL STARVATION

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The FATHERS HAVE EATEN



Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, February 4, 1939

By ELIZABETH POWELL

The Fathers Have Eaten

By ELIZABETH POWELL

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."



He had planned for months this one free day amid the country scenes he loved, only to find himself more lonely at Riverlea than in the crowded district round his house and surgery. Owen Pennyfield did not appreciate the strong attacks of loneliness assailing him with more violence and frequency of late, whether in the mean industrial suburb where he lived and worked, or by the willows of the river near where he had spent his childhood, his old home now rented by strangers.

The tenants had shown him round with veiled antagonism, as though his natural proprietary interest in the place disguised some insidious criticism of their cure. He was darned if he'd go there again, until he walked in knowing the place in his own possession. He dwelt with sudden satisfaction on one fact—the old cedar and mahogany stuff brought out from Cornwall and Devon by his parents when young, was being well treated. If Sybilla later . . . ? He whistled softly at the wheel of his shabby car, hedges and trees sliding past him, the city far in the distance ahead.

Owen slowed down to light a cigarette. He was forty-five years old, widowed for two years, lonely and hungry for the home he had not had since leaving Riverlea, a raw youth on his way to school and the later study of medicine. The house in Barn Street, drab and shabby, was rented, eminently suitable for a hard-working doctor in an industrial area, incredibly unsuitable as a home. He had no children—Claire despised motherhood—and the haunting sense of futility assailing the mind of the childless man was commencing, now he was tiring a little of work, to give an edge to his loneliness. His life had become as inevitable as a postman's beat. And no more comfort of body and soul than a single youth in a boarding-house. Well—perhaps a little more! He at least could afford the Pilgrims, a good supply of whisky, good reading matter, and had two cats . . . "No cynicism now," he ordered himself. "The wind is on the heath, brother"—which was the curse of it, with the wind and the heath as it were, at Riverlea, and he on his way back to town.

The sunset caught him twenty miles from the city. As the golden haze crept westward, the colder shading of the hills crawled behind it, dimming the hills to metallic blue, dyeing the gullies to the tint of dark grape bloom. A flock of gill-edged clouds was all that remained of the brilliant hot day. At a roadside stall he stopped, indiscriminately to buy vegetables, fruit, dairy produce, and stuff in paper-capped jars, tumbled into the back of the

car with typical casualness. Mrs. Pilgrim would be grateful for those additions to her larder, and feel she had shared in the excursion. The Pilgrims, man and wife, "did" for him in his solitary existence. They had never been beyond the city to where they had come twenty years ago to make their fortune in a new land, bringing their city-psychology and Cockney accent with them, to go as caretakers from flat-building to flat-building, each one less salubrious than the last . . .

Pilgrim, maddened by poverty, fruitless searching for a fresh position, drabness, asthma, and general depression, had sought escape from life by medium of a gas-stove draped carefully by a blanket. A panting small boy had summoned the doctor to a dingy rooming-house in a fever of excitement. Owen had subsequently solved two problems with a gesture characteristic of him. Claire had been inactive for years, upstairs in her frilly bedroom. A thieving cook-housekeeper and a flim-flam girl had attended to the muddled housekeeping. Discharging them both with a month's salary in lieu of notice, he had established the Pilgrims in comparative luxury, nor had he since regretted the alteration.

Riverlea was fading to a dream again as he passed through the lighted city to swoop out towards King's Cross with a flow of traffic feverishly pouring homewards. An inexplicable sense of satisfaction stirred him as usual, when curving through the quaint little cosmopolitan centre which, in so far as he knew, was the only continental corner in the Commonwealth. He stopped to buy cigarettes through a hole in a wall occupied by a peroxide young lady, and purchased the evening paper from the howling paper man on a lighted corner outside a shop gay with fruit and vegetables.

Then on again to the last stage of his drive homewards. His mind ran ahead of the car when turning into a maze of lanes and thoroughfares lined by huddled drab dwellings, terraces of apartment houses, factory buildings, and little shops, with here and there a home of an earlier generation still retaining its old-fashioned dignity despite dust and grime.

Mrs. Pilgrim had heard the car stop, coming from the kitchen at the sound of his key in the lock. She was fat, with crinkly straw-colored hair and bulging light blue eyes which gave her a look of perpetual amazement.

Pilgrim reminded Owen forcibly of Baines, father's wartime sketches. It was an effort of the imagination to allow Mrs. Pilgrim any legs; her long, full skirts came to her shoe-soles, and her habit of toddling made it appear that she was drawn along by invisible strings.

She was delighted to hear about the food-stuffs in the car. Owen was lighting his pipe while bending to look at a notepad on which she had scribbled telephone mes-

sages during his absence. His two cats stalked in while he proceeded to untidy the room she had "given a good do out" during his absence, the desk already disarrayed, rug rumpled under a moved arm-chair, and shreds of tobacco falling on the polish, hat and leather gloves thrown into a chair with an unwrapped cabbage he had carried in with him. One cat was patting the cabbage in scared curiosity, the other yawning at the red paper stuffed into the fireplace in summer—an artistic notion of Mrs. Pilgrim's. "What the deuce does this mean?" asked Owen, pointing to the notepad, one item on which read: "Miss Lane nothing wrong just pop in."

"Mrs. Lane rung, Doctor, she not knowing you was out and me telling her, seeing as you're friends-like. And she says, if you're near her flat to-night any time could you drop in and see her, there being nothing wrong, but she'd like . . ."

"Mrs. Lane! Our Mrs. Lane. Oh, well . . . Now what about some of that steak I can smell frizzling?"

"Which is chops grilling, and could you do with a hegg?"

"I could do surprising things with a flock of eggs. I've been rusticationing, Mrs. Pilgrim. I have an appetite."

Rusticationing? "Well, Doctor, you always do get up to something when you go off holidaying. Whatever it might be that you was doing, I'm glad it's given you a happy-tite. A man without a happy-tite is fair immoral, I think"—and she glided away as though rigid, drawn forward by an unseen string, bosom and stomach preceding her. "Good heavens," thought Owen absently, "Immoral? I hope she means unnatural . . . quite a different thing. Now what the devil has made Sybilla ring me? It's usually the other way about."

His spirits revived considerably. Women like Sybilla kept a man's faith alive in a sick and sorry world. By the time Mrs. Pilgrim returned with his food on a tray, as he liked it, he was whistling beneath his breath with a cat draped over one shoulder, slowly stroking it.

The air was heavy with salty warmth as Owen drove towards Sybilla Lane's flat at about eleven that night. Her windows overlooked a little park, giving a pleasant view of grass, trees, and shadows, the blue of distant water with a small bay in the foreground, and the rubicund mass of Darlinghurst's heterogeneous buildings towering in the near distance, a monument to synthetic humdrum. To-night the skyline reared up in strangely impressive beauty against masses of cloud tinged rosily at their base, silvered by the moon high aloft. The black of the skyline lay flat as cut-out paper patterned by orange holes, made by countless lighted windows. A plane droned through the unseen spaces over the town.

Sybilla lived only about eight minutes from a tram stop. Driving round the park

had a car backfired, making Owen think of revolver shots and the dark dramas of night life, about which the average citizen knows almost nothing, but with which he was not unfamiliar. The smell of the stale yacht-patterned bay, as he rounded a curve, made him think of the moonlit stream at Riverlea . . .

The flat was on the third floor of a semi-modern building pleasantly gabled, creepers plastering the lower walls, a tidy garden shaded with several date-palms. Sybilla's fortuitous income was derived from the tedious translation and copying of foreign business correspondence and other people's literary efforts. She owned the furniture in the fire-roomed flat. Acquiring it had been a struggle, but it was better than paying for furnished places, with nothing to show at the end of the year for the money. Danny's carpentering efforts and his mother's periodic impulses towards enamelling and making curtains, cushions, chair-covers and bed-spreads had achieved the homely atmosphere which Owen so much appreciated after his own martial and unhomely house.

She had a hand-sewing-machine "picked up" in a second-hand shop. They often called at the Friday night excursion in Owen's car, when the machine had been joyfully heaved and pushed into the back seat by the dealer, who said: "You'll find that'll stitch you nicely, missus." Almost every large article in the flat possessed a homely history of its own. Part of Sybilla's charm came from her unfailing interest in things and people about her, with which she seemed to deal through a separate compartment in her mind, the other reserved, and holding her secret world of thought and memory.

And Owen, being a man, dented rather than scarred by his kind of memory, marvelled at her power to lift a serene face to the world with heaven knew what torment within. His experiences professionally and otherwise had killed most of his cynicism where women were concerned, and mentally he lifted his hat in puzzled respect to those who were sufficiently feminine and loyal to live in spite of wrongs and pains and injuries. Sybilla was one of those.

Her gallantry . . . yes, it was utter gallantry, magnificent as the word seemed . . . sometimes shamed him when, in his labours, not very frequent, he went back over the twenty-year, lonely, undefeated effort she had made in order to tidy up and keep tidy a disordered existence, and that through no fault of her own. Supporting a child from birth almost, without aid, without sympathy unless by chance, was in itself a gallantry, known, alas, to many women. Then a girl, she had not only brought her little son to sturdy boyhood in a physical sense, but, in view of bitter lessons learned, assisted him also into moral strength, and there lay her essential wisdom.

"You can lose most things in life, Owen," she had said in the timid fashion of that time, with her life in pieces and her soul shaken, "but not character. It's all confusion and muddle, but somehow . . . Oh, I don't know, I suppose seeing what a badly spoiled and pampered boy can become, makes me frightened for Danny. Frightened. Am I a coward?"

He had been a small boy then, attending school. Gruffly Owen had grabbed her hands in a gesture brotherly enough not to startle her raw sensitiveness, for he knew it was true; she was frightened. All right, he had heard his inner voice about Sybilla; all wrong. It was a crime to such a young and lovely thing to be walled alone, in tragic grief beyond his full

power to understand. Close to her life in friendship lasting from childhood, he left their association on that level, nor could permit himself the dangerous and tormenting luxury of desiring anything more, for she was too shattered and he—he had Claire. He was married to Claire, and the truth of it was, that she had him. He dared not, in those days, dwell too deeply upon the personal problem his marriage was fast becoming. His position, mentally, was not unlike a wayfarer lost in a fog, keeping his sense of direction only by keeping his head, glad of respite and small comforts, hopeful of ending the journey well, and keeping courage alive only by thinking of the more arduous journeys of others. His heart was always at Riverlea, from where Claire had dragged him by powers evoked in early and passionate love.

No good, that sort of love; no good at all. Three components were required for the marriage that was to endure, one being physical, one being mental, and the third, spiritual. Claire had imagined the word "spiritual" to represent the occult, and had said on one occasion when he voiced it: "Don't tell me you, Owen, are going in for all that Oliver Lodge stuff. Really, a husband going to seances is simply more than I could bear." He had given it up and fought from him the insidiously perilous conviction that in Sybilla was the very essence of spirituality, unconnected with religion or any knowledge of possessing that strangely beautiful quality of soul and mind that rises far above the power of earthly things.

Danny, in some odd way, had collected in his early youth a mass of impressions bound to affect his nature, and Sybilla's delicate, cautious, and essentially wise influence was the corrective for the poison in the boy who gradually discovered his social position to be different from other lads with fathers, settled homes, and the usual complementaries of conventional existence. But she had been sensible enough not to spoil him, and he was safe as any lad can be, morally, when launched forth into his school-life. Of his mother's early struggle to support him he knew nothing when young, accepting comforts and necessities, and the click of her typewriter without question or thought. Questions and thoughts came later . . . when Owen had taken a hand.

Climbing the stairs slowly at eleven-thirty, Owen wished once again that her home-making instincts could be directed on Riverlea; very little cash would be required to lighten the slightly sombre effects of its semi-Victorian solidity. Due to her studious explorations through countless second-hand dealers' muddled premises, Sybilla had become a minor authority on furnishing values. Before Claire had relapsed into invalidism she had worried Owen to sell the contents of Riverlea so that she might have a health-trip abroad on the results of the sale. Knowing quite well that her hypochondriacal condition would be cured by nothing less than will-power, Owen had hesitated, reluctant to sacrifice the contents of a home he loved, loved too by his parents, who had willed it to him in utter trust in his protection of it; was it "old junk," he wondered, so took the problem to Sybilla without betraying the reason for contemplating the sale.

Standing by a window, in a former flat, Sybilla had waved one slender hand eloquently, to include the drab furnishings: "Look at this. Just to sit down, and lie in a bed, costs me about a pound weekly apart from rent-value. Look at the

things, Owen. Rickety, stained, shabby . . . nothing matching, everything down-at-heel like an old pair of shoes. Not an association anywhere. And you have lovely old cedar and mahogany through ten rooms, with silver tapestry chairs and gate leg tables . . . and you talk of selling, if you must . . . then sell me some, a pound down and the rest when I die." Her momentary flippancy turned to seriousness again: "Don't sell those old things, Owen. Their value is going up every day."

To which he said, thoughtfully: "I would feel as though I were selling my own parents . . . Valuable, is it?"

"It is; the shop at the corner wants thirty pounds for a desk like that one your father used . . . at Riverlea. And fifty for eight ladder-back chairs."

Returning to Claire he had felt compelled to disregard her fretful criticisms of "that old junk," and for four days she had suffered nervous prostration, as she called it, because of his refusal to send her abroad. Soon after that she had taken to her bed finally, there to lie reading fiction, complaining, talking to her few friends who dropped off one by one, and conduct in peevish dismay the muddled household management. Her imaginary delicacy had befriended her; since the first months of their marriage she slept in a separate room. Love, she said, meaning physical response, was disgusting. As for house-keeping, it was horrible. As a martyr to a succession of mysterious maladies in no medical dictionary, Claire retired gracefully from the job of being human, her conscience at ease and her indolence appeased. Owen was more sorry for her than had she actually suffered the illnesses she assumed or manufactured. When she died he was neither grieved nor relieved; she had not existed for a long time. The pretty but discontented girl he had married had become a heavy mass of lifeless flesh and a fretful voice forever making plaints from an untidy bed in a stuffy room.

Sybilla had been twice to see her; the first time Claire had spent two hours explaining moodily how Owen's selfishness had helped make her ill; the second time, twelve months later, Claire had insulted Sybilla openly when asking her kindly to keep her son away from the surgery, as Owen was sick and tired of his getting in the way of his patients—which absurdity brought a pitying smile to Sybilla's soft mouth. She had not gone to Barn Street again. She had said nothing to Owen about that visit, nor had she checked Danny when going to see the doctor. Claire was tragic.

Only Sybilla knew what Owen's friendship had meant to her, from the dark days when all the world seemed hopeless with no light anywhere. And now, when she heard his footsteps on the stairs, she recognised them with an uprush of feeling. He walked with the briskness of one forever busy, eagerly, strongly. The door was open. He walked in and found her starting to rise from her chair before her desk between two windows.

"Danny is out," she told him, without formal greeting. This pleased him, giving to their friendship an intimacy, as if he lived there and had merely been visiting a patient. "I hoped you'd come to-night. I wanted to talk . . . about him. Coffee now or later?"

"Don't move—unless to find a more comfortable chair." Throwing three blue-black cushions on the floor, Owen relaxed into the spongy comfort of Sybilla's most extravagant purchase, a deep chesterfield

wide enough to make a bed. She sat in an armchair and took a cigarette from a box with a pelican on the lid—a treasured birthday gift from Danny long ago, who had broken the pelican's internals, when trying to find out how it worked.

They talked about Riverlea for a little while. Sybilla's girlhood home had been merely a good horseback ride from the riverside town where Owen had spent his childhood, his father the local general practitioner.

His love for the country was in his voice as he dwelt on those old scenes; she sighed to think of the willows. Out in the park opposite the flat there were willows also, which had helped her decide upon renting it. The tenants, it seemed, had not very gracious manners, but if the furniture was being looked after! How grand it would be to live back in the country . . . but . . . and there was Danny, too, his job, and now . . .

Sybilla filled a small silence by saying quietly: "Danny's in love with a girl, Owen"—as if she had nerved herself to say just this. Mild surprise seized Owen. "Is he, by Jove!" One eyebrow lifted. "So that staggering piece of news accounts for this visit. He'll probably fall in love with twenty girls before you need think of being a man-in-law. I'd commenced to think he had celibate ambitions."

"He's serious, Owen. I said 'in love,' but that's not right. I believe he loves the girl with all the depths there are in him. He says very little. He . . ." she hesitated. Owen frowned over his pipe; something more was coming. She was too dashed name to mind him finding a girl that attracted him. He visualised Danny's steady slate-grey eyes, dark good looks, the keen but veiled caution in his glances, his faintly challenging air, his strong body and six feet two of lithe, controlled energy, and wondered what order of girl would attract him—he who saw nothing appealing in the average flapper, and seemed to fight shy altogether of the smart modern miss.

Sybilla was obviously preparing to make some statement thought over so long that it had lost its perspective. He recognised the significance of every twist of her mouth, every movement of her head, and the eloquence of her quiet hands, restless now. Against her soft frame of cloudy dark hair her face looked white. He thought once more that had the fates antediluvian the hard deal life had given her, and built her to suit her role, they had chiselled her features and figure with unusual sympathy. The gentle curve of her mouth, not given to smiling easily, and the delicate tip of her nose betrayed her sensitiveness as she drew a sharp breath, to say: "Owen! The girl is . . . Jill Dermott."

Through the sudden heavy silence falling came the distant hoot of a steamer out on the harbor. Owen unconsciously swung his feet to the carpet as he sat stiffly erect: "I say . . . old thing . . ." and he whistled.

"Yes—it seems so strange. Edwin and Jenny's girl—Jenny's daughter, Owen, grown up. Time goes without counting it. Yet . . . I might have thought . . . Danny is over twenty. Jill must be over eighteen."

Owen was rubbing his cheek with the pipe stem. "Hm, had Jenny lived, things might be different . . . But, good Lord, with Lena Dermott . . ."

Sybilla flinched. Her determined smile was a mere movement of her lips: "I've thought over it for weeks. I had to tell you. You know all about us . . ."

"How does Danny feel about it?"

"Worried, at first. He didn't know who she was for a long time. Only 'Jill.' They met in the shop—your brother's shop, of course. This girl came in, apparently, to buy a book. The book fell and they cracked their heads together picking it up. You know the way young ones go on. Well . . . she came in again, and again. She never had time for more than a moment or two."

"Not a very satisfying passion, I should say."

"They apparently thought the same thing. She planned meetings, it appeared. Fibbed about dentists, and escaped an hour early when on her way to some social affair . . . They met in the most incredible places." Sybilla half smiled. "The avenue near her home . . . a tram seat . . . in Hyde Park . . . when she could steal ten minutes or an hour. Then one night not long ago she said she was Jill Dermott . . ."

"Does she know Danny's real identity?" asked Owen sharply.

"She hasn't a suspicion. She didn't hide her name for that reason, but because she was ashamed . . . of being Lena Dermott's step-daughter."

"That shows her good taste, anyway," Owen grunted. Of all the dashed coincidences . . . yet . . . by Jove, was it a coincidence? His brother's elaborate bookstore in which he himself had shoved Danny when out of his last job . . . bullying Austin to employ him! Austin and Nelly close social acquaintances of the Dermotts, and Lena Dermott a shareholder in Pennyfield's, and a customer often in the shop.

"Lord, and I got him the job there. My meddling habits . . ."

Sybilla crossed the room to stand by a window, looking out. "That's why I couldn't worry you with it—or partly why. I thought you'd consider yourself responsible or something, as you did when . . ." She broke off. He knew what she had intended saying: "As when introducing me to Danny's father." "If you trace back any sequence you get to Adam and Eve—who seem originally responsible for most of our troubles." She slowly turned: "It's done, Owen. It can't be undone. The idea now is to cope with it."

Sybilla took another cigarette. He got up, lighted it, and sat back in the chesterfield, watching her as she stood, irresolute. In the centre of the carpet she turned to look at him; for the fraction of a second her quiet brown gaze met his grey eyes.

"This," he said quietly, "is hurting you."

"It isn't that," she answered, sitting suddenly on the nearest chair; "it's Danny. After all, Owen, it's not his affair—I mean, all the bitterness and sorrow I had. It sounds morbid and self-pitying, but it isn't—it just isn't fair that the children should be affected by happenings in a former generation."

Owen was silent for a moment.

"I read a story in a magazine the other day," said Sybilla, twisting her mouth with rare irony, "very similar to mine. The husband was charming, moody, irresponsible. He . . . also . . . married two women, forgetting to divorce the first one. The evil influence in this case was not an older sister, but a mother of the jealously adhesive type . . . The man didn't commit suicide," she said flatly, winning, "but vanished . . . The son was left. They solved the whole thing so neatly by just killing off the mother and bringing home the husband, grey-headed, sorry, and lonely, the first wife dead, to re-marry the second one, legitimise the son and . . . he married happily ever after . . . That was a story. But this," she said thickly, "is life, and Danny

and Jill have to suffer. Owen . . . it isn't fair. It worries me."

"Yes, I guess it does," was the feeble expression of his feelings. "Jill will have the harder time of it, if they are serious."

Sybilla sighed.

He stared at her curiously. "In twenty years of wondering, Sybilla, I can't make out why you don't hate that woman."

"Can't you," she said, laughing softly, to cut the sound off. Owen saw her eyes—glow. "You missed four years of my life, you know, while over in France . . . I hated Lena until it nearly destroyed me. Seeing someone resembling her in the street made me shake . . . sick. Even now . . . A month ago I saw her in town, in that big car she has, and I felt the same shakiness inside me. Never, so long as I live, will I forget that face . . . that awful malignant mad face thrust towards me that night . . . I saw it in my sleep, in the dark round every corner in the daytime, and on every sheet of paper I used. So don't credit me with quite such passive acceptance . . . You were away at the war, remember, while I got through that stage."

Owen nodded. His eyes were narrowed, but she ignored that danger signal to speak more lightly before he released a flow of impassioned eloquence against Lena Dermott. At times, Owen's tongue achieved a fluency that was remarkable. She could not stand much more dragging up of the past. Merely to remember those hideous years of wild rebellion and hopeless misery took hours to recover from. "However," she said, shrugging, "they say one hates as much as one loves, and now both powers seem burned out of me. Perhaps I'm becoming philosophical."

With difficulty he checked the speech she had warded off, because she wished it that way. "Well," he jerked, for want of something better to say.

"It's just that I can't get used to it being Jill's and Danny's turn—at twenty years."

"I'm not betting on a favorable solution of the problem," Owen volunteered, frowning. All the demnable sadness and unhappiness of Sybilla's earlier history welled up in him, mingling with this outcome so unexpectedly and so subtly worrying. It was only rarely that they referred to the tragedy in the past, but, as she sometimes said, when they did, it came up of its own accord. Naturally tactless, Owen released his opinions often with a bluntness startling to others, but Sybilla, quietened by suffering, found reticence less painful to maintain than talking retrospectively. Half of her daily battle was fighting down memories. Unhappy ones, strangely, were easier to crush back than happy ones, which made the "might have been" powerful to mock and taunt.

To her relief, the doctor suppressed what he might have said, to adopt her practical outlook on the problem. "Jill might be Jenny's daughter, Sybilla, but she's been Lena's stepdaughter—which means her possession—for eighteen years. You know what that implies, though you've never met the child. When that woman fastens on any living soul, there is destruction—of something. She's a human leech . . ."

Sybilla shook her head. "You're incorrigible."

He grunted. "Maybe I am. All right. But if I didn't feel so confoundedly for what you've endured, I might be able to think of her calmly—even with interest. She's a pathological problem in herself, and if I were a psychiatrist . . . I'd have her under my mental microscope with more zest than pleasure. However . . . and, so what?"

THE FATHERS HAVE EATEN

5

"I'm wondering," she asked, slowly, reaching for another cigarette, "whether she resembles Jenny very much. You know how beautifully eloquent Danny is. She's all right, is about all I could get out of him. Is she much like Jenny?"

"Jenny was unique," he answered, going from the chesterfield to stand looking out through one of the windows; "there couldn't be two Jennys. Nature gives no more than about one to each generation, and Jill won't be the Jenny of hers. There's a resemblance, but it's dimmed, Heaven punish that bell-cat."

"I saw her, you know," Sybilla broke in quickly, "when she was two weeks old—just before Jenny died." Sadness for a second lay on her mouth. "Even then . . . almost gone . . . she tried to tell me about the masterpiece . . . You know the masterpiece Jenny was going to write. And her creation was a human one, costing her her life. She . . . Yes, I saw Jill then, but babies of that age are all like crumpled billikins. She had simply down on her head. Jenny laughed at it."

"Jenny, bless her, laughed at everything—when life," said Owen gruffly, then, frowning, turned round swiftly. "So that's how Owen knew your address, and how I found you . . . I wondered how he knew."

"Do you think I'd lose touch with Jenny, then . . . Yes, as soon as I knew she was so ill, I half-lived at the studio. In between, I was home to see to Danny, of course. Sometimes I took him with me, but not towards the end. He was so noisy, Sybilla was remembering something. "Why Owen, how strange. Yet, perhaps it was natural . . . Before she was so ill, when the baby was a few days old, I had Danny with me and Jenny said something about him always being friends and perhaps some day . . . She lifted her face. "They weren't friends, but . . . it's happened just the same."

Owen was staring at her; "Accepting Jill Demott as Danny's possible—barely possible—future wife seems a pretty generous-minded thing to do, with so many rotten memories of Lena. Now I understand, you're not regarding the child as one of Lena's household, but . . ."

"As Jenny's baby daughter grown up—of course."

"Yes, of course . . . you being you. Yet the past comes up just the same, whether she's Lena, or Jenny's. Well, it's a pity."

"That remains to be seen."

"And its effect on you—and Danny?"

"It's . . . awkward, Owen," she admitted, the old tremor starting again within her. "Lena's influence is so . . . deeply rooted. Perhaps I ought to be psycho-analysed," she laughed, to escape those beating thoughts; "Better still—perhaps I ought to get that coffee now. Would you like some?"

Owen said he would; his tone was grim.

"I'm so ashamed," Jill murmured, sliding into the bench-seat of a coffee shop alcove. "Always having to make a conspiracy of silence you." Settling down, she removed her gloves while letting her gaze roam round her, and back to his face. He was smiling with the quiet satisfaction that about him that made her feel she pleased him.

There was no nonsense about Danny. He handed her the menu with: "I've only got time for you, so keep within the limits. Yes, it's rotten, having to lie and sneak out to see me. Lousy for me, too, having to hang about useless while you do all the plotting. It makes you want to go back into the old life when an elopement on a charger, pillow fashion, seemed the right idea."

He grinned a trifle awkwardly; "See us complete with charger, eh, galloping through King's Cross."

"People would think we were advertising something," was Jill's opinion of modern gallantry.

She sighed. "Did you mind me ringing you and asking for lunch?" His expression told her how little he minded that. She went on, a trifle comforted, though very uneasy for other reasons: "It was an unexpected stroke of luck, really. The dentist put me off until Friday. He couldn't do me to-day because he muddled his appointment book—or the clerk did. Lena left me there, and she's calling for me at two-thirty, so . . . I rang you. I like this place. It smells heavenly."

Over the menu, presently, she asked if a salad Tahiti would cost too much, and was told to look at the price. Then: "Aaa," said Danny fondly, "of course it won't cost too much, and they chuck the coffee in."

"Then I'll have one of those and an éclair."

A man stood behind a counter shaping a paper bag with deep contemplation, with a bored customer watching a droning coffee machine grind beans into particles. Stacks of nougat, passionfruit cake and lemon meringue stood under round glass lids of the kind sketched by Punch artists aiming their wit at station buffets. The freshly-ground beans sent a rich aroma to the back of the shop where the alcoves collected. A large papier mache galleon hung on almost invisible wires in the window, on whose plate glass Jill spelled out Eppolis Effort. It looked like Greek, but was coffee shoppe seen from behind. The extra P.E. amused her. She said: "Ye coffee shoppe pleaseeth me muchee, forsooth," and they laughed softly together as if it were a priceless effort of wit. It was easy to laugh when free of home, in Danny's company, and just as easy to sigh, for everything was so difficult.

They had laughed when first meeting, over cracking their heads together as both stooped to pick up a book she dropped, in Pennyfields. They laughed when Danny described his first adventure at the ice-skating rink, the only way, he said, to manage his unmanageable joints on that occasion, seemed to be to possess a universal joint, which Jill did not understand, but she laughed all the same. She laughed when he told her about his mother, one night when he got home from work, having her hand read in the doorway, by an itinerant palmist, charging two shillings for his occult wisdom. And about the time Danny, in the darkness of the park late one night, stepped upon a love-making couple and ended up by sitting down with them to discuss swimming. They laughed also over his mother's and his efforts to train the kitten to live in a flat, until the creature forgot there was another world beyond it and howled in anguish when taken down to the garden. Jill drew back a trifle uneasily as Danny added: "It's a grand little cat; clean as one thing. He has a sand box outside the kitchen door. I steal into the park once in a while and pinch some of the cricket-pitch."

The details of his simple homelife were more thrilling to Jill than any elaborate play on the stage—nor had she seen many plays. Danny often scraped his memory to remember little things which would bring that lost, eager, wistful look to her eyes, as though she looked at life on another planet. She questioned him for weeks on the progress his mother was making when applying to the landlord for new plugs for the bathroom, sighing with relief

when at last he said Sybilla had them. "—and we were just on the point of being fair little devils and squandering a bob on them. Of the one-price stores, the pictures, Friday night shopping, and such homely matters. Jill knew nothing, hanging on his words with every lift of her brows pulling at his heartstrings. Poor lonely, love-starved, cheated little beggar, he had thought just after meeting her for the second time. All that he had learned since had confirmed this rough description.

Youth to youth! They understood each other without the heavy conversation required by the mature to maintain interest. The lad had been lonely in his way, for someone of his age to talk with, his griefs well able to be endured by himself, but laughter must be shared. The strange touch of love, which he did not understand any more than any other mortal had kindled within him a fire whose comfort was great as its pain. His life, thoughts, and all the things about him had been subtly changed since Jill, with her candid grey-green eyes, honest little heart-shaped face and soft, chestnut hair, had taken charge of his senses. Danny had unconsciously sought the friendliness of love, more than its tempests, his sensitiveness forever rooted in his mother's tragic experiences. Jill had never talked seriously, or for long, with any young man near her own age. The happiness of being with him was only equalled, she found, by the meaningless waste of the unhappy time they spent apart.

When the waitress brought their ordered food, Danny surveyed her back in profound thought as she departed, then turned to Jill: "I'm glad you don't wear your hair like a dish of anemones. Girls don't have hair any more, only skulls with designs made of hair all over them." Which remark threw Jill into a mood of passionate gladness. She had worried over her hair, for fear he would think her dowdy and silly, to wear it in a bun. He asked her what she used to make it shine in his first curious hunger to know all about her ways. She was indignant when he suggested brilliantine, adding softly: "Only brushing, Danny, really"—for another shaft of happiness to pierce her. Soaring, sinking, her spirits followed his unwitting control, until, as time increased their mutual knowledge, they found many of their tastes shared. Jill, in eternal feminine fashion, changing many of her tastes instantaneously on his words, without even knowing she did so.

"There's something about you—" he said unoriginally, over their salads, "that makes you different from other girls. I know, you're natural . . . no paint, your hair untortured into odd shapes, no red on your nails. There's a girl at Pennyfields who thinks she's Garbo or someone. I wish she knew what her eyebrows look like, painted on above the place where they ought to be. Lord, those affected flappers make me sick."

"I'm less than natural," said Jill, with one of her flashes of insight; "I hate make-up when it's loud, but to wear clothes chosen for you, when they don't even suit you, makes you into a sham. I suppose this is Tahitian because they've grated coconut over it"—pointing with her fork to her plate. "I'd love to be able to cook."

Danny was very reserved when she referred to her home life. The spark struck between them in the beginning could not be made cold again, and developing mutual understanding had evoked dilemmas, one of them being his reluctance to reveal his true identity. He wondered what she would say if suddenly he stated: "Lena's idolized younger brother whom you mentioned, was

my father." Or: "The woman Hugh Polland got mixed up with, was my mother." Danny's happiness with Jill was often blurred by anguish for his mother's sad experience when she was no more than Jill's age—worse than widowed, penniless, with an infant to care and provide for, her life, faith, and hope broken to the dust, essentially through Lena Dermott's influence. The pull of shared loyalties sometimes made him feel desperate, Jill with her trust and love on the one side, one of the Dermott-Polland household; Sybilla with her courage and love on the other side, hurt so by Polland-Dermott influence. For a time he had agonised over wondering was he a traitor to his mother, in having anything to do with Jill Dermott—having just learned her surname, but Sybilla, in her briefly quiet fashion had said simply: "The girl is Jenny Cavanagh's daughter also, Danny, and family feuds are cruel and insane."

Jill, in innocence of him knowing anything about her family, had explained a great deal after giving him her full name. She told Danny how her father had been a kind of protégé of old Peter Polland's long ago, when Lena was single in her late twenties. Edwin Dermott, with his flair for finance, was useful to the Polland firm. Lena had conceived a violent desire to marry Edwin, for no obvious reason save one—she was tired of trying to entertain as a spinster when a matron had so much more scope. Edwin was ambitious for success and the financial standing going with it. They had become engaged—when Edwin met Jenny and fell immediate victim to her charm.

Jill was vague on that point. Obviously she knew nothing about her mother's character or personality. This ignorance could easily be accredited to Lena, insanely jealous of the very name of Jenny, when remembering how Edwin had broken free of the Pollands to marry her. As Jill said: "... then my mother died, when I was born, and I suppose Father thought why not, as he had lost her, so went back to Rockholme and married Lena. Do you think, Danny, that Father could have loved my mother very much, to go back to Lena so soon?"

Danny was very guarded in his answer: "Perhaps he loved her so much that when she died, nothing mattered. And there was you, you know, and—he was poor."

"I suppose," Jill sighed, "it's a kind of day-dream I indulge in, to try and imagine Jenny very lovely and gay. I like to."

So she had been, as Danny knew: "Well, if she was anything like you are, Jill, she must have been nice."

"I hate the word 'nice,'" she told him without grievance; "it makes me think of cake."

Jenny had been a writer with a considerable gift for eloquence. Danny smiled. "You must inherit your feeling for words from her. I've often noticed the way you pick out telling ones, or describe things differently from most people."

This gave Jill such pleasure to dwell upon that she was almost speechless, until, frowning, she shook her head. "I can't even write a decent letter, I'm just a dud. I can't do anything at all."

"You understand books?"

"That's not doing."

"No, but you never know... If ever you wanted to earn a living you could get a job in a library." They both smiled at this, for Jill, with her expensive background, seemed a most unlikely applicant. Danny went on, for this was safe to relate. "My mother can't compose a letter without eating half her pen, yet she got a job at six-

teen and a bit, because she helped my grandfather type out his writings. Not fiction. Heavy stuff. She gets her income now—if you call it that—copying and translating."

"Danny—your father died when you were little, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did," said the lad with unwitting grimness.

Jill stared: "Danny!"

"Well—" he said with commendable quickness, "I hate the way she was left—to fend for herself and for me, so young."

"Of course, you would hate that."

Jill's face clouded over, for he was so protective of courage and so prickly over meanness, and her secret was becoming more burdensome every day. Jill was engaged to Foster Wendell, whom she disliked more and more as she continued to feel deeper for Danny. The pendulum-swing of her mind, while trying to confess to Danny, kept her forever uneasy, unless for a while she forgot, for the facts to strike her down into seriousness in the middle of a speech or smile. The story was so simple—just seeing a way of escape from Rockholme by marrying Foster—yet a dozen complications had developed from it since knowing how she loved Danny, and the longer she refrained from confessing, the heavier her guilt became. She must... she must and the force, as soon as she found the courage, or it would kill her happiness and Danny as well. Nor was it quite the simplicity of merely jilting Foster, whose vanity would be wounded more than his heart; Lena had to be confronted also, and that represented an ordeal by moral courage Jill just yet could not face.

She was thinking desperately of this deception as the waitress in the Coffee Shoppe brought the éclair.

"Danny, everything worth while has to be fought for, hasn't it?" she asked, very serious, her eyes holding a little hunted look, as though she confirmed a wavering resolution.

He thought she referred to breaking free of Lena in the future. "That seems to be the popular idea," he surveyed her gravely. "But it's worth fighting for, Jill—at least, I think so. Look here—I'm jolly serious, you know. It all seems to be so utterly right between us, personally, I mean, excluding difficulties. I get tremendously pleased with myself when I imagine you fighting for me, though I'd like to be able to help you do it. It's looking rather far ahead perhaps... but... you'll do me, you know. I couldn't ever marry anyone else, Jill."

Marry! A star had been pinned firmly in Jill's sky. The blaze of joy on her face made him almost uncomfortable, but his heart twisted, and under the table he groped for her hand which knew it was wanted, and slid from her navy silk lap.

"Danny... me, too," she choked.

"Well, it's how I feel, and I know it's right."

"Yes, and me... It must be right."

"We've got to keep it right. Play the game and all that. No failure now or in the future. I'll play square."

She bit her lips. (Oh Heaven, help me end that fight with Foster. Help me, help me). Aloud she said brokenly: "Trust me, Danny... It's harder than you know... Trust me, will you, Danny?" and tears misted her eyes.

"Of course I will," he said gruffly.

They were silent for several minutes.

It was hard for them to part on the stroke of two, he to go his way, she to go hers, in the eternally lonely way of young lovers impatient to make their shared

world of home and future. Jill, with her eyes still wet, walked towards the dentist's, blindly unaware of the crowds on the footpaths. In her mind a jumble of loved words moved, in her heart, a sad-sweet pain.

"We shall go clamoring up our twisted stairs,
To watch the moon through rifts in our grey towers.
Thou shalt hear whispers, kisses, and sweet prayers,
Creeping through all our creviced walls like flowers."

Whispers, kisses, and sweet prayers. But she could not even put her cheek to his in a coffee shop—only clasp hands.

Owen learned from Nelly Pennyfield about Jill's engagement to Foster Wendell, which lightly-given fact impressed the doctor profoundly. His "You don't say so?" for a moment caused Nelly to believe she had actually said something clever. Nelly labored under the delusion that she strongly resembled Billy Burke, and ever since early womanhood had endeavored to live up to it. Even fat and wrinkles, plucked brows and tinted golden hair had not discouraged her. She affected an accent brought back from a trip abroad, veils, scarves, and helplessness she thought was wistfully appealing. The result was so uncharming that even Owen's case-hardened sensitiveness suffered by embarrassment of the kind which gives one a hearty desire to crawl beneath a table.

Austin, letting discretion override instinct, apparently failed to observe his wife's oddities, for which effort in self-control Owen complimented him silently but warmly. When Owen's irresistibly tormenting nature encouraged Nelly into even greater absurdities than usual, Austin preserved a lofty state of neutrality which his wife thought was dignity. Her giggle was incessant. But Owen marvelled at her power to throw off those affectations, to become shrewish, hard, and shrill, as soon as she found herself alone with her husband in the cause of "having a word with him."

There were many windows at San Vides, and Owen had a disconcerting habit of wandering into the house by side pathways, the utter silliness of being "announced" driving him to this mode of entry.

He seldom turned up at Austin's home without Nelly attacking him in what she imagined was the most subtle of subtleties, on his affection for Sybilla. A streak of perversity in him kept Nelly quite in the dark about his ambitions in that direction, and this infuriated her. Once she had gone too far in her contempt—borrowed from Lena—for "that disgraceful Sybilla Tarrant," to see Owen's eyes narrow like slits with evil showing through, and from that hour she had refrained from active, to adopt passive tactics.

"The fool," she said in private to her husband, "The fool he is. Getting his name linked up with that creature! But he always was a trial to the family, and no wonder, with his bad manners and slipshod ways. Look at his suits. I'm ashamed to see him come here. What if we were entertaining? Oh, he'd walk in, even if he had on a bathing suit only. Anyone would think that woman wonderful, the way he looks when I say anything. I only say it for his own good. And even when Claire was alive... even before the war... he was mad after Sybilla Tarrant. Poor Claire! No wonder she collapsed. I suppose she had good reason, with that boy of Sybilla Tarrant's always at the house in Barn Street, and he always running to see the woman

Anybody would imagine her to matter."

"Wouldn't they?" murmured Austin vaguely. He wondered what his wife would say and do if she knew the truth about several matters, one being that Jill Dermott was at the shop talking to Sybilla's son more than was good for the reputation of a young engaged woman.

The night Nelly released the news about Jill and Foster, Owen had roused her annoyance by bluntly referring to Lena Dermott as a "human leech," which evoked her swift answer: "It's not hard to see, Owen, just why you feel so unkindly towards Lena. Lena is a marvellous person, and a great friend of mine."

Tartness was replaced in magical ease by the Billy Burke quaver. "And just think . . . getting that stupid girl engaged . . . and to one of the Wendells. To Foster Wendell. Such a distinguished-looking man . . . though a bit stocky. So marvellous for the child . . . and she so simple-minded and dowdy."

Owen had concealed his instinctive disappointment by drawing an apparently guileless question: "And I suppose the girl is tremendously bucked?" The answer confirmed his gathering suspicion. "That girl is an idiot."

So that's how things were! He turned to his brother. "What do you think about it—Dante?"—with a twitch of one eyelid.

Austin's humorous mentality found difficulty in keeping pace with Owen's acrobatic wit. The older man murmured a non-committal response which spared him a rebuke from Nelly, who, when Owen had taken his leave, asked her husband just what Owen meant by calling Austin "Dante." He thanked heaven pleasantly for a most impious reason. Austin had succumbed some years back to the charms of a lady whom he supported in a manner to which she had not been accustomed, and her name was Beatrice. He was also grateful for Nelly's ignorance of the histories of the world's famous lovers. Beatrice was, to him, all the things that Nelly was not. Her loyalty made him appreciate his Beatrice very much indeed; that quality, and others, Beatrice made it easier for him to endure Nelly without scenes and dislike; he even felt kinder towards Nelly because she was being deceived, and on this doubtful moral argument Austin's conscience rested serenely—unless his brother, Dante, chose to make subtle reminder of the hidden abode of love.

Austin was also suspicious of Owen's charming effusiveness when persuading him to employ Danny Lase, for in some odd manner the older man felt he had been bribed into the generosity, as he always has blackmailed into keeping Danny at the shop when Owen said slyly, Dante.

Austin wondered darkly if there was anything in his wife's suspicions concerning his brother and Danny's mother, and comfortably decided that if it were so, people in glass houses should not throw stones . . . Dabbling Lena Dermott as much as it was possible for anyone so mild and unaggressive as Austin to dislike anyone, he rather enjoyed knowing that Jill was "putting one over" her step-mother, and sublimely ironic as it was, in company with Sybilla's son.

"What a lot of bludge it is," Owen commented in a mutter, driving away from his mother's home with a sense of glad escape. "The damned social racket! I'd like to drag my estimable sister-in-law round the stumps one night, and show her how some people live. Heaven, they're more fight in their little fingers than she has in her body. So Jill is in a proper mess . . . The plot thickens!"

He grinned irresistibly when thinking of Austin and his Beatrice, Nelly and her pet Pekinese, Lena and her monumental virtues. Pityful Nelly! What a lot of bother her witlessness spared her, and since Jill had become officially engaged to Foster Wendell, Owen had observed this evening, the Wendells, oddly enough, had ceased to be "rotten knobs" to become "those delightful Wendells." Marvellous metamorphosis!

As a matter of fact, the Wendells happened to possess true claim to gentility—not of any mythical social classification, but by heritage, through generations of utterly gentle people trained and governed by the older and more worthy traditions. That these traditions embraced unconscious hypocrisy, complacency, and narrowness of vision, did not matter to Owen, for the Wendells were no more to be blamed for that than the rain for falling.

Old Mrs. Wendell was about as interesting as a stick of celery, but she was kindly disposed, simple in outlook, and saw no reason either to climb socially or boast about her blessings, which, having been accustomed to them since birth, she took for granted.

The son, Jill's fiancé, was an earthy specimen, conventional minded, inular, sportive in his tastes, with a mind characterised by stupidity; he had served his country well in the Great War, and earned his fine record. He rode, played golf, belonged to the correct clubs, entertained and was entertained, was tolerant of others' sins and reticent concerning his own—if any—and a nice enough fellow taken all round, but scarcely the husband for Jill. Lena, according to Nelly, who did not know she had betrayed this, was anxious to mix freely with the Wendell circle, into which it seemed hard to penetrate with one's only qualification, money. So Jill, in the traditional fashion, was to turn the key in the closed door of the Wendell crowd by marrying Foster—for Lena to march triumphantly in. "Lord, that woman always manages to make a procession of one person." A horrible mealtime would desolate Jill's life if she could break free.

Edwin, with his white-livered terror of poverty, his money-itching palms, and greed for success had indirectly presented Lena with a victim—in Jill—for her megalomaniac passion, for the child would have been happier—Edwin also—had he gone quietly on in his widowed state to earn his success as others have to. Instead, he had seen opportunity, in Lena, to get it without cost, but Owen guessed with pity that the poor devil had paid a price of another kind for that grab at easy money.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. By heavens, that was true!

Owen was never to forget the day Danny, aged fourteen, had come pedalling to the surgery, sullen and angry, later to blub, then recover and blurt out a sentence which had for the moment petrified the doctor.

"Curtis, at school, said my mother isn't married and I'm a— and she's a . . ."

Owen had Danny by the shoulders before the ugly word escaped his lips; "Never let me hear you use that word with your mother's name on your tongue . . . Do you understand me?"

The boy was startled by the doctor's fury, his anger white-hot, then: "Sorry, old man—it's not your fault. Tell me what happened, every word of it, now. Sit down and take it easy."

The dark, secretive look of the boy had vanished by the time the conversation was completed. Claire was upstairs at the time, in the room above the surgery, Sybilla living in a very small flat not a mile away.

Owen had constituted himself as a kind of unofficial father; "And remember, old son, the moral codes are made up of eternal truths—not social rules. Remember it."

Owen was puzzled to know how the malicious gossip spread to Danny's school, a free school in the neighborhood. Ah—so that was it; Curtis was a son of a former jobbing gardener at Rockholme . . . Slander crept about with voiceless cruelty from drawing-rooms and kitchens. Sybilla had for years been escaping its evil, moving from flat to flat as someone heard . . . to whisper to someone else: "You know that little woman with the boy in No. 5 . . . well . . . scandal . . . lived with him . . . had a wife . . . shot himself . . . his family sent her packing . . . Never believe it, would you, to look at her, and the boy is illegitimate . . ."

Now that! A young hooligan had laid the burden on Danny.

"She always told me," Danny jerked out, "that my father was a splendid chap. If he went and married her while he had a wife, why didn't she go to a solicitor?"

Owen had gathered all his paternal instincts to a knot: "It wasn't quite so simple as all that, old chap. Nor is the law always able to dispense essential justice. Nor need you wear that look when thinking of your father. Do you imagine your mother would lie about him, Danny? He wasn't a cad. You weren't of an age to understand. Do you think your mother would revile him—to you, his son? No, old chap—women who love are strangely loyal to that love, and, oddly enough, weaklings and irresponsibles are loved more, quite frequently, than the strong and the good. All good women are half maternal—half mothers, understand!"

"She sort of . . . was sorry for him, you mean?"

"Yes, and on my word, Danny, he needed compassion. I knew him, you know, at school, in different forms. I also knew your mother. In the country, when we were children. Her father, your grandfather, was a fine old chap—a gentleman in the only meaning of the word, gentle, and a man. An historian. His wife died and left him and Sybilla . . . twelve at the time . . . a nice old house in the township. She looked after him after she left school—a useful, busy, sedate little soul playing too soon at being an adult. She mothered him. The house caught fire while she was visiting an aunt. Everything went up in smoke, including her father's books and a half-completed manuscript. He was never the same after. They boarded . . . Your mother then took a job with an old lady called Mrs. Franks, in the city, and it was then—Owen made an involuntary move, for it was then when he had introduced Sybilla to Hugh Folland and seen the spark light in each.

"We were all friends, allowing for the interruptions of school and work . . . your mother, myself, Hugh Folland, Edwin Dermott, Jenny Cavanagh." Not looking at the boy, Owen had asked lightly: "By the way . . . you know your father . . . shot himself?"

Hearing this in words startled Danny. He shuffled, looked sideways at the doctor, and Owen gave him a long, searching glance: "Look at facts in the face, Danny. Your father shot himself. Others end themselves by drinking drugs, jumping over cliffs, and some just stick their heads in gas-stoves, like old Pilgrim, though it didn't work that time. Face up to facts. Truth is always straightforward and direct . . . meet it, old son, and look it in the face. You've . . . fretted, have you, over your father's suicide?"

Danny had nodded, clenching his teeth together.

"So did I," said Owen, in man-to-man fashion.

Danny looked up sharply, meeting his glance, and Owen knew another morbidity slain; "Don't blame your father, Danny. Blame his moral cowardice on the woman who made him a coward—Lena Dermott. She was an insanely possessive and jealous woman—and she still is. Jealousy essentially is possessiveness when extreme. You wouldn't understand the scientific principles of this—but she has a jealousy just, as others have money lust, or any other excessive desire." Owen struck the table with a knotted fist; "A leech, Danny, a human leech, sucking others dry . . . She is, and was, a fiendishly tyrannical woman, forever satisfying some inner craving by wielding power over others . . . possessing them . . . owning them . . . robbing them of their personalities and individuality. Such women are . . . abnormal. Her neurosis is egotism—excessive superiority demanding power and more power. Her life is a kind of domesticated dictatorship . . . do you follow me?"

"There's a fellow like that in the school," Danny hesitated. "But he only picks on the little ones . . . not me."

"Exactly. Now try to understand this—you'll have to know it all some day—Lena Folland, as she was until about thirty, was a woman incapable of affection and . . . love. As is the case with many repressed women, she released her cheated emotions on your father, who was a child when she was grown up. Their mother died. Lena took the mother's place and satisfied her power-lust by owning the boy—body and soul. He worshipped her, thinking nothing she said or did could be wrong. Why? Because behind her skirts he found protection from all that hurt him. Most spoiled children are the same—and the criminal records show what becomes of many. They are trained and drilled into hiding away from hard fact. A contemporary writer coined a word 'escapologist', to explain this attitude to life—which, simply, is running away from life. Just as you ran away from the fact of your father's suicide. You won't again. You're looking the fact in the face now. Your father, Danny, went on into adult life as he had in childhood and boyhood—taught by Lena to hide his face when troubles came. She shielded him, protected him, indulged and consoled him . . . but life itself is not so obliging . . ."

Danny was absorbed, drinking in every word the doctor carefully uttered . . . with due respect for the lad's immaturity.

"Now, don't imagine Hugh failed to try for individuality. He did, making several ineffectual escapes, when he was grown-up, to get out of her power . . . It made him feel a fool, you know. Several people had remarked on his subservience to her will, and she is notoriously a strong-minded woman. However . . . she had the whip hand and she used the whip. The whip-lash was money . . . The old man, their father, Peter Folland, was not a bad sort, but erratic and moody like all of that crowd . . . Lena was stronger-minded than he, and knowing his son's spendthrift ways, idleness, gambling habits, and general attitude of irresponsibility, it was easy for the old man, when ill and tiring, to listen to Lena's advice. After he died and the will was proved, Lena was found to be in utter charge . . . Sole executor and trustee of your father's interests . . . You understand?"

Danny had nodded, his eyes glinting. She had been diabolically clever, Danny . . . Until Hugh reached the age of thirty he could not so much as handle his own

income. He never was to possess his own capital assets. The old man had been drastic. He had distrusted Hugh—not without reason. But he had trusted Lena unwisely. We can assume without unjust suspicion that her love for Hugh was so possessively jealous that she strove to keep him from marrying—as was proved on several occasions. He was weak, remember, and afraid of her power. If he married, or when he married, he was to gain control of his income only. At his death, should he die before his possible wife, the wife was to receive everything, and her children, if any . . . Roughly speaking, that was the outline of the will. Naturally, Hugh was embittered . . . felt cheated . . . and there was some ripe old scenes at Rockholme from then on . . ."

Danny nodded and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Extracting some cash somehow, he cleared off to Africa—fell in love with a girl who saw him as a rich man, while knowing nothing of the way his interests were controlled . . . They quarrelled. He left her, promising to pay her an allowance if she remained in South Africa. He came home and the scenes recommenced. Lena knowing nothing about his marriage. Then he met your mother . . ."

Danny's mouth set.

"Temptation, old chap, is a whispering, one-sided argument. Love is a strange force made up of many elements. Hugh compromised, as weak natures do. He was afraid to tell his sister of his marriage, terrified of losing . . . Sybilla. He married her bigamously in a registry office out of town. She understood Lena's jealousy—or the difficulties of it. So he started to live his double life. He took rooms in town, so he said, with a friend . . . actually living periodically with your mother in a small bungalow they rented. He went to Rockholme to quieten his sister's suspicions of anything unusual—and to get his money doled out to him. I watched him change from a carefree, lovable, gay young scamp—not a scoundrel—into a moody, nerve-racked neurotic. He always was neurotic, which in normal humankind and natural responsibilities could have been cured. He started drinking—the 'escapologist' finding another way to run from facts. He was in debt, gambling to catch up, and getting farther behind . . . living in fear of discovery, between two homes . . . maddened by what he had done to your mother, and trapped in Lena's subtle net. And . . . you were about to be born."

Owen looked from the boy's clear, flat stare. "The wife had been writing, Danny. She had heard about the Folland money, which was considerable. She wanted her proper place in his life and home. One night . . . you were several weeks old at the time . . . Sybilla heard a shot just after dusk . . . There's no need to go into that," he added hastily, swinging away to stand by the window. For a while he was silent, recalling the scene at the bungalow.

Owen swung round again, his face set to a mask. "Understand your mother's courage, Danny. She thought herself his wife. She stood by him as his wife. She went through the inquest as his wife, with Lena, in dead black, hating her . . . hating her . . ." Owen flinched away from that recollection. Then, so quietly that the boy sat tense, he added: "Sybilla went back to the bungalow, Danny . . . a suffering little half-dazed creature with only you to cling to. Just after that . . . the wife turned up, descending on Rockholme with her claims and story."

Owen nodded as if confirming some bitterness within him: "One night, Danny, Lena

Dermott arrived at the bungalow . . . That devil wasn't satisfied by seeing your mother broken, stricken, and bewildered by her loss and ordeal . . . She stood over her and told her the truth in language for which I could never forgive her while there is breath in my body." Owen nodded twice, his mouth a twisted line as he paced the floor restless, his thin face dragged into lines that drew heavy shadows beside his mouth and eyes. "Your mother went away, Danny . . . turned her back on it all, and . . . just went away. With you and a suitcase of clothing."

He stopped pacing to stand motionless; his voice was quiet: "I had sailed for France immediately after the inquest. I thought her financially safe . . . legally, I knew her fine courage would help her through her grief . . . and she had you. War considers no personal claims. Other women were widowed also. My wife . . . Mrs. Pennyfield," and Owen cast a glance to the ceiling above him, "wrote and told me of later developments of the tragedy. Hugh's wife had turned up . . . which left your mother's name open to the dirty, slanderous gossip humans enjoy chewing over . . . So, old chap, you're illegitimate. Legally, you are Sybilla Tarrant's illegitimate son. Spiritually . . .? Well, what's your opinion of it, eh?"

Owen waited for this test of the lad's character. He did not hesitate. "That'll do me," he said gruffly, and Owen's loving-kindness had been so moved that he clamped his jaws fast for a moment. Their hands met strongly in an unvoiced bond. All the furtive silliness had vanished from Danny's slaty eyes; they met the doctor's glance flatly, without flinching.

Owen had been spent and wearied for hours after, but knew his Celtic eloquence had not, for once at least, been wasted. The boy had found his chivalry, looked hard at facts and not flinched, and a menace had been uprooted from his young, impressionable mind. Daylight, cruel as the glare had to be, had entered its shadowed corners . . . Owen nodded then, grimly weary, but satisfied. Sybilla and son—bless them both.

And now, Owen thought, dwelling on the story in its later developments, Lena's step-child, another possession of the woman, was in love with Danny—Hugh's son—a penniless lad in a book store, while Jill, poor bewildered youngster, was engaged to one of the Wendells into whose "set" Lena was ambitious to enter. Owen thought for a moment on the possible outcome of it all, then described his tangled feelings in one word, which was a vulgar one.

Jill had been shopping with Mrs. Dermott, an inquisition to the sensitive girl who, since infancy, had been trained to believe herself clumsy, ugly, witless, and dependent. She trailed through the shops behind Lena with a hideous self-consciousness devouring every shred of confidence. Everyone seemed to be boring glances into her back, as Lena, marching with head up and black glances piercing right and left, charged up to counters, assistants, shopwalkers, with her rasping voice expressing impatience and authority. She had decided to commence purchasing the linen for Jill's trousseau—the clothes could wait, as the fashion changed so swiftly. Jill wished she could die. A maddening sense of being trapped was closing round her.

Ever since babyhood, Jill remembered, it had been the same, Lena's voice and face haunting her mind. The sunny little girl of nursery days had been puzzled, at first, to know why the big lady smacked her hands when she reached out for something far-

hidden. She had drawn away in astonished dismay when thrust aside or checked in some unconsciously loving impulse. Miss Frome would lift her up into oddly uncomfortable arms and bear her upstairs, saying: "Now, Jill, you know you mustn't go downstairs unless she sends for you." "You know you mustn't touch her—she doesn't like little girls." "You know you mustn't make a noise—she might have guests." "You know you must put that frock on—she chose it for you and it's such good material. See?"

As the years had taken their toll of Jill's vital spirit, she came to believe in her own stupidity and unprepossessing looks. "For heaven's sake, child, get Frome to damp your hair back—it looks less scarlet that way. You are getting more like that mother of yours every day." And Jill would go to Frome, who dared not disobey the tacit laws of the house, to ask what was her real mother like for Lena to say such things? Frome would assume a dark air of mystery, and nod: "Little girls mustn't ask questions, Jill. Mrs. Dermott is sorry for your poor mother . . ."

The poison of suggestion did its work. Jill felt the weight of shame, for the mother who could not be mentioned, and came to regard her gleaming bright hair as a kind of symbol of disgrace. She wet it, oiled it, brushed it flat as ordered, and wept when a child at a very rare juvenile party passed some innocent remark. Robbed of her natural happiness of expression, timidly replacing her normal valiance, Jill slowly developed many of the qualities Lena forced upon her. Frome did not know what to make of a child screaming ecstatically of going to a party, then coming home after it to sob in dreary conviction of having been a failure.

Jill had been literally afraid of the tumbling, romping children at those parties, perhaps one or two each year, when Lena found it easier to let the child go than offend an acquaintance or rouse some unfavorable comment on her guardianship. Lena was wonderful, her friends said; not only had she forgiven Edwin for deserting the Polands, jilting her, marrying some red-headed nobody, but had taken him back later, bestowed upon him the privileges and benefits commencing him on his prosperous career, and mothered his child into the bargain.

The poor little thing was very difficult—so hard for Lena!—a shy, awkward, delicate child, so school was out of the question. Lena had sacrificed her own lady-companion to give the child a governess, though all her efforts seemed wasted, for the child really was . . . well, dull. Edwin's spirit being by this time broken, he had remonstrated very mildly when worried to see Jill's personality being dimmed, her brightness hooded over, her colorful little person buried and subdued by tight plaits and ugly frocks, heavy shoes and dowdy hats. He had a nagging suspicion that his wife could not see the sight of the child she pretended to feel so anxious over, and one day was indiscreet enough to suggest more freedom.

"When small, Lena, she was . . . er . . . quite a happy, gallant little soul. Perhaps . . . the psychological effect of loneliness . . . no playmates . . . er . . . the frocks she has, which, of course, are most suitable, but . . . couldn't they be a little more . . . gay?"

Lena had turned on him with malice in her black glance. "If you want to make her like that Bohemian you left me for, then I'll outfit her in the gawdy pinks and blues she would appreciate, perhaps, and make her into the common little creature she would have been in her former environment. This is my home, Edwin, and

all you possess is due to me . . . So kindly let me know what is best for your child. She is a common little thing and it needs stamping out of her. And what do you know about children?"

The irresistible force had triumphed. Edwin was a very movable obstacle. He had gone off with his throat contracting to know himself so strangely helpless, and Jill in the same sort of power. One night as he entered the house for dinner, she was lurking behind the stairs. The fear in her eyes when beckoning to him had made his flesh creep. The furtive terror in her whisper as she plucked at him to draw his head down, had reproached him for months. "Father . . . did my mother be a bad lady?" With one groan of anguish Edwin had swept the child into his arms. "No, my little girl, no . . . your mother was a lovely lady."

This momentary comfort had soon been quelled by overwhelming forces, but within Jill a tiny doubt had settled—and she commenced to watch her stepmother's face with dawning suspicion. Lena hated everything lovely. Lena didn't like to love people. Lena loved making people look awkward and blush and stammer. Lena wanted everyone to get upset and worried, and when Father tried to say something, she just looked at him and waited, so he couldn't say that at all. Jill commenced to draw strange pictures of witches and things with forked tails, in some childish way identifying Lena with the powers of evil as described by Miss Frome.

While shopping in the city for the trousseau, Jill was desperate. The irony of it to long like mad for escape from Lena, then, with Foster Wendell offering it, not to want that at all.

"You're so dead-and-alive," said Lena sharply over a counter spread with napery, "that I wonder where your gratitude hides—if you have any." Loudly, she said, nodding to the patient assistant, "This girl would be glad enough to be in your shoes"—whereupon Jill lifted an agonised glance at the girl, apologising silently, and received a mere flicker of a wink. Mrs. Dermott was well known in that store. A blaze of relief burned through Jill. When walking out behind Lena afterwards, Jill half turned and waved a quick hand. The girl waved back. Jill was happy for an hour. People were lovely.

They had next driven to Pennyfields' for Lena to collect some magazines—for which the chauffeur went in after she emerged—and order some social stationery. Jill said she felt a bit faint; could she wait in the car. She would have assumed a swoon rather than enter Pennyfields' with Danny to witness her helplessness when with Lena.

Later, Johnston dropped Lena at the "rooms" of some charitable organisation to which she gave much time and grudging donations, thereby achieving the triumph of seeing her name in the Press with those of Lady Helton's and Mrs. Furthbridge-Wykeham's. Johnston, in accordance with orders, drove Jill home. She changed her whole personality the moment the car moved off; she and Johnston had an animated conversation all the way to Rockholme.

When deposited on the foot-worn red-and-white tiling of the portico, Jill felt the old sense of captivity enclose her. She stood for a moment looking into the branches of the plane trees bordering the avenue, as if on the verge of going out again, on foot . . . anywhere, just to be out. Custom prevailed. There might be a row. She had flowers to do, invitations to write, and Frome was expecting her home. No verandahs, Jill grieved, just two stories of grim

old masonry quite unsuitable to this sunny country, and the paintwork done in dingy shades which Lena said was "suitable and well-bred."

This remark had been passed intentionally one afternoon when Jill was miserably present at Nelly Pennyfield's, her prized, colorful, and carefully "Spanish" house and garden which, at once, to her secret mortification, had seemed to scream of loud colors like a cheap picture-postcard. Jill liked colors, even in Nelly's house, which at least let the sun in and had a garden not blocked in by gloomy trees that held the harbor fog in winter.

When the heavy front door closed behind Jill, pushed shut by Ellen's work-stained hands, she thanked the girl with a sketchy smile and nerved herself to go upstairs. The only room in the house where she enjoyed an hour was the library, dull and shadowed as it was. The walls were nothing but books and shelves from floor to ceiling, with a ladder, a round table and chairs, a monstrous fireplace in which no fire was ever lighted, and two long windows overlooking the water through tree branches. Lena did not object to Jill making free with the library, as no guests ever went into it, nor did Lena unless it was unavoidable.

Miss Frome had been warned by the crunching of tyres on the gravel, and the opening of the front door, that Jill was returning, so hastily thrust out of sight a novel she was reading, to draw forth another of more innocent appearance. Coming along the landing from the top of the stairs Jill threw an uneasy glance at the locked door of the room which once had been Hugh Folland's. Lena had made a shrine of it, and, to Jill's unsuitable mind, there was something revoltingly odious in the idea.

Miss Frome was a faded, buxom spinster of nearly fifty, with string-colored hair and a surprisingly dark growth of down on her upper lip and round her chin. Her pale eyes, behind glasses used only for reading and sewing, held the puzzled, anxious expression of one who has let life slip by untasted while wondering what the flavor might be like.

Miss Frome's position in the household was vague. She had been engaged before the death of Lena's father, when she was single, as a kind of secretary-companion, which included many of the duties of a lady's maid and the privileges of a poor relation. She had automatically taken charge of Jill when brought as a baby to Rockholme, continuing vaguely into teaching her, so becoming "the governess." Since Jill had passed beyond the age of taking school lessons, Miss Frome had become a kind of companion, forever flustered by trying to carry out Mrs. Dermott's orders, and express a worrying sympathy for the girl who seemed to share Miss Frome's own sort of frustration. There were three Fromes. Jill knew one; Lena, the other. Neither was authentic: as the character of each was twisted out of shape by Frome's real, secret self, whom nobody knew. She did not even know that secret person herself—was merely afraid of her, shocked by her, and often sorry for her.

"Hello," said Jill, coming into the erstwhile schoolroom which had changed generally into a drably comfortable sitting-room; "I've got to write out those charity cards and do the flowers . . . I'm scorching, aren't you?"—which rhetorical question demanded no answer. Did they shop successfully, Miss Frome asked brightly, possessing a thirst for any information concerning weddings, engagements, births, deaths, and funerals—and the doings of the Royal Family from crowns to bootees. "Oh, I

suppose so," Jill replied, throwing down gloves and hat and handbag, which Frome at once set neatly aside.

To Miss Frome's distress Jill's face started working as she tried not to weep. She struggled for a moment, then went into the bedroom to lie on her bed and cry, quietly, without a sound, as though her heart were breaking in pieces and she had not the strength to bear the feeling it created.

Miss Frome drew the communicating door quietly shut and returned to her table by the window where she rescued the hidden book, to go on reading about the love and passion she had never known. Some of what she read surprised her greatly, but, of course, writers made up things . . .

Lena was observing a curious leashed quality in Jill's submission, one night a flash of defiance flying from her eyes giving the older woman a shock. Her hunger for power had been considerably sated by the girl's gradual descent into spiritlessness which—was it possible?—seemed to be losing some of its meekness. Lena kept watch, her black eyes shrewdly noting Jill's tell-tale blushes when caught day-dreaming, her sullen refusal to reply when reprimanded sharply for some mild offence. The girl surely wasn't mooning over Wendell's love-making! Even Lena, to whom love was weakness and servility, could not imagine Foster's ardors stirring Jill to moodiness. But girls were such morbid little idiots with their sexy imaginations and impatience to taste experience.

The truth was so incredibly beyond all reason, that it did not occur to Lena, whose opinion of Jill's intelligence prevented suspicion. Edwin observed his daughter's washed-out appearance also, though he did not agree with his wife that Jill was sulking or brooding about her fiancé's embraces.

"Girls are all like that," Lena sniffed; "Full of morbid curiosities and romantic nonsense about babies—and how they originate. Disgusting. She is far more sly than I had suspected. In love with love. They all are at that age, and the first man who kisses them stirs their glandular activities into chaos and . . . love! Ever since she was an infant she's been two-faced, showing me the meek one—of course. She knows on which side her bread is buttered. And her untidy, dirty habits are a continual trial. It isn't even safe to leave your daughter alone in the house for an hour without she is upsetting something . . . or down in the kitchen talking with the servants. Oh, well—one can't make a silk purse from a sow's ear."

Edwin was uneasy. "Is she . . . I did not imagine her with . . . dirty habits, Lena. The . . . er . . . upset like the other day perhaps?" He made an ineffectual effort to defend the dead Jenny and failed, with his wife's brittle glance ready for just that. Edwin drifted away with his brow corrugated upwards, to speculate vaguely and uncomfortably on Jill's character, then to forget all about it in the peculiar absorption of adding up complicated figures on paper.

At a dinner one night, to which Jill had not been invited, Lena playfully tackled Foster. The effect was of a gargoyle smirking. Even his imperturbability was affected; "You must look after your fiancée," said Lena, glittering at him speculatively while stretching her lips to indicate a smile; "she is quite moody—impatient, maybe. She is so young."

"Eh? Oh yes, quite. Young? Naturally, at eighteen. There's nothing moody about Jill. Must be the weather. Good, Asche, coming . . . Sorry, Mrs. Dermott, am being

roped into another discussion on armaments . . . I'll take her to a show one night . . ." and Foster, amiably anticipating his dinner, rocked off to the armament question.

With the silent sympathy of a fellow prisoner, Miss Frome had at last detected something "difficult" in Jill's mood. She had her private opinions on several household traditions, vague and stupid as Frome was, and she did not consider Jill at all dull and clumsy, and certainly not sly. Of course, poor Mrs. Dermott did not understand . . . So busy always . . . Never time to know the girl. Miss Frome occasionally indulged in a daydream never to be materialised—Mrs. Dermott thanking her with most unnatural softness for all she had done, and "—I have put you down in my will, Frome. You will never want."

Lonely, unattached, homeless but for Rockholme, terrified of being useless and poor in her old age, Miss Frome maintained her respect for Mrs. Dermott against all inner voices arguing against it, until habit had become part of her. "She would never turn me out—I can't face taking the pension and living in a room. She could never turn me out."

They were sewing she and Jill, in dock chairs, at the foot of the garden where absence of heavy trees meant sunlight. The side when high lapped at the wall beside them, on which Jill's feet were set, near a feathery pampas bed silvery and plume-like in the bright light, falling on the green beads of slime hanging on the stone ramp once used by Hugh for his boats. Little shells, on a beach two yards long, whispered, as half-inch wavelets drew them to and fro. The salty breath of the water, stalling in cool threads through the steamy warmth rising from watered grass hot in the sun was cool on Jill's face and legs. Reaching out to the heat haze, the water lay pale blue, motionless, like moiré silk.

Jill lifted her head to listen. It was Saturday afternoon, a restless feeling in the air. "It would be nice to have a gramophone," she sighed. From over the harbor, distant giving it magic, came the lilt of a popular song. Jill listened with her heart and her ears. "Ser-en-ade . . . in the Night . . ." Her throat felt cramped, her eyes hot and smarting. Danny, Danny? Far out, a drift of white sails showed, leaning only slightly, blurred in the sunlight. A motor boat popped. Ferries crowded with holidaying young people off to swim, he on the sands, eat under pine trees, laughing . . . sometimes motor boats and little yachts came quite close to the old trotting boat house at Rockholme, for Jill to see the scantily-clad, sun-browned young people on board, and hear gramophones . . . sometimes at night small drifting lights showed the course of a boat from which came the clear plinkety-pank of a guitar. "Ser-en-ade . . . in the Night."

To her surprise, Jill heard her voice try to copy the sound, but it ended in a throaty whisper. The sound shamed her in some way, made her feel desperately lost and lonely.

Perhaps Danny was out there somewhere, on the boat owned by a friend in another book store. All her yearning, the wild passion of her longing for something unnamed broke out in one choked cry: "I wish we had a gramophone . . ." that not being the core of her wish at all.

Miss Frome was not prepared to foster such a rebellious wish, so formed an inadequate response. "Gramophones are not

ladylike things. They're common, ridiculous things."

Something snapped in Jill: "Why must you murder every illusion I have? Is there anything I ever want that someone doesn't call common?" From over the water, the gramophone drifting closer, came a lifting refrain: "So long as I love you, and you love me, too, what does it mat-ter?" Common? Oh Heaven, it was true, common or not. Jill felt stirring in her a desperation, a kind of warring frenzy against everyone labelling "common" those simple things she craved. She felt she had to defend the music, even though it was just a popular tune. She liked it. "Who said it was common?" she asked an irritation spreading to her voice, which sounded squeezed. "Lena I suppose. Everything that doesn't cost packets of money is common, according to her. If gramophones cost a thousand pounds each she'd sit mooning in front of it believing it marvellous."

This treason upset Miss Frome, who looked round nervously; "Now, Jill, it's no use going on like that. I don't know what's coming over you lately."

Jill's defeatist attitude was less submissive than formerly; she was aware of a blinding pain behind her eyes, an enormous pressure under her ribs, and in her brain a switch clicked; her wild laugh rang out and refused to stop. Miss Frome moved in alarm, but sat back, breathing again. The high-pitched laughter had shut with a little yelp as Jill crushed her handkerchief to her face, not knowing if she were laughing or crying. "Lena . . ." she choked out, catching her breath with her mouth twisting down at the corners; "Lena . . . Lena is like a fog in this place . . . creeping into every corner . . . sneaking into us . . . making us clammy and limp like wet curtains in winter. Lena . . . Lena . . . She's a spider, an evil creeping thing . . . Oh, marvellous, wonderful Lena who says gramophones are common and makes us believe it. Lena . . . who says my mother was common . . . a scarlet-headed woman in the back of the town . . . Marvellous, wonderful Lena," Jill shrieked, hands clenched, beating against her forehead. The thick, hoarse screams rose in hysterical crescendo, until the sound in her own ears frightened her. She collapsed into a sobbing huddle in the deck-chair.

Miss Frome was almost out of her wits. Presently, Jill went on sewing with hands that shook. She felt sick and ill, and shamed by the awfulness of that desire to claw the sky down over her . . . to run . . . jump in the water, kill and smash and break everything round her. She was shaking inside. Her heart seemed to be throbbing below her waist; she could feel the bumping under one wrist. Her face was ashen, the little freckles standing on her nose.

"Are you . . . better now, my dear?" timidly asked the woman. Jill nodded dully, and thought with sudden sickness: Hugh Folland must have felt like that when . . . And her eyes dilated. With Lena all round him like a clammy fog, he must have felt like that . . . only worse. "Jill dear . . . what is it?"

"Nothing, Frome . . . just a brain-storm. Leave me alone."

That was something Miss Frome could not do; "Really, Jill, you must control yourself. You positively frightened me. And you mustn't say such things about Mrs. Dermott and work yourself into such a pitch. She's a wonderful person."

Jill slowly turned her face, light dawning on her; "Is she?" came the level question. "Just tell me why . . . if you can."

"Well . . . Really . . ." Miss Frome blab-

dered, still afraid of Jill's strange outburst, yet wanting to humor her. "Her strong character... charities... committees... and her lectures in the stoma... All that!"

Jill thought for a moment. "Queer—to see that suddenly for what it's worth. Gosh! Orating on making ends meet with grantees to live on... she wearing anything from fifty pounds upwards on her back. Then coming home to fly into rages because cook serves a poor soufflé. Why do you think that wonderful?" asked the quiet voice. "Why?" Jill demanded loudly, her nerves taut again.

Really, the girl looked just like her mother for a moment. On one unforgettable occasion Miss Frome had met Jenny, with Edwin, in the city. He had been embarrassed to contact a member of the household he deserted to marry Jenny, but she had no such qualms. Miss Frome had found herself swept into a tea-shop to eat cakes, drink tea, and listen, mesmerized, as the red-golden beauty discoursed ardently on some lost cause—a girl friend ousted unfairly in the courts by a rascally husband avoiding maintenance. Jenny had been magnificent, Edwin blindly adoring.

Now Jill was saying, just as Jenny had that long time ago: "Why?" Jenny's cause had been different, but the two voices were the same, soft and compelling, rich with feeling. Poor Frome, confused by those two voices, lifted her head. "She just is—no more what she referred to."

"Besides," said Frome, not "letting well alone," she behaved so wonderfully over that... The woman dropped her voice; "... that tragedy, Jill dear. Poor Hugh Pollard. She bore it so nobly. Everyone said so. You weren't even born at the time. You're no idea." It was safe to praise Mrs. Dermott, Frome decided. "It was terrible, Jill. I remember it all. She nearly went insane with grief. He was such a sensitive young man. Nobody seemed to understand him. And so reckless. You never knew what he'd do next. She guarded him continually from folly... There was a girl long ago. He wanted to marry her. She's married to someone else now. He drank for weeks when she married. No balance..."

"Why didn't he marry her?"

"Well, Jill, she... Miss Frome did not know, and looked pitifully bemused. "He brought her here, such a pretty girl... Perhaps... But she didn't come again, and there were scenes over money. You see, he had to ask Mrs. Dermott... and, oh yes, I remember, this girl was just after his money. Then he went to South Africa. I think Mrs. Dermott thought it would do him good and make him forget... She bore so many trials through him, Jill, and loved him devotedly. I've known her to go to his room after waiting until three in the morning, to take him hot milk and see if he was comfortable."

Jill made a disgusted sound, and: "How revolting."

"But Jill, he was all she had..." Miss Frome was troubled. "She worshipped him. And when he... ended himself later, it was just shocking. One blow after the other. He had deceived her dreadfully, all the time. A wife in Africa, a mistress here. And your poor Uncle Hugh meant no harm..."

"He wasn't my uncle, and any man grown up who lets himself become a puppy-dog isn't worth owning."

"He wasn't able to manage his life properly, so gay and impulsive and moody in turns... I've seen him laughing one minute, and black with depression the next. She had to look after him."

"Or did this looking after him," asked

Jill, with herself in mind, "make him gay and moody in turns? Which?" She setled upon one fact she had often dwelt on. "And whatever he was or wasn't, he was a rotten coward to kill himself and leave a little baby fatherless."

"Hugh is dead, Jill," whispered the woman.

"Well, why should dead people be excused their sins while live ones have to go on being punished? Tell me that."

Miss Frome was devoid of inspiration.

Jill dug up an old grievance. "So is my mother dead. If Lena makes Hugh a saint because he's dead, why does she say such rotten things about my mother who is dead, too? I'm glad Hugh's wife turned up."

"Jill! Why on earth?"

She had fastened to a shrewd discovery. "Because, by claiming all Hugh's money she did Lena out of it. The will would have given it—Peter Pollard's will—all to Lena if he hadn't had a wife. She loves money. She must have been beside herself."

"Not beside herself, Jill. Her heart was broken."

"You can't," Jill stated logically, "break a heart you haven't got."

"Jill!"

"I expect she was only furious because she couldn't manage him when he'd moved on to the next world," came calmly. The visualization of an infuriated Lena baffled by death was oddly comforting to Jill's sore heart.

"Besides..." Jill stopped dead. The pampas had rustled as though someone had brushed past them. Her sick tremor of immediate fear betrayed the spell of Lena. What was the good? It was easy to be brave with the foe out of sight. It was so safe to let off steam to Frome, who would never tell. Despair settled on Jill. Her fluttering spirit had for an hour rebelled, but self-doubt was quietening it again. For a little while she had strained at the invisible bonds maddening her, only to relax in dread and let them grip her fast again. Scared... scared sick of Lena, scared sick of confessing to Danny about Foster and seeing a grim contempt come to the stately eyes... scared sick of telling Foster she never had loved him and never could...

"I wish we had a gramophone," said Jill, and wept suddenly because she hadn't—or, for some reason.

Sybilla was worried more than either Danny or Owen suspected, as the lagging romance intensified his restlessness and brought bitter moods to him in the dark. Sybilla knew. By the very tone of his forced voice when trying to be bright, she knew. She wanted him to come to her as he used to, and talk—but he was a separate identity, entering man's estate, with already the burden of adult love on his young shoulders. Fortunately for the boy, his mother was able to summon from the past her own reactions to the mingled pain and joy that love creates.

When looking back on herself, Sybilla saw the girl of the past as another personality, curiously pitiful and blind when seen through the eyes of experience. That girl had been sensitive, secretive, and moody also, when suffering by loving Hugh and not knowing how much he loved her. Smarting also, when old Mrs. Franks, vicariously interested in the romance, had inquisitively wanted to know all about it. And wounded to the soul when the old lady warned Sybilla protectively to have nothing to do with any member of the Pollard family; they were

traditionally unable to make their women happy, and the womenfolk of the family were well-known vixens... though it was another animal the old lady described in the feminine gender. Sybilla remembered her indignation against poor old Mrs. Franks for that "libel," and went on wistfully writing long unposted letters in secret, as if, by pouring out her heart to paper, she could bring Hugh to proposing.

Sometimes Sybilla went, on her free days, to meet Jenny Cavanagh at some quaint tea-shop she had a genius for discovering, or to her studio-flat above the city streets, when they talked in broken sentences of love, life, and people. Jenny laughing at "poor mesmerised Eddie." Sybilla sighing over gay Hugh Pollard. Mrs. Franks had been indulgent. Sybilla was painstaking, methodical, and performed her duties well, so earned many an unexpected hour of freedom from duty. Occasionally Hugh, Jenny, Edwin and herself would go to a theatre, Edwin having to lie as Hugh did, at Korkholme, about their destination of that evening. Jenny was laughingly confident of dragging Edwin out, "neck and crop, from that odious old creature he got engaged to," while Sybilla, less innocent, had grieved and nibbled her lips in private for fear Hugh was only "playing" with her. Jenny had dashed into living with her red-gold head tilted bravely, nonsense and gladness a part of her challenge to life, but Sybilla had walked into life, hesitatingly afraid it might not want her.

Then, amazingly, blinding her with joy, Hugh had confessed his love, begging her to marry him quietly out of town and "do away with the fuss my sister will kick up." The future had stretched forward like a road to a promised land—leading to a desert.

That simple girl of long ago had not even criticised him for keeping her hidden, without friends, but for Owen and Jenny, had not wondered why Hugh never brought his friends home, or why one of the wealthy Pollards often had not enough money to meet the weekly bills. Nor why, when she told him, in the breathless wonder of awe, about the baby to come, he had gone white to the lips and for three days drank steadily. Nor why, when a letter, post-marked in South Africa, was left lying on his dressing-table, he had risen in fury, accusing her of reading it, when she had asked who it was from. Brooding, suffering, then gay and carefree, optimistic one hour, blackly depressed the next! That incredibly trusting girl of eighteen had not even analysed the facts.

Smarting and shamed by his frequent neglect, he had contacted her later by saying he had to please his sister, or she would stop his money. The spells at the little bungalow became more brief; further apart. But for Jenny, Sybilla had been lonely, and Jenny had her newspaper work, her novel, and was challenging hesitating Edwin to leave the Pollards and live his own life. Jenny had gaily promised to marry him, more as a kind of chivalric rescue than for love. If he would leave the Pollard woman and learn the joy of fighting for success without obligation. Sybilla was lonely, wishing she had Jenny's spirit, and not so well with the baby on the way.

One day, when shopping in the city, carrying her shopping-bag carefully to hide her waistline, she had seen Lena's car turn a corner, the solemn chauffeur driving. Hugh was with his sister; he had looked right through Sybilla, left standing shocked and humiliated, petrified on the footpath. Hurt for weeks over that, he had lied... he hadn't seen her. Perhaps it was true; she had preferred to think of it that way.

So often it was that she preferred to think that way. Sybilla knew later, though not when younger, that women fight off inner disillusion even while facts stand bleak before them. What mystery was it, the love striking like sparks in two people so that neither was free any more. A bondage of life and heart and spirit. If Danny and Jill . . . ? Sybilla recalled, with such pain that she almost gasped aloud, the miseries she endured when battling against Hugh's strange moods while deprived of the power to understand their origin or meaning. Bonded to him by something too awful and too beautiful to name or understand, and it had been such an uneasy bondage in between the rare hours of happiness and peace when she had felt sure of him and his love. Yet of his love she had always felt sure. That was why, later, it had wounded her so to know him so weak as to play traitor to his own, and . . . forget them both when taking the cowardly back-door exit from living. Cowardly? Yes, for he had been made a coward by Lena's devilishly insidious possessiveness.

Sybilla could not forget the wounds, not blame him for having made them. She reached behind the Hugh she knew to grope round and seize upon Lena, for she was the culprit. It was not natural or wholesome for any younger brother to be so gripped and owned by an older woman, and the ordinary older sister, if normal would, if she loved that brother so much as she proclaimed, be only too happy for him to marry and have his normal existence. Older sisters died in time, to leave behind the possessed younger brothers who then must suffer loneliness, and the awful sense of having lost the best in life.

Sybilla remembered back until her head ached. It was useless, futile, and wrong, for, as Owen had sometimes hinted, retrospective imaginings prevented forward-looking plans. But who, she cried in silence, could forget? To forget the bad things would mean that she had also to forget the good . . . and there were sweetness she wanted to remember.

Shudderingly she recalled the time when Danny was born, not for her pain and the strange ordeal gone through without much fuss, but for Hugh's queer terror, not understood until later. Days of trying to escape the fact of the coming child, then, when it came, days of drinking to find oblivion. On that occasion he had felt utterly lost and helpless, for naturally he could not go to Lena in this trouble. Since childhood she had taught him to go to her in all griefs and worries, as a small child to its mother's skirts. And like the child deprived of that protection, he had become frantic. It was all so horrible, so terrible, to realise just what could become of the mind, will-power, and character of the man kept mentally in childhood through never being set firmly on his own feet. She, the wife, had suffered. Yes, the wife. It was the way she felt about him, the row she had made in her heart and had kept, and still kept through twenty years and now Danny was in love with a girl and faced his manhood's bondage . . .

Sybilla smiled slowly with one side of her mouth. Danny would have no need to hide Jill like a shame, to lie about his love for her, to invent false destinations when going to see her. Providing their love affair escaped Lena's mischievous interference, Danny would have a straight course through his married life, and his young independence of character would not be weakened by herself. However love hurt him, she vowed she would not interfere. Oh, the wicked wrong and cruelty of throwing spanners into the machinery of others' lives, and the beastliness so tragically in women

like Lena who, unable themselves to love or know beauty, smashed down love in others and stole their beauty . . . In his terror of his sister Hugh had even lied to her, Sybilla, not knowing she could have faced any problem, any trouble, with him strong by her side and the truth on his lips.

His fear of Lena knowing where his real home was had evoked another fear—the fear of Sybilla knowing how often he saw Lena. A network of fear and lies too strong for him to break through. All so needlessly, and she sighed to see the waste of effort and his punishment in the past. "Just going down the coast for a night or two, darling, to see Crafer's about a little deal." But Sybilla had known, with the flat sense of utter conviction in the hearts of most sensitive women loving and deceived, that he was lying. Why . . . why . . . Why lie to her? She could not, even now, answer that question. Afraid of her, no! Afraid, perhaps, of acknowledging the strange spell Lena had over him. Afraid, perhaps, of letting her, Sybilla, witness the effect of that spell on his very face as, looking sideways with his glance uneasy and his mouth stubborn, he made his lie . . .

Swift sometimes to entreat him to remain with her, Sybilla saw how hopeless had been her losing fight, for he belonged then to Lena, while he loved her, herself. Lena had made him her own, so that he was uneasy and tormented when crossing her will, even though she was unaware of that. Nobody knew all those details but Sybilla who, left alone too often with her thoughts, had suffered as only a woman can in such neglect.

"I'm your wife, Hugh," she had cried on one occasion, "and a wife must be put first. Not selfishly, Hugh, but justly. I wouldn't for worlds have you hurt or neglect one of your own family, however hard and . . ."

He had checked her, angry with himself more than with her; "I can't stand this infernal jealousy of yours, Sybilla, so cut it out."

Jealousy! He might just as well have struck her in the face. She had spirit in her gentleness and fired into the hurt animation of self-defence: "Jealousy, Hugh, can you say that? Who is the jealous one? When have I shown jealousy of you? You leave me alone so much . . . so often. I try and try to fill the time, but you take me nowhere and seem . . . ashamed, somehow, of marrying me."

His swift retort was not then understood and she flinched as he muttered fiercely: "I am ashamed of marrying you."

The white, dazed look on her face had shaken him through. With a groan he had gathered her into his arms, but while he talked against her soft hair she was staring across his arm at the wall. "Ashamed . . . marrying you to give you this . . ." she heard in snatches through her bewilderment and shock: "Ashamed of not giving you . . . all you deserve . . . you and the youngster . . . Sybilla, it's not what you think." Then a cry from the depths of his tormented soul: "I can't stand it, I tell you. I can't stand any more."

Shaking, he drew back, and she had stifled her misgivings once again to say sickly without anger: "I understand, darling. If you must go, then you must. But perhaps there are some things I can't stand either."

He had turned a long, unsteady glance on her, saying with deliberation: "You, Syb, are strong. I am not. You could stand . . . anything, even loving me. Why do you love me?" he asked then, and for a moment he belonged to her.

"Why does anyone love," she said, manufacturing a smile: "It's something that happens like this"—she snapped her fingers in the air, "and until it stops it just goes on."

Nobody understands it, so why should we try?"

"Until it stops," he echoed, eyeing her suspiciously, his quick morbidity in action again: "Yes, I suppose you'll stop loving me, like a snap of your fingers, and then you'll find some other man more worthy."

"I'm your wife, Hugh."

She wondered then why he thrust her back and went out blindly, with a kind of groan. But thinking of the incident later she knew she had rubbed salt into his wounded conscience, without being aware of that wound. Tragedy! There were all kinds of tragedies, nor did a tragedy need pistols and knives to make it ghastly. And what worse tragedy was there than going on and on blindly fighting the strange devil of abnormality leashed in a man's agonised mind, with he himself unable to stop their clawing and scratching.

Owen, very young in his profession then, had said a little about Hugh, but cautiously, for Sybilla's sake. "The actions and reactions of our mental equipments, Sybilla, are too bewildering for you or me to understand, but the newest and most valuable science to aid this sorry world is mental science, and until we understand the motives behind our obvious behaviour, we're blundering about in the dark. I'm taking up the psychological side of sickness as well as the medical. It's interesting. Now forget Hugh and tell me about yourself."

Anyhow, she thought, the neurotic strain was not insanity, and queer as the Follands had been, they were more eccentric than mad, and as Owen said, there is not a completely sane person in existence. So long as nothing darkly sinister was in the blood for Danny to inherit, his moods could be blamed upon his troubles, and his unrest upon his youthful frustration, as well as upon the unease moving amongst nations as well as individuals in this age of stress and strain. Uncertainty and dread were in the air, like a fog over the world. Nations were made of individuals, and Danny was one, with a hurtful love affair to influence him, as such things influenced other young men—making them most difficult to live with.

Danny had enough ballast, and Owen assured her of this, to stand strong on his feet and face up to life. Hugh had been robbed in infancy of his birthright of strength and independence, and Lena had gone on robbing him, sucking him dry of his courage and will-power, until only a husk was left. A husk shaped like a man, loved and loving like a man, but a child just the same . . . a spoiled child running to and fro in desperation, afraid of adult existence, and finally escaping from it in the only way his poor battered mind knew, because adult existence was just too much for the mentally infantile to cope with. Hugh had been . . .

She shook the memory off; but Danny knew, in his young protectiveness, that the mere mention of Lena's name could set her own heart fluttering—bring a look to her face she could never quite disguise. Therefore it was difficult for him to refer to Jill Dermott, and in that fact was the blame for some of his unrest. They ought to be happy, these two young things, free to visit each other's homes, to meet, to do all the queer things young people found to do when love made even sandwiches under a rain-wet tree a grand adventure.

Sybilla forced her roaming thoughts from the past to the manuscript she was laboriously typing, wishing at the back of her mind that scientists could choose simpler words to describe their findings. Who cared about spiders that captured birds

spiders that ate spiders, or five-syllabled creepers with hooks on their leaves? Nature in the rough seemed to be about as kind as human beings in the raw. At that point in her reflections a knock came on the door, and lighting at the interruption, expecting anyone from the laundryman to a travelling salesman or charity-collector, Sybilla opened the door.

"Owen!" she said, to go back to her seat at her desk, "are apparently more easily-natured than I've imagined." She rolled a fresh sheet of paper into the machine and sat back to take a cigarette from the sill and indicate her need of a match. The lost look in her eyes was banished by interest; "It's nice to see you, Owen. Anything special?"

"Just a feeling I'd like to see you," he said, dropping the cushions from the chesterfield to the carpet; "Had a letter from the tenants . . . dining-room roof sprung a leak. Irony, eh, to relish pottering round a house keeping it in order, and having to get agents to fix it. Well . . . I don't suppose Riverlea will vanish, for all that, Sybilla. I get tired . . . bone-tired of life in town. Doesn't the smell of grass ever sting your nostrils; are you completely assimilated to the reek of petrol on hot roadways, the smell of garbage cans and tram-shops and hotel-bars . . .?"

So that was his reason for coming! City-isation, which so often assailed her inner self and made the country seem like the lost Atlantis . . . "There's a storm brewing," she said him, as if he had not seen the livid sky and queerly gleaming roof-tops on his rounds that afternoon. "Your Celtic blood, Owen! You're half fey. There will be a storm. I know, because my hair crackled when combing it just now. Hair is such city stuff. No wonder Jill complains to Danny that she wants her's bobbed."

"How is the Lothario?" Owen asked idly, being her comfort without any qualms he interrupting her in her work. He smoked his cigarette with indolent enjoyment while watching her quick reaction to his question. So she'd been thinking again.

"Moody . . . and unhappy, I think."

"Of course; he's in love, with the unattainable starting to beckon . . . No, Sybilla, sympathise. Poor young devil. It's a pitched state of affairs for them both. And parents look forward to the nice easy time they'll have when their children grew up," he added in mild irony. "Must I bless or curse myself for being childless?"

"Danny has been your son, Owen," which was her way of thanking him for the years of influence she valued so. It seemed to him a subtle reproach on Hugh Pollard. So he had been thinking of that also. Darn the Pollard tribe.

"Well, don't worry about him. Things will work out all right, I hope."

"He's doing the worrying. Really, Owen, it is maddening for them both. Have you seen your sister-in-law lately?"

"No, thank Heaven," came with emphasis. Sybilla crushed out her cigarette while giving him fondly beneath lowered lashes. "You've been to the Spanish monstrosity more often of late, so . . . But naturally you'd not visit there just to pick up information about Jill."

He laughed to himself. "No, I'm far too nice for that."

"I'll make some tea. Really, I was about to when you came in. Too many bird-eating spiders and spider-eating orchids are bust making . . ." Owen followed her into her spotless kitchen to open the refrigerator and munch celery while she tied the kettle and watched it by the stove. "Thank goodness for a hot water

supply," she said out of her thoughts. "It saves gas and time too."

Owen leaned against the ice-box to regard the piece of celery in his fingers. "Did you ever meet the Wendells?"

"The who?"

"Never mind. Here, let me carry that. Isn't there some food to go with it?"

"Take it in. I'll bring some cake and biscuits," she laughed.

They sat in the chesterfield with the tray before them on a stool, talking desultorily while Sybilla thought of Jill and Danny, Owen, of Riverlea and Sybilla. Over the city, thunder commenced to rumble, like the far off sound of drums. Through the open door to the porch and the porch windows, wide open, they could see the bruise-colored sky in long wavy packs of cloud. A flicker of red-yellow lightning darted through the mass, no more than a flick against the eyesight, but the storm was coming heavily closer. The world held its breath with the threat. Sybilla got up and switched on her desk lamp.

"I'm becoming a hardened cynic," Owen flibbed, regarding her with unconscious hunger. "With so much unhappy love about me. Not surprising if I were a cynic," he added, knitting his brows, "having just come from a home where the man beat up his wife because she found another child on the way . . . the child now non-existent. Oh, well, it is life, as they say on the Continent. The Continous," he mimicked, laughing.

"Hasn't Nelly lost her accent yet?" asked Sybilla, then, as he shook his head. "Goodness, what a strain it must be. A cynic! There's nothing cynical about you, thank heavens . . . Mercy! hear that!"—as a detonating clap of thunder volleyed across the heavens—"and hardened cynics, to my mind, are camouflaged sentimentalists cheated of their true ambitions. I hate cynicism. It's so cheapening in elderly people, and repellent in young ones. It's the cynics who are to blame for young love being so ridiculed."

"At times it is rather ridiculous," he said laudly.

Sybilla took a biscuit with her gaze on the boiling sky. "That's what the cynics say. They sneer at its morbidities, excesses, dreams. You know you don't feel a bit like that, or why such anxiety to champion Jill's cause—poor little thing. No, Owen, young love is full of chivalries older folk wouldn't contemplate; huge sacrifices older ones would say cost too much; deep resolutions and purposes that maturity wouldn't dare make. When those young things—any decent young people—suffer and agonise it isn't over molehills, but mountains. They are mountains to them. And their ideals," she laughed kindly, "so brave and unconnected with hard facts. So innocent, essentially. It's all pitiful and rather lovely and makes one feel old to see it so."

Thunder ripped across the sky again, the lightning invading the room with sharp bluish flickers. "Poor Danny! This age is horribly mundane. He feels in terms of armor, dragons, and white chargers, and lives in terms of telephone calls, cheap luncheons, and closed doors. The child might as well be a captured princess in a fairy-tale."

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair," chanted Owen, yawning with tiredness, not boredom. Whatever Sybilla said flowed comfortably over his mind. Her voice was soft and rich, her attitude to life was kind. "Danny would look fine climbing up a tower on a long rope of chestnut hair. I often wonder did it hurt the lady much. The Rapunzels and Lady Godivas of these days

are confined chiefly to University processions."

Sybilla said seriously: "University processions are very vulgar." Then, thoughtfully: "I suppose that's why I always make a point of witnessing them."

Owen's sympathetic laughter sounded. Loving when one is young, she thought—an agony of sweetness, an eternity of pain, a transformation and a revelation, a living death and a deathless life . . . all in a heart that can scarcely hold so much. Poor, the one who shuts his heart on love to turn it away . . . yet to admit it in means pain of some kind to the end of living: a hopeless search for something never quite found—some, who want less, finding more than others. Such was its complex irony.

"There's something very natural and direct in Jill Dermott," said Owen reflectively. "Or such was my impression. I've seen her only occasionally."

"And Danny speaks of her only occasionally—with the barrier between us. He frightened me the other night. For the moment he might have been Hugh—I caught him unawares, brooding in that chair. And when I said something about not letting himself brood, he scowled with misery in his eyes, saying every time he sat still for a minute didn't mean he was brooding. Then he said: 'You needn't worry about me going like my father,' Owen!" Sybilla faltered and put down her tea cup. "For the moment I felt he had struck me."

"Then . . .?"

"Sorry, clumsy, loving—made tea for me, wanted to take me to the pictures. Came to my room late that night three times, asking me was I sure I 'wasn't thinking.' Owen—have I been cowardly and wrong in letting myself grieve for the past?"

"Not cowardly; not wrong," he said very slowly, while the thunder rumbled and big slow raindrops commenced to fall. "Nor could anyone resist more gallantly the devil you've had at you. I'm telling you only because you ask me, dear heart . . ." and at the rare use of that sweet word she felt her lips tremble. "You know, Sybilla, there's no going back . . . no looking back . . . without disaster. Take your eyes off the forward-marching road and you're done. We live in one moment, the moment of the present. All that has been is to-day's yesterday, and to-day is to-morrow's yesterday. In here," he said, tapping his brow, "the past lies, nowhere else."

"Yes . . ." she sighed. "Yes . . . that is so. But . . . Do you believe in destiny?" she asked, "as an arranged track for us to tread through life?"

"To a certain extent, yes, Sybilla. But it depends entirely upon ourselves how we tread that track . . . strongly, without looking back, or weakly, grieving over past things and spreading our colours to our companions."

She looked startled: "Have I dimmed Danny's spirits with my tragedies?"

"Wakened him, through no fault of yours, to life's immemorable pain—perhaps a bit too soon. But what he's lost of gladness, Sybilla, he's found in character . . . and character . . . and character matters most in the end. He'll get over these moods and spells. It's part of his initiation to maturity—graduation course."

The rain was falling heavily now, sweetening the air. She got up and opened the windows, sheltered from above by a concrete ledge. "It will stop before he leaves the office. He didn't take his coat—who would, this morning? . . . and he's got his new suit on. I'm . . . thinking over all

that, Owen," she said, and came back to the lounge.

"Sybilla!" She turned sharply at his burdened tones. "Do you realise I've wanted several times to kill Hugh?" The quiet words were so deliberate that she respected the effort behind them. "Have you forgotten that he was drunk for five days after Danny was born . . . and you waited . . ."

"Please don't, Owen."

"It's better out than in. My extrovert bluntness is like an operation on a secret cancer, Sybilla. Murder is an ugly thing to bear in a man's heart for a friend. Well . . . so now you know. Even then, Sybilla, it was that way with me . . . though I suppressed it, perhaps scarcely recognising it, myself with Claire . . . you with Hugh and Danny. But it's always been that way with me. And don't forget what your nearness—and your fairness—does to me. I'm one of those unglaucous, uncharming fellows perhaps doomed always to look in on other people's happiness . . . and sorrow. But I'm no less satisfied by being outside, for all that. And there's red blood in my veins, not wet clay. Waste is a crime, Sybilla . . . a crime against heaven. Claire has been gone two years now. Riverlea . . . Oh, well, think it over, Sybilla, as part of the forward-looking campaign, and see if you can find room in that battered place better emptied of cobwebs . . . Danny might be married later. What, then, for you? This?" he asked, sweeping a hand out slowly to indicate the flat.

The startled look which for one moment invaded her eyes did much towards soothing a fear that he might have been too drastic. Not wishing to continue, or force her into replying, he lifted himself up with a sigh and crossed to the lamp, switching it off. The bright sunlight pouring between scattered clouds now filled the room with its apricot reflection. The storm was muttering its way towards the south. Reseating himself and lighting another cigarette, Owen broke Sybilla's thoughts by saying casually he was going to call professionally on Edwin, at Rockholme, that evening. "In about twenty minutes, to be precise. Like all of his type, he's deeply interested in the theory of immortality, while terrified of every ill and pain. Curious fellow, Edwin. Perhaps I'll get a glimpse of Jill."

"Do try," Sybilla asked. "But I thought Lena dislikes you too much to have you call there."

"She does," he grinned. "Like all of her disposition, she dislikes intensely anyone who sees through the glass-window of her wonderfulness. She's loathed me ever since I told her the heart-attack she had—after Edwin went to Jenny—was only bad temper."

"You can't expect her to love you for that."

"Oh, well! By the way, if you could survive the double visit, I'll call in for a spot of food later and report on the call at Rockholme."

Hang it, he thought, going down to the car, I'm lonely as a castaway. So is Sybilla.

Jill was ashamed of herself for making no progress towards freedom, though what freedom constituted exactly, and how she could bring it about, remained a vexing mystery. She was terrified for fear Danny would tire of waiting for her, and guilty for the part cowardice played in her negative life. And the lies—her brain forever plotting schemes to escape without anyone knowing, for an hour with Danny. It was all humiliating, and she feared it humiliated Danny also. Like that night Foster had asked her to

dinner in town, at seven-thirty. Ringing Danny to ask could he be in the park, by the fountain, at seven, then lying to Lena, saying she was to meet Foster at seven . . . Getting out of the taxi by the cathedral, hurrying not to waste a second, then seeing him in day clothes, she in a white silk frock to her heels and a velvet jacket in daylight, then a few hasty sentences, lots of silence on a seat, and another taxi, to arrive feeling hot and tearful and make Foster ask if she was feverish.

Then the night Danny waited for two hours under the plane trees near Rockholme while Lena fiddled about in her bedroom before going out. Miss Frome with a headache—thank goodness!—and herself muttering something about going downstairs for a book . . . dashing through the side gate to the plane trees . . . headlights from turning cars throwing dazzling radiance over them while sitting close, cheek to cheek, on a tram seat . . . Danny full that night of ambition and hope, talking of ideas for making Pennyfields' more prosperous . . . and of books, bathing, the country, and Dr. Pennyfield taking himself and Sybilla for chop-suey—a delight Jill had merely read about in stories.

"It was the other night," said Danny, realising dimly that the simplicities of his existence were like a novel to Jill, and he smuggled her closer in the crook of his arm as he went on. "He's a queer bird in some ways. And when he bundles us into his bus and swoops us off to some den for coffee chop-suey, dim-stims, and all that sort of stuff, I honestly believe he's giving a kind of smack at Austin and Nelly. Lord, if they knew I called them Austin and Nelly."

"You'd get the sack, perhaps," Jill breathed, listening ardently, and hating having to rush back home through the tree shadows. Always too soon. Always with words left unspoken and plans unmade, to let life drag her on into waiting—for what?

Danny was doubtful about the sack. "Would you like to work somewhere else?" Jill asked.

"No, unless it were my own business." Danny gave her a little bug. Vocational satisfaction. That's what I want."

"You'll get it, Danny," Jill whispered.

He smiled in the dimness, but did not let her fingers go. Presently he lifted them to his cheek, pretending to invite criticism on his rough skin. "Feel that bristle. Rushing out prevented me from shaving. Have to wield the razor fairly often these days, with a lady to meet . . . But he was really enjoying the softness of her fingers against his face, and as they lay there he quickly kissed them and dropped her hand to pass a quick remark about the weather. The weather! She suddenly choked with laughter, and they sat close again in a small world of their own making, all else closed out.

Whispers, kisses, and sweet prayers. Her heart was full. "Tell me," she said presently. "What is chop-suey?" And he launched into a description which would cause any Chinese cook to tear his hair. "—and there's salty, brown stuff, a sort of thin sauce, to go with it. And doesn't it give you a thirst. The other night we came home and drank gallons of squash in the kitchen."

"In the kitchen," Jill sighed. "Our kitchen is like a museum annex and just as unattractive. Cook gets daily orders for this and that, and fulfils them in fear of her life—just about. And when I go there I have to make sure Lena isn't about, or she'd play up. Danny, it's not a home

if you have to live like that. I loathe and detest it. I'd like to burn it down."

He was staring. The break in her voice was sheer temper, he knew, brought to boiling point by the pain of many things and not only hatred of the Fortress. "Some day," he said, "you'll have a home of your own."

She thought of Foster and shivered. "Danny . . ." but Jill's lips closed after that one strangled word and she could have wept.

"Danny, I can't help it. Lena seems to be all round me wherever I am, and when she comes near me I'm just a cowardly fool, all hands and feet and chinstraps. She just looks at me . . . like a spider, with black eyes like buttons. Tony glenn. There's no depth in them. As soon as I go into that house I feel gripped. It's hard to explain. Do you think I'm right in my head?"

His mouth was grim: "Of course, chump."

A wave of courage came over her. She saw herself facing Lena, demanding individual freedom, announcing her intention of dismissing Foster, proclaiming her own right to marry where she loved. The exultation was like soda water in her brain. Her eyes shone in the half-light and her head lifted: "I will tidy things up and make a . . . what was that?"

He lost sight of the shining beauty of her face when turning with a start, but it was merely a man shuffling along the footpath from the direction of Rockholme.

Jill stood up and held out both hands in a gesture infinitely piteous. Her voice was drained. "It's killing me to be such a coward, and I've got to go now . . . A sob broke in her throat. "Always, it's I've got to go now. Oh, Danny . . . Danny!"

One fierce, swift embrace, and she had broken away. He stood rigid to watch the last of her as she sped through the shadows.

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and started off briskly. Walking might make him feel less of a futile fool.

She felt so shut out from the three of them, Danny, his mother Sybilla, and Dr. Owen. She could feel their combined interest in her own longing for individuality, and might easily earn their contempt for her tardiness—and Dr. Owen knew about her engagement. What must he think of her?

Devouring endless novels in the hope of discovering problems similar to her own, Jill read far into the night, with the electric light switched off for fear Frome would come in making silly remarks about the somnia. Ellen had sneaked some candles up from the pantry. Ellen was a pet. But, according to Lena, it made servants "familiar" to talk with them, and they "resented" the "intrusion" if one went down to the kitchen. They didn't, for Jill had proved it. Cook even made her toast by the range, and sometimes told her about her daughter that had to get married.

With her new experience throwing light on many episodes previously thought foolish, in novels, Jill re-read those stories, discovering much of truth and the verities to condemn her faint-hearted tilt with authority. The books owned by Hugh were the most intriguing. Some of them made Jill gasp. When "that woman" had flown from the secret love-nest, as Lena had once said, she had been so overwhelmed that she had left behind all her possessions excepting clothes. Lena had sent Miss Frome and one of the two gardeners of that time, after the shock of the tragedy had lessened somewhat, to bring all the things home that Hugh had left there. "That woman's" things, Jill

learned from below stairs, had been given to the Salvation Army. Hugh's belongings had been placed tenderly upstairs in his locked room, the books from the bungalow—he had stacks of them wherever he went—put into the library. Lena could never endure to touch them. There were only a few of the more stuffy ones that Jill had not read—biographies, philosophy, economics, history, and politics.

Thinking of books linked Jill's mind always with Danny, and many in the library had been handled by himself first, at Pennyfields. A thought struck her unkindly: Austin and Nelly were often at Rockholme, Lena more often with Nelly at affairs. If Nelly chattered to Lena about she herself knowing a boy in a bookshop . . . Hang! Jill muttered, for Danny would possibly be dismissed. Perhaps Austin hadn't noticed her popping in there to talk to Danny . . . and perhaps, if he had, he wouldn't tell his wife. Men, as a rule, weren't quite so interesting as women . . .

Jill had talked enough with Danny to know how hard it was to get and keep jobs with prospects, without a profession, or specific knowledge and skill. But Danny seemed to take naturally to the buying and selling of books, Jill, with her interest in reading, appreciating his interest in the tidal flood of literature continually flowing between publisher and the buying public. Danny consulted trade catalogues, publishers' remainder pamphlets, literary supplements, and critiques, just as other boys studied mechanics or the sporting news. "Give me," he had said, "any crude bookshop in any prosperous town, and I'll make a go of it, and move on to get more shops, like Austin built up. If only I had the start, Jill . . ."

If only Jill mourned, he had the start. And her father was reeking with money, while Danny and his mother were so poor that they almost made a joke of it. One by one Jill extracted little details from Danny concerning his life at home. The novelty of it, the interest of it, made Jill almost explode with impatience to be "real" and "human" and become part of the genuine world, not the silly artificial stratum in which she had been placed by fate.

"I hate waste," she said one night during their brief hour on a train seat near Rockholme; "I'd like a flat or small house, so that every room is used. I'm like that with frocks, too. Of course I hate the uninteresting ones Lena insists are suitable to well-bred gentlefolk," she accented with indignation, "but there are so many of them. Isn't it infuriating. Not one chosen by myself or one that I like, yet too many to use up properly. And I can't give any to Ellen—they would fit her—because Lena knows them all and makes a show with her slum-boxes by stuffing them into them when the seasons change. I'd like everything I had to be just enough without being unused or wasted. Waste is untidy."

She was thinking of her imagined small unostentatious home one day, while she and Miss Frome picked flowers in the garden. It was Jill's day for doing the bowls and vases in the drawing-room; Lena was giving a card evening that night. Jill then thought of Dr. Owen and the funny compelling way he had spoken that day Father wasn't well . . . "Watch out, young lady, that you don't escape the fortress to find yourself in gaol"—something like that. How much did he know about herself and Danny? Was Danny confidential with him and perhaps admitted himself a bit tired of having a girl without the courage to face the fact herself . . . ?

The next day, when Dr. Owen called to see her father, she had hung about again,

hoping vaguely for more of his knowing references which were doing something challenging to her inner weakness. "Hullo, there," he had called out, startling her into throwing open the library door with a swift gesture of precaution. Nodding, he understood, going into the grim old room, badly lighted with too many tree branches near the windows.

"You look a bit peaky," he told her professionally. "Run down, eh. Well, conflict of soul—what we call the soul—does strange things to the body. You don't want to head for a breakdown, do you?"

"No, I don't. Dr. Owen . . . ?" But there were too many uncertain questions for voicing any intelligently; too many unspoken truths for clarity of thought. She had bitten her lower lip and stood there like an idiot . . . Then, "It's . . . awful."

"Hm, yes, I don't doubt that. Decision is the axe that slaughters conflict, my lass. The human mind wasn't built to stand suspense, and the gentle passion has unlimited powers for rousing conflict . . . Conflict breaks and kills, but you'd be surprised to know what a lot of trouble the human mind can face and deal with without much damage. So long, Rapunzel . . . Your father's on the mend, so I shan't be here again for a while."

She had seen him look with curiosity at the shelves round the walls, narrowing his eyes in the way he had, laughing through wisdom and understanding. Then he had shrugged and seemed about to speak, but thought better of it. "Well, Rapunzel . . ." and he had taken her hands and squeezed them for a second.

Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair. The fairy-tale. The princess in the tower. Rapunzel! Let down your hair!

Miss Frome, whom Jill had temporarily forgotten, was mumbling something on one knee beside a flower bed where she prodded ineffectively with a red-handled fork. The gardener was away on his afternoon off. Jill listened because in the brooding quiet of the sun-drenched garden slope she could not help hearing even Frome's aimless chatter.

" . . . end of summer . . . won't be long now . . ."

Jill and her basket swung round. "What won't be long now?"

"The wedding, Jill!" Miss Frome said simply without looking up. "The end of the summer, Mrs. Dermott said . . ."

"When did she say that?"

"Last night at dinner. Surely you remember . . . The end of the summer, she said, because of Mr. Wendell wanting to make his visit to Queensland on the sugar concern matter."

Jill went hot to her crown; to the soles of her feet. Heat prickled all over her and through her, as she stood petrified.

The woman babbled on. "Though weddings to my mind belong to the spring . . . young girls' weddings. Flowers, blossom, birds, all that"—and the fork described a circle over the flower bed.

"Weddings," Jill croaked loudly, "are asinine affairs"—and went on dragging at asparagus fern streamers, to get at the paler fronds.

"How can you be so calm about it?" sighed Miss Frome from beneath her mushroom gardening hat which had a twist of brown velvet round its bulk. "I simply do not know."

"As a matter of fact, it is rather a strain," said Jill, ambiguously. She couldn't go through with it, she couldn't. It was a nightmare. Lena was naming dates. This gave reality to the nightmare. She suspected something, not the

truth, but something. She said covert things about impatience and curiosity, and looked at Jill's body with deliberate eloquence, a half-smile of malice on her mouth. A fortress! Jill's tired gaze wandered over the house from foundations to safe roof. Fortress, gaol. The Wendell house would be a gaol, and worse, for Foster . . . Lena's strange glances of late had turned Foster from a fiance in a suit of clothes to a man with a body beneath them. Jill shuddered.

White as bone she sat suddenly in the gardening barrow, dropping her basket, the flowers tipping it sideways on the path.

Overhead a plane hummed, the air mail conquering time and distance. On the harbor a steamer boo-ed, the melancholy sough speaking of wide seas to cross. The pop-popping of a motor launch chopped through the stillness.

Ferries in the distance moved like ponderous water-beetles from shore to shore. A tramp steamer was coming in, through a glitter that forged its outline. Jill's heavy gaze, brooding and desperate, saw the scene before her. Her ears recorded the sounds, but all she could really see was Foster like a fat white worm without his clothes on . . . She crossed her arms, folding them tightly across her breast as if to shield herself. Miss Frome was suddenly aware of silence where Jill had been rustling, and stepping a moment before, looking over one shoulder sharply, then scrambling up. "Jill . . . are you faint?"

Jill's gaze, half-awake, turned, the strange look frightening the woman as the green eyes seemed to lose a terrible dream to focus her clearly. "Faint . . . ? No," came very slowly. "Not . . . faint. Just sick."

"The sun! No hat! Some water . . . I'll get it . . ."

"Not that sort of sickness," said Jill, standing up to high, press her lips together and lift the basket again.

"You look ghastly, dear . . ."

"I look a lot of things I'm not"—and went on hacking at the fern.

She went on with her automatic task, her mind racing, leaping and hurdling from one thing to another without coherence, but the effect was that of luminance in shadowed corners. The dragging time, the lonely thinking, the helplessness of being in this insidious trap. In a real prison you could plan practically to escape. In this abstract prison you could do nothing but force nerve and will to wait, knowing you must get out, yet seeing no opportunity to make first move. In books no lover could kiss without the loneliness crowding down more hideously; no young couple could be separated by similar insidious forces, without panic stirring in her. Her longing for Danny was just as intolerable as fear of marrying Foster.

Was it possible, or was she imagining things—could it be possible that Lena knew Foster twenty years too old for her, and wanted her to miss the beauty and naturalness of loving someone her own age? In Lena's queer personality there was something evilly contemptuous of love. Sometimes . . . people spoke of love . . . Lena curled her lips and said cutting things. They spoke sometimes of divorce . . . Lena said lust, filth, and serves them right. When anyone spoke of marriage she referred to the match, not the persons concerned. She condemned privately the low breeding habits of the poor—as if people without money had no right to have babies—and in public talked of the declining birthrate. Why did women who did nothing towards increasing the population always talk loudly of declining

birthrates . . . Crazy as it sounded, Jill felt convinced, and called up a dozen memories to confirm it, that Lena, deprived of the power to love by some freakishness in herself, could not bear anyone else to love.

For the first time Jill wondered if Hugh Pollard's mistress had really been the one he loved, for Lena hated her so, and whether the wife in Africa had been a failure. Jill knew the story, picked up here and there through the years. Lena never spoke of Hugh's hidden lady love, but sometimes in resurrected fury through some inadvertent word dropped by someone, referred with swift venom to "that woman"—as when Nelly Pennyfield came for bridge the other night and Jill was requested to come down and help at supper time. Lena and Nelly were apart a little. Jill heard Nelly's silly voice saying affectedly "— know for certain, Lena, he's always at her flat—" Then Lena, with her nostrils quivering: "— less I hear of that woman the better pleased I am. She ruined Hugh's life and spoiled mine—"

So Hugh's mistress wasn't dead, or flown so far. And who could it be that was always at her flat whom Lena knew, and Nelly? It was twenty years ago. The woman must be middle-aged. Jill paused the thought by, for middle-aged people seemed far beyond the limits of love as young ones knew love.

Miss Frome was also thinking of love, for she was rambling on about the wedding, while kneeling by the flower-bed. Jill all at once heard her, as her own rattling thoughts quietened: ". . . such thrilling new experiences. And when you are important, Mrs. Wendell, with columnists describing your frocks and doings, you won't know poor little me."

"Why shouldn't I know poor little you?" asked Jill in heavy sarcasm. Oh, heavens, stop her, or I'll do murder.

Such a foolish query demanded no answer. Miss Frome muddled off again into hopeless sentimentality by the flower bed: ". . . nice to have a wedding from this house. A bright wedding with all the rooms open and music . . . Never has been a wedding here. If poor Hugh had not . . . Oh, dear, such a pity his infatuation for that girl Sybilla ruined his life!"

Jill stiffened. That girl Sybilla!

She started physically, her eyes widening, her lips parting, as a latch unfastened in her mind, to release a door which swung slowly open to pour out a tumbled stream of memories, impressions, discoveries . . . Like pieces of loose steel collecting slowly to a magnet's edge, the phrase "that girl Sybilla" collected all Jill's scattered information on the Rockholme tragedy.

Miss Frome was innocently rambling on, but Jill was deaf and blind to all but "that girl Sybilla," and its amazing significance. Danny Lane and his mother Sybilla. She had been a country girl, known the Pennyfields of that time, had worked as secretary for an old lady—had worked from the age of sixteen. Nelly Pennyfield . . . So that was what she meant at the bridge party the other night; Dr. Owen was visiting "that woman" who was Sybilla Lane—and Dr. Owen was a friend of Danny's. Danny was twenty. Lane? Jill's mind searched wildly for another link . . . That name was somewhere . . . apart from it being Danny's. Suddenly a picture slid before her vision, the yellowed fly-leaf of an old book in the library, a very fat old lambskin covered book, the cover sewn on. "To my dear daughter, Sybilla Lane Tarrant, 1910, from her grateful and loving father." Jill had thought the history of the Middle Ages

too solid for reading, but had wondered what the father was grateful for . . .

That book had come with Hugh's books from the bungalow where he had lived in secret with . . . ?

Jill was unconsciously compelling as she checked Miss Frome's mental ramble to say sharply: "Did you know Sybilla Tarrant, Miss Frome?"

She was startled. Among the unwritten laws of the house was one vital one, that nobody discussed "that woman" under its roof. Nobody living at Rockholme, anyway. Miss Frome pushed her mushroom hat straight nervously. "No, Jill, I didn't know her. Really, we mustn't discuss . . ."

"Mustn't or not, we're going to," said Jill.

"It's as much as my place is worth. If she knew . . ."

"She won't know," Jill laughed shortly, shock and dawning understanding making her feel hard and bitter. "I shan't tell. Did you know anything about her?"

"Well . . . in a way, of course. I've been . . . dear me, yes . . . all those years . . . been here since long before you came. That's a long time, Jill"—with a sigh.

Jill felt her heart making great gulps, as if she had been running. Incredulity partially stunned her, but one fact was clear; she held to it, leaving other thoughts aside: "What was this Sybilla Tarrant like? You must know."

Miss Frome dared not know. "Well, Jill . . . really . . . of course I know something. Poor Hugh was here so much over money matters. Oh, dear . . . the arguments . . . so distressing."

Jill was desperate: "But Sybilla Tarrant?"

"She never came here, of course. Hugh . . . oh, dear, Jill . . . Hugh was supposed to be living in rooms . . . He never would say where . . ."

"I don't want to know about his lies and evasions. Sybilla? What about her?"

"She . . . Miss Frome's mind wandered back and away down a hill to the harborside where in a nest of trees a tiny green and white bungalow stood in the sunlight. "She must have been very clean, Jill. The little bungalow was spotless, and so prettily arranged. You see, I was sent there with Burton, to pack poor Hugh's personal things and bring them here. That was after, you know. The girl had gone—leaving almost everything. I didn't know her, Jill, really."

"Where is that bungalow, near here?"

Miss Frome glanced over the rose bed. "It was about two miles from here, but flats are built now on that site. But—"

"How do you know they are?"

"I . . . sometimes when out walking . . . Frome delivered a truth with the desperation of the irresistible. "I was sorry for her, and it was such a pretty little house, with window-seats, and the room where the baby used to sleep had stencilled walls . . . she must have done them. Rabbits and kittens."

Something in Jill twisted and ached. Tears misted her eyes. Danny was that baby, the rabbits and kittens stencilled round his walls in love and happiness . . . The puzzle was not utterly solved, but one thing was clear. "Miss Frome," Jill asked huskily, "was that baby's name Danny?"

"Yes, goodness gracious, how did you know?" stared Frome.

"I've taken up witchcraft," Jill cried, and turning on her heels ran up the path as though she were being pursued.

She went through the forbidden kitchen quarters to let the back wire door slam behind her and startle cock into swinging round from her stove. Chill struck the

troubled girl as she went into the hall, breathing hard, to recover herself for a moment while searching in the telephone book in the cubby under the stairs. She waited, after dialling a number, trembling until a Cockney voice said, "Ang on, miss, I'll get 'in from the garridge."

Dr. Owen did not seem to know who she was, so she repeated urgently: "Mr. Dr. Dermott, Rapunzel, Dr. Owen."

"Rapunzel, Good Lord . . ."

"Please, I'm terribly worried. I've had an awful shock. I daren't talk to anyone. May I see you, please? It's so important."

"Yes, by all means. Yes, child . . . Are you coming to see me?"

"Yes, I must. I can't wait. I don't care."

"What time?"

"Straight away," said Jill, hanging the receiver with a fierce "Thank you," and agitatedly searching the directory again for a taxi-rank number.

All her life Jill was to remember that long talk with Dr. Pennyfield. It was just as though he took her whole existence into his hands, setting it into order, as when arranging the meaningless pieces of a jigsaw puzzle to make them into a picture.

Owen thought Jill conducted herself very well during the whole poignant interview, as with consummate care he killed the misconceptions and confusions of years without shocking her mind too cruelly, and spread before her the simple truth, with which, he realised in gathering appreciation, her intelligence could deal. But now, after more than an hour of slow discovery, there were many points still vague.

"So Hugh did marry her," Jill said softly, "and she was just too gentle—too dignified to show him up as a liar, a coward, and a cheat. Lena would never have held up her head again if the papers had got hold of that story. Yet . . . being spared that," Jill marvelled, "Lena still went on telling lies. Lena went to the bungalow and accused her of dreadful things and even struck her—just because she was deceived by Hugh. Dr. Owen, what makes one woman hate another so . . . ?"

"Jealousy, as a rule," he said dryly; "Your stepmother is a fanatical creature . . . Don't try to fathom the psychological depths, Rapunzel. They're beyond you."

"Yes, of course . . . Yes, but I've read a lot of odd books. You mean she's queer?"

"That's one word for it."

"I wish Sybilla had been the kind to make a fuss," said Jill with her eyes glimmering. "Just imagine the excitement in the Pollard-Dermott set. And that wife-claiming everything while Sybilla . . . Jill swallowed. "It's not fair. I hate unkindness." A thought struck her: "And Danny knew who I was. Sybilla knew. They didn't mind. Oh!—and her clear gaze lifted in staggered wonder. "All the time I was thinking of Sybilla Lane as a separate person, never dreaming she was Hugh's . . . Jill hesitated, her eyes narrowing. "His wife, she was, whatever the law said. Yet Lena, who knew then, labelled her as something low and cheap . . . Ruined Hugh's life! I can't take it all in, I simply can't."

Owen was profoundly interested in the effect of the discovery: "I suppose you realise that Danny is legally illegitimate?"—watching her narrowly from his seat by his desk.

"Does that matter?" asked Jill quietly. "I adore Sybilla Tarrant all my life, even if she never even likes me, just for the fight she put up to care for Danny. Hadn't she any money at all when she left the bungalow?"

Owen was more touched than he could have thought possible; the very spirit of Jenny Cavanagh was shining through her daughter's eyes. Sybilla's lonely cause had a legal supporter; Danny's mother belonged to him. She had very little money, Owen thought. "I was in France at the time—just at heart because of it all. Claire—my wife—wrote and told me what had happened. Sybilla was almost penniless when she went."

"When she went," Jill echoed, one corner of her mouth digging down; "Just like that. When she went. Dr. Owen—I . . . Am I being just a sentimental fool, or is that a simple thing so sad as it sounds?" "It was sad beyond belief, Rapunzel."

"You . . . love her," Jill said slowly, staring.

Owen smiled curiously, watching with undimmed brows a paper-knife he lifted and dropped.

Jill's eyes were wide with feeling; "Where did she go?"

He was curt; "To a railway waiting-room where she sat until midnight with the baby in her arms and a suitcase beside her—until some kindly soul saw tragedy and offered help. Found a room for . . . them. Sat with them, not asking questions, until the baby slept and Sybilla slept also. That blessed soul stayed there all night . . . bless her," he added softly, "and went in the morning when daylight brought reason and sanity."

"Then . . . ?"

Owen shrugged bitterly; "Hearts and lives can break, Jill, but rent must be paid and . . . babies nourished. She hired a typewriter, found a large room in a decent apartment house where the women agreed to take the baby in if he was not noisy . . . she canvassed several shops, offices, agencies and advertised, building up gradually a little reputation for careful manuscript-copying. Her father was a cultured old man. Sybilla speaks French and German, translating as she did for her father. She was called on fairly frequently to translate business letters from abroad, this not being a linguistic country . . . authors' manuscripts also. This covered years, Rapunzel." Owen said slowly, his brain clearing of that pain which always roused in him a longing to throttle Lena Dermott; "First of all she lived in terms of bread, tea, and butter. After several years she was able to buy a secretary. With a child it was impossible to take a secretarial position. Nor is Sybilla the type to thrust a helpless infant into the doubtful protection of some baby-sitter's home. There were no creches then."

Jill was spellbound; "Danny once said something—very briefly, which I understand now, about his mother working hard . . . and the way his lips tightened up I thought it was a kind of . . . of resentment against his father owing so much. It made me feel so futile, eighteen, to know she's earned her living since that age. Was that Mrs. Franks a nice old lady?"

"An extremely shrewd and vital old lady. Sybilla was happy with her, until in my blind witlessness I introduced her to Hugh."

"So you feel—?"

"Responsible, yes, to a certain extent." He surveyed her with curiosity; "This engagement of your's . . . ?"

She was uncomfortable; "I can't go on with it. No matter what happens, I can't. We know it for a long time. To-day . . . all this . . . about my mother and Sybilla and the past . . . Knowing the facts about these things have finished me. I . . . I'll fix it, somehow."

"What made you really get engaged to the fellow?"

"I don't know, unless . . . I hated Rockholme and Lena seemed to be slowly eating me up. I can't explain it. But when I met Danny I knew I didn't care for Foster. Now I feel I'd rather die than let him touch me."

Owen nodded, satisfied; the girl was a real little soul, finding her feet at last after long stumbling through darkness and bewilderment. And was probably, for the first time in her life, discovering the soothing relief of letting go dammed-up thoughts.

He rang for tea at this juncture which, when it came, gave her the respite she needed. Behind her alertness weariness lurked. Nervous exhaustion was taking its effect. Owen poured the tea with the clumsy familiarity of the bachelor. Jill sat silent for a while, the room filled with invisible presences, a delicious weariness stealing over her. The tea was lovely.

"Sybilla was my age when all that happened, wasn't she?"

"Just about your age," he agreed, wondering what now was working in her head.

"How could she stand it," Jill asked, fixing him with a stare full of horrified wonder.

"Don't look on it like that, there's a good girl. She's almost lived it down. Sybilla is a valiant thing, Jill, and when you meet her you'll understand the quality of it. It isn't demonstrative. It took me years to gather the details I know, about that uphill battle after . . . Well, after leaving the bungalow. When I returned from France, of course, we linked up again."

Jill's eyes were glowing. She had found her "ideal" in a most unsuspected quarter, and it was strangely a part of her loyalty to Danny. Owen smiled to himself, with anything but amusement; idealism was the white flame of youth, the inspiration and the challenge to strive for grander thoughts and deeds. Youth without its white flame was a lamp unlighted. Nor would she go far wrong in looking up to Sybilla whose white flame long ago had been dimmed, but not extinguished.

"I hate Lena," Jill cried suddenly.

"Don't, Jill. Sybilla doesn't."

"How can she help . . . ?"

"Oh, she did, for a time. Being human, she couldn't help it, as you infer, but hate, old thing, is a furnace that devours oneself—and violent emotion kills or maddens unless it dies down. Don't waste your time hating Lena Dermott. Don't pay her that tribute to her power . . . Pity the poor devil," Owen muttered, he himself unable to rise to that nobility of soul.

Jill was eyeing him sceptically; "I could try, but I don't think it would work."

He laughed for the first time during the afternoon.

She smiled ruefully.

"Well—Rapunzel is about to let down her hair, I fancy."

She nodded; "Yes—but the tangles must be combed out first." Owen was absurdly pleased to know she had Jenny's quick ability to talk in riddles and perceive the telling power of symbolism; "Is Sybilla's hair cut?" asked Jill, switching to facts.

"Sybilla's hair is like black mist," he stated, "and most vexing stuff, so she tells me—though it suits her admirably. By the way, Jill—when you finally emerge from the mess you're in, you'll not belong to the Follands any more. You'll be, if you marry Danny, in the enemy's camp—if you realise that, and there can be no compromising. You'll be Jill Lane, you realise?"

"I wouldn't wear the Folland name for a fortune."

"Danny has worried over his—illegitimacy, you know, since caring for you."

"He needn't have." She was confident; "It means nothing to me now I know the

truth. It's like a clear day after years of fog to know those truths—about my mother, too. It was just like an explosion in my head to-day," she added, marvelling yet, "to hear Frome say 'that girl, Sybilla.' It gave a name to someone I've often wondered about. And when Frome said it, I tried to think of where I'd seen Sybilla Lane's name written down, and then it flashed over me . . . In the front of an old history on the Middle Ages, with a lambskin cover sewn on. Sewn on," she repeated, not seeing Owen stiffen; "It had Sybilla Lane Tarrant, from her father, 1910, in gratitude and love, written on it."

"So it isn't lost . . . Lord! the sequence links up. I wondered about that when at your house the last time."

"I saw you look at the shelves in the library."

"Hm . . . Well, she would like to have that book, Jill, if you can pinch it for her. It's the only one left of her father's works. There was a fire in their home when she was a girl. This book was left, or it would have gone up in smoke also. She loved her father very deeply. And loving this book she showed it to Hugh. He borrowed it—that was during their earlier story—discovering the loose covers. They used that book as a kind of post office . . . Well, anyhow, she'd be glad to have it in her possession again."

"I'll get it," Jill promised. "It is her property."

"Absolutely. But make sure it's there first, before I tell her about it."

"Yes, of course. Dr. Owen . . ."

"Well?"

"Something has happened me to-day."

"And what might that be?" he wanted to know, thinking a devil of a lot had happened her.

"I've grown up."

Late that night when the sleeping house stood silent and black in the moonlight, Jill went down to the library to find Sybilla's book, terrified for fear some simple accident might have removed it. Unsafe to switch the lights on, she carried candle and matches, closing the door with extreme caution before venturing upon striking a light. The head of one match flew off like a tiny comet to spread the pungent scent of burning wool from the hearthrug. Her slippered foot stamped the glow out at once, but it seemed to take minutes, and the smell to spread everywhere. She listened, tense, before striking the second match. Secrecy made every small movement exciting.

With her plait down the back of her white woollen gown, the candle held high to move along the shelves, Jill looked like an illustration materialised from one of the old volumes before her. There it was, between "A Flagon of Song" and the "Arabian Nights." As she drew the book down in sudden relief, Jill became conscious of the room's breathless, ghostly apell, and raked in a sharp breath of terror. Silent as the night was, a branch squeaked faintly against the window. The sudden yowl of a cat explained this small mystery. The leaves rustled and the animal scurried away. Her flesh crept. Beneath her ribs she could feel her heart fluttering like an imprisoned moth; she was so rigid that to relax was a physical effort.

She threw back her head with an unconscious gesture of defiance. The book belonged to Sybilla and had traditional value; it was right to give it back to its true owner. Again the strangeness of its associations struck her. She was finding her buried dramatic sense, never to leave her all her life—a heritage from Jenny and a long line of Cavanaghs. Pure exultation surged

through Jill. The flame of her cause in service of Sybilla burned brightly. She felt strong, reliant, and independent. It was her part in the play of their lives, to grow up for nearly nineteen years unknown to Danny, then to discover that Hugh Folland's story was like a stamped coin, one side of which she had never seen until just recently. Jill stood quite still, the candle dripping grease as it leaned sideways in an empty vase, the book hugged to her under her crossed arms.

Just a book, yet—Written by a dear old man not far from Dr. Owen's home, Riverlea, given to Sybilla, who had helped type the manuscript; because of typing she had found that job with old Mrs. Franks, and so met Hugh; Hugh and she had used the book as a kind of secret post office; the book had been a silent witness to birth, death, and flight at the bungalow; then it had been brought by tearful, frightened Froine to Rockholme, shuddered away from by Lena who could not assault her sensitiveness by laserating herself when examining Hugh's possessions; next, glanced at casually by herself to think "Stuff . . . history . . . not interesting," and then to prove the link between Lena's story of Hugh and Sybilla's. Jill loved that book as she stood with it in her arms, her mind rattling through its adventures.

She had actually to thank it for blending Lena's story with Sybilla's to make Hugh's conflict clear, and for precipitating herself into decision which was shaking the very foundations of her old existence. The thought came to Jill with the sharpness of lightning, that all her previous years had been a preparation for this interlude, of which the visit to the library in the dead of night was but an incident.

Her brain was clicking over so actively that she felt alive to the soles of her feet. Her brows lifted in surprise. Now she knew why Lena had lost much of her power over her. If Sybilla's character had been so distorted by Lena, and Jenny had been so misrepresented, then she herself was not the dense, silly, hopeless idiot Lena said she was. All the fumbling and blundering to distinguish truth from fancy had ended. Lena was a liar, a deliberate twister of the truth. She was clever; she used the bones of truth to drape them with a hundred suggestions, evasions, inferences, and hints, the truth undeniable, but so disguised that nobody recognised it. The bare bones of truth in Sybilla and Hugh's story were uncomplicated, for truth was uncomplicated. Lies were meshes, and the more one lied the more tangled the mesh became. Jill swore sternly that never, never, would she lie again unless for a wise and benevolent reason.

She could see her mother, closing her eyes for a moment to let this almost psychic feeling of sensitiveness intensify, and before her vision she conjured up the lovely camellia-skinned face and red-gold flame of Jenny's imagined presence. "Darling, darling, darling—I'm on your side, darling . . ." the young voice whispered in a passion of adoration: "You and Sybilla . . . you knew each other . . . you loved her, and she loved you. I'm on your side, darlings." Her eyes filled. A great pain not quite pain swelled in her breast. "Darling," she breathed again, the wildly-beautiful moment passing like a breath of soft wind . . . mysteriously as it had come. She felt curiously cleansed and quietened, as if the youthful vow made in an ardent heart had actually been heard and recorded by a shadow beyond the earth's limits.

The book slipped. Jill made a frantic grab at it. It thudded heavily to the floor and broke the spell completely. She stood

motionless, heart beating wildly, for quite three minutes, which seemed like twenty, but by merciful good luck, nobody stirred in the house. That's another coincidence, her mind said, as she stooped to lift the history . . . for the first day she and Danny had met it was over a dropped book in Pennyfields, when their heads had cracked together. She smiled, with her glance on the door, then stopped dead on one knee to stare at the volume lying open on the rug . . .

Something had half slipped from the old cover, sewn clumsily on with heavy thread in girlish stitches. From a kind of pocket made by the lamb-skin inside the front cover, Jill slowly extracted a yellowed, thin sheet of paper, a very long oblong with scratchy, deckle edges . . .

The paper crackled as she opened it. Hugh's handwriting. It was in other books. That disjointed, careless scrawl with the heavily-crossed Ts and the letters falling untidily off . . . Hugh had written this letter to . . . "My dearest," Jill read. To Sybilla! She went hot, then cold, and stiff from kneeling, got up with the graceful swiftness of subconsciousness, to set book and letter without a sound to the table. Her gaze wandered, mesmerised, line by line down the paper, then overleaf to the signature: "Understand me, my darling, as you always have, Hugh."

A sob choked in her throat. Her face grimaced like a child's, about to cry. The letter was too sad for weeping. Twenty years Sybilla had worked, wondered, suffered and struggled, when this letter would have made such a difference . . . The irony, the cruel irony, of it, to be delivered twenty years too late.

In ten minutes the breathless girl was in her bed again, remembering nothing of coming upstairs like a shadow shod with silence, to wrap the book in paper ripped from a drawer, and stuff the letter and the history into the crevice behind the grate.

It was dawn, cold and grim, like her mood, when she slept.

The rules of Rockholme were inviolate; breakfast was at eight-thirty and only illness excused absence. Over cereal and eggs next morning Mrs. Dermott reminded Jill that she was to lunch with her fiancé that day. Jill had forgotten. Lena wondered uneasily what that dreary ardor meant in the girl's tones as she said: "Oh, yes . . . very well, I will lunch with him."

"Does the fact demand such obvious resolution?" Lena snapped.

"Resolution?" Jill said, in apparent denance.

"Resolution. Don't be so ridiculous, Jill, and for heaven's sake bathe your eyes. You look as though you've been crying." She sniffed, but Jill was not shrinking back, embarrassed. She was saying quietly: "I have been crying."

"Moods," Lena muttered. "It's a pity you haven't something better to think of than yourself. I've no patience with you."

Jill had no feeling, in the tension of knowing a crisis on hand. There was no weariness so deep, she thought, as being roused from sleep after just an hour or two of restless slumber full of torturing dreams. The thought of the book and letter hidden in her bedroom was like part of those dreams.

On her way to meet Foster at the hotel he had named previously, Jill rehearsed a neat speech which would end at least one trouble. With that off her mind she could find the courage to make more moves—and with Foster jilted, she would have to make more moves; she would be committed.

Several comparative eternities having been crammed into her life in a very little time,

Jill stared at Wendell as if he were a stranger, seeing him more clearly than ever before as a middle-aged, well-groomed, well-possessed man who might be taken for her uncle or father by anyone not knowing. She thought his clipped greyish moustache looked whiter than a week ago, which was ridiculous, and his square face more fleshy. As he took her hands after she walked across the foyer his eyes surveyed her curiously. "You look ill," he said.

"Only tired; up late . . . couldn't sleep." When they were ushered to their booked table in the dining-room upstairs, Jill looked round her without interest while, as usual, he ordered the food without consulting her other than saying: "You'll like this, Jill." One waiter stood, banana-shaped, deferentially bent to write the order, another looking nearby with a wine list ready to flourish. Presently Foster snapped his pince-nez into their kidney-shaped case and looked about him.

"Ah, old Beaming," he exclaimed, seeing an acquaintance. "By Jove, eh . . . that's not his wife."

Jill eyed the pretty woman laughing with Beaming. "Perhaps he's sick of his wife and wants something amusing."

"My dear child," Foster said, smiling in wry surprise; as if, thought Jill, she did not know adultery and unpleasing wives existed.

Lobster came, smothered by mushrooms in sauce. A confection containing whipped cream, cherries, and almond meringue followed. Foster ate the smelly cheese he loved, with hard biscuits heavily buttered, colery at which he snapped, while Jill fiddled with the remains of her fruit and longed for the coffee. That came, with kumkum for Foster. She dared his disapproval and asked for a liqueur also. Creme de menthe. She wanted something to stimulate her dull, aching brain, which felt full of cotton wool.

Rehearsing what to say had been useless. She was close to breaking point, yet could not find the right words. Instead, she beat herself asking quietly if he had ever met her mother. Wendell was surprised by the question coming like a bolt from the blue. The Wendells had strongly disapproved of Edwin's desertion of the Follands to marry a scribbling girl working on a newspaper. Nor could they quite understand Lena's readiness to marry him after the willing girl died. There had been several toneless arguments at the Wendell house, about which Jill naturally knew nothing, as to whether she was quite the sort of wife for Foster—despite the fact of her being brought up at Rockholme. Compassion had prevailed when the old people realised their son attracted by the child, who seemed a very harmless, dutiful little thing, and not at all "modern" with "dangerous ideas."

Foster was embarrassed to have the subject crop up. He had never met the first Mrs. Dermott, which expression gave Jill a slight shock. She could not think of Jenny as the first Mrs. Dermott, but only as Jenny Cavanagh.

"My mother," said Jill, something driving her on, "was well worth knowing. I know someone who knew her well at that time." She felt rising within her the same irresistible desire for baiting as had made her compel answers from Froine on several occasions. It was an irritable, hot, prickly feeling, part recklessness, part challenge, with the "jilting" behind the urge: "Yes, and I've found out a lot about her that nobody told me before."

Foster was bored, and looked it, but his luncheon had been good, and he was amiably inclined. He lighted a cigarette and decided to let her prattle on. There was plenty of time to talk to her about the honeymoon

in Queensland which he wanted to make sure of before committing himself to that. If she objected, he would fly to Brisbane and get the business matter done with beforehand, and he inwardly blasted the need for the journey. Moist climates made him sticky. A trip abroad later, however . . .

" . . . and," Jill was saying, "she lived in a studio-flat in the city. Not a posing, arty Bohemian, but a lovely girl who worked and wrote. She had lots of friends. The . . . Someone who knew her said she was the kind of girl to let her tea get cold to warm the kitten in the tea-cosy." Seeing she had made no impression, Jill added quietly, "I hate social life."

"My dear, a hermit, I should imagine, a dash limited sort of individual"—smiling indulgently.

"Social life, I said, Foster, not friendships. Friends are beautiful to have, but do you know of many real friendships in the social round?"

"I do."

"Men are different," said Jill vaguely. "Women . . . No, your people are not in the set I mean. I'm talking of social climbing. It's cheap and silly and vulgar." She teased, then: "Your people have no need to climb, Foster. I'm not being unkind, but I've been thinking lately, and there's no true reason for the others . . . Nelly Pennyfield's set, and my stepmother's . . . to think themselves so superior, because it's only money, and there's nothing superior in having money."

"Just what is this rignarole for?" he asked, tapping his cigarette on the saucer provided by the hotel. "Aren't you a bit odd to-day, Jill, out of sorts or something?" He blinked. "Kittens and money and all that. Not going in for socialism, are you?" Hopelessness seized her. "I suppose it is sound like balderdash." She looked at him flatly. "I suppose everything I've ever said to you has been balderdash?"

"Certainly not," came heartily, at which emphasis she smiled crookedly. She contradicted him: "Yes, it has. Everything I've ever said to you has been balderdash, because it wasn't what I've thought. Foster . . . why did you want to marry me?"—and he failed to notice her use of the past tense.

"Isn't that obvious, my dear?" (Confound the girl, now what had she in her head?)

Stuffed again, sinking with weariness, she asked for more coffee. She must say what he meant to, Sybilla . . .

"Foster, did you know Sybilla Tarrant?"

"Dash it all, no. Who? Sybilla . . ."

"You mean that woman mixed up with Hugh Folland. No, how the devil would I know her?"

"I just wondered."

"Look here, Jill, something has upset you . . . But it's slightly indiscreet to dig up that tale after all your stepmother suffered by the influence of the Tarrant girl. Dash it, all that happened . . . yes, twenty years ago. Let sleeping dogs lie."

"And wounded dogs, too, I suppose?"

Foster looked sharply at her. He was essentially a dull man, with a slow brain, but an entirely devoid of perception. That one, her defence of the woman, the unobtrusive flick of Jill's lids as she sat watching him with the look of maturity on her pale little face, seemed to give her a new identity. "A charming girl," several people had complimented him after the engagement; a charming girl. Now he had his doubts about her sweetness of disposition. The line of her jaw, the disconcerting showiness in the glint of her eye, were making him uncomfortable. What the

devil had she dug up about the scandal that rocked the foundations of the Folland set? She spoke as if she were personally acquainted with the Tarrant woman.

"Foster, I wonder if you know Hugh Folland married Sybilla bigamously—and that is a crime, isn't it?"

"Rumors . . ." he commenced, to be checked by an interruption which annoyed him; "Rumors created by my stepmother. Spread round everywhere by gossips like Nelly Pennyfield. Yes, there were rumors, but they were rumors. Did you believe them?"

"My dear child, it was not my business to wonder. The poor devil got into an unholy mess and it was too much for him. The rights and wrongs of it were his own business."

"I see. He did marry her bigamously, however, and she thought herself his wife. I know it, Foster. I have . . . proof. Also, others know it who are her friends, and one of them is also a friend of my father's. The story you heard was that Sybilla attracted Hugh, saw benefits from living with him, got him into her . . . power. I suppose it was called, and knew all about the wife in Africa. That she kept him from making it up with his wife, and had a baby to gain a greater hold on him . . . and he ended himself because the wife was coming and Sybilla wouldn't give him up. You heard something like that, didn't you?"

"Look here, my dear, there's no point in going over all that dead history."

"Not to you, perhaps," said Jill miserably, not knowing what drove her on and on. She wanted to cry, but knew she wouldn't. Jenny's face, Sybilla's, were before her, as she imagined them. Loneliness beyond endurance ached through her. Those faces seemed to wait, expectant, while she talked: "Did you know that just after Sybilla found herself . . . desolate, Lena went in fury to the bungalow and called her dreadful names, then struck her in the face . . . the wonderful Lena!"

"Preposterous," he blustered, "you're no right to repeat that malicious little-tattle." "Lena made the malicious little-tattle," Jill went on mechanically, spinning with weariness, half dazed by the pain in her brain.

"Look here, Jill—you're young, idealistic, and all that sort of thing. Let those dead things remain dead. Exhumation only raises a reek. And if you go round trying to reform the world's wrongs you'll have a busy time of it. And . . . damn it all, Hugh did happen to possess a legal wife."

"Only Hugh knew that then. He was making time to try and get a divorce."

"I'm sick and tired of this," said the man, perhaps with reason, for she sat doggedly white and determined, the clue to her disturbance unseen by him; "Let us go now."

Jill sat motionless: "It isn't so pointless, all this. I'm not trying to bore you. I'm not trying to force you into understanding about Sybilla Tarrant who . . . who . . ."

"Lived with Hugh Folland. Come along, Jill, please, my dear."

"Lived with him," she echoed, opening her eyes wider; "She lived for him, Foster. There's a difference."

He was resignedly silent, waiting, the waiter signalled for the bill.

"Her name is Lane now," Jill heard her flat tones saying; "Lane is a family name; she didn't marry. She was one of my mother's dearest friends. I'm sorry, Foster . . . I belong to them, not with Lena's crowd. I can't marry you. I'm going to marry Danny Lane . . . Sybilla Tarrant's son. We met months ago. We love each other and I'm going to marry him . . ."

It was said; it was said. Oh, thank heaven, it was said. The clamor in her

mind had been replaced by emptiness. He was staring in helpless amazement, presently to pay himself a vast compliment; "Good heavens! Do you mean to say you're jilting me?"

"Yes," said Jill fiercely, her nerves snapping; "I've been trying to tell you that for about an hour . . ."

Exultation produced its after-effect. Jill was appalled when sanity returned and she realised what she still had to do before her path to freedom was finally cleared. She arrived home that afternoon in a condition between frenzy and panic, ending up with an outburst of wild crying that frightened Miss Frome into helpless consternation. Jill sat up on her tumbled bed to sweep aside the smelling salts, hastily procured by the woman who drew back more upset than before.

But Jill . . . but . . . Jill . . . what is it. I can't understand you. And look at your face . . .

"Let my face alone," Jill sobbed, then scrambled from the bed to regard her blotchy features in the mirror. This brought on a recurrence of weeping, in dismal dejection. Red eyes, puffed flesh beneath them, swollen mouth, and great hot smudges on her cheeks. All at once she stopped crying as though by magic, carefully to cream and powder her face by the dressing-table. Jill had remembered the history stuffed up the chimney.

She turned round to stare flatly at the woman still uselessly proffering the smelling salts. "I don't want that stuff, I'm not an old woman with the vapours. I . . . I've jilted Foster, if you must know."

For some seconds the truth did not sink into Miss Frome's slow mind. When it did she released a little shriek.

"Yes," Jill nodded darkly. "That's why I howled."

"But . . . oh, heavens . . . if you did, and you . . . cried . . . then why did you, Jill, why did you?"

There was no answer, and Miss Frome shook her head tragically. "There'll be murder," she prophesied, covering her mouth at once with a shaking hand. "She'll blame me. She'll think it's my fault in some way. She's left you in my hands . . . I'll have nowhere to go, and nobody to turn to. She'll blame me."

"Don't be so silly," Jill said tartly. "I'll see that she doesn't blame you. Besides . . ."

"Besides . . . what?" whispered Frome in weak hope.

"I've got some ideas. Don't worry. I . . . don't worry."

Miss Frome went miserably to her room, Jill flopping on the edge of the bed to face another dilemma; who could she go to for advice on the matter of the letter found in the book? What really did it signify? It wasn't fair or right to drag Dr. Pennyfield into family affairs—even though he seemed to relish aiding and abetting. Reluctantly, without doubt behind it, Jill speculated on her father as a confidant. Somehow she knew she could trust him. She knew also that he was weak, and took any course to follow the line of least resistance. But he did understand business . . . yet . . . Well, he was responsible, as Lena's wife and her own father. She made up her mind.

Jill writhed silently in an agony of apprehension as Lena talked of the theatre that night, already dressed for the outing with her tar-colored sequin frock on. Only towards the end of the meal was it clear that her father was staying at home. Even when entering absently into half-hearted conversations he was evasive, lost-looking, and obviously bored.

Edwin glanced in surprise that night when opening his study door to Jill, who entered with an air of meaning to stay. Edwin had only to say: "Please leave me, Jill," and she would have gone away, as so often in the past when he could not face the strange ordeal of talking to the child. The child, he saw, almost with shock, had become a woman. The individual was emerging from its chrysalis state. Several times recently Edwin had been vaguely moved by her increasing resemblance to Jenny, but his neurosis had deadened him to all emotional feeling, his will aiding him in this evasive attitude. Edwin's spirit was literally too weak to face the problems of his responsibility at home. The incredible mental torture of many years had quietened to apathy. It was easier that way. Resentment stirred in him for a moment as he saw Jill walk in with that firm "don't stop me" look that in some way touched him.

He indicated a leather chair close beside his desk by which he had been writing. On the desk lay an open leather brief case, a Bible, a sheaf of papers, several books, ink-well and pens, and a large square blotter heavily inked. Jill was so tired that this visit also seemed dream-like—an extension of a dream commencing in the garden with Frome, going on to Dr. Pennyfield's study, then to Foster at the hotel, and now, to Edwin. She felt dynamically able to wrestle with anything, even the shadowy presence of her father, in this weary yet wide-awake confusion of urgent impulses. After a moment of hideous silence while her lips parted, to say nothing, Jill abruptly dived a hand down beneath her frock front and drew out a brittle sheet of yellowed paper, depositing it with an unconsciously dramatic flourish before her father: "Read that," she said. "It's from Hugh Folland to Sybilla Tarrant."

"From . . . ?" Edwin betrayed his inward start only with one twitch of his brows. As he turned slowly to peruse the characteristic handwriting, his face was composed, but within him a struggle raged. Edwin sat for longer than was necessary to read the two pages of incoherent confession. Here it was! The proof of a suspicion gnawing at him for more than twenty years. For a while he was unable to look at Jill. The habit of many years impelled him towards postponement; to deal with it later—? At last he looked covertly at his daughter, seeing something in the cast of her set chin, the glint of her eyes, that forced him against his fainting will to endure a discussion odious to him.

"What purpose have you," he asked mildly, "in bringing this to me?"

Her answer was frank. "Because, for the first time in my life, I've realised you to be my father."

Many thoughts ran through his brain in a few seconds of time: "Yes . . . perhaps . . ." he drawled lifelessly. "Yes . . . I've not been much of a father to you, have I?"

Jill felt her flesh creep. He had no feeling, she thought, and seems proud of it. It's no use, she heard herself saying; no use at all. He seems dead. Heaven, make him feel; make him help me. Panic beat through her for a moment, followed by determined calm: "I can't help myself; you've got to talk to me. You never have," she said thickly. "I've had to go to . . . another person to find out even what my own mother was. I had to. Lena was doing something evil to me with her continual sneers at . . . my mother. I didn't know what to think. I had to find out the truth, but you never told me. Oh, Father," she added sickly, "just this once, talk to me. I'm so . . . so dreadfully worried."

The effort was profound, but he made it,

in his listless fashion. "Well—then what is it that you want me to say?"

Desperation seized her: "I can't put words into your mouth, Father. I don't know. I want to talk, that's all. I need your help and advice. I'm not a child any longer. I seem to have grown out of that all at once . . . and you don't know . . . you don't know what I've been through. It seems years since Wednesday even."

"Why," asked Edwin, moving his thick-lensed glasses with a nervous jerk, "did you not take this to . . . Dr. Pennyfield, as you took your other confidences?"

"So he's spoken of me, to you?" she discovered.

"We met last night at the club before dinner. The meeting, I believe, was not unintentional on his part."

"What," faltered Jill, "did he tell you?"

"Very little, actually. You are 'overwrought and tense.'"

"No, about me, myself. I mean, did he mention anything about . . . about people?"

"—thinking of Danny."

"Have you ever known Owen Pennyfield to guard his speech with reticence?"

"No, he's too honest and too impatient with humbug," she stated, seizing on this as one definite piece of knowledge. "What did he say about me?"

Edwin smiled uneasily: "He seems to be an ardent supporter of your revolt, shall we call it?" Edwin struggled again against his desire to end the interview: "He pointed out, as a matter of fact, that you are more your mother's daughter, than . . . your step-mother's possession. And I . . . well, I feel I may say that I agreed with him."

Jill was dazed. This unexpected denouement was helpful, if vague and unsatisfying, but the main problems stayed unsolved.

"Well," she said, feeling some comment was required, "it's better to know you are a . . . a neutral sympathiser, rather than an active antagonist."

Her father's eyes narrowed: "I have antagonised nothing you wish to do, Jill."

"No, I know that . . ." It was like fighting with a ghost. "No . . . of course. I . . . I came to you to-night also because I know I can trust you."

"In my discretion, do you mean, or my . . . honor?"

"Both."

One side of his mouth slid into a curious smile with an effect of infinite bitterness. Without knowing what sequence led her mind back to it, she recalled a remark overheard one night at a dinner-party given by the Wendells: "Who's that! Oh, only Edwin Dermott. Financial success; personal failure. Brains and harmless. Lena Dermott held the hand of opportunity when it knocked on his door. Yes . . . sold himself out to her, and ever since has had to foot the bill. She . . . oh, you know, married spinster with the usual complexes. There she is, over there. The ice-bound duchess in black . . ."

Edwin was tapping the letter lying on the blotter, obviously wrestling with a thought that furrowed his brow upwards in waving lines that made him look futile. Jill scrutinised his face carefully as if to discover what it was in him that made her feel so repelled. He was her father. How far had he travelled spiritually and emotionally from the days when he had been a Byronic-looking young man in love with Jenny, so ardently that throwing over Lena and the Folland influence had seemed worth while? Breaking away from old Peter Folland, who had made Edwin a kind of protegee, and Lena, who had wanted him to marry her, must have taken moral courage. Where was it now, or even its remnants? Was it true that Edwin

had sold his soul to satisfy the money-luck, the queer, driving hunger for success that makes a man do anything to achieve it? After living with Jenny, how could he return to the Follands—go from light into darkness, from laughter to gloom, from natural happiness to the horrible atmosphere clinging round Lena as though her petanqually oozed like clammy mist from her flesh. Jill shivered.

Why had Dr. Pennyfield skipped over his explanation of the Folland strangeness, as though they were mad . . . and been reluctant to discuss Edwin, as if he were an unsolved mystery? Hugh, someone had once said, was a maniac-depressive case, changing from exultation to despair for any slight cause or reason. Lena, Jill had heard, was suffering from aberrations . . . something to do with maladjustment, sex, and hysteria. In olden days she would have been regarded by the superstitious as a witch or something—influencing everyone she possessed with such destructive effect.

Jill stared at her father in horror to realise this truth; Lena had destroyed Edwin, Sybilla, Hugh . . . and poor old Miss Frome, and very nearly destroyed Jill herself . . . Escaping her insidiously frightening influence was like tearing out of thick, cruel cobwebs, with the same inner fluttering of panic for the feel of them round you. Jill's heart palpitated. Fear of evil was physical as well as mental. A blind desire to run and run . . . seized her. Only by tightening her lips and clenching her hands could she manage to sit still. If only her father would stir.

"Father!" Jill's tense nerves tightened more. "Listen—I can't stand any more. Let me speak . . . You liked Sybilla, didn't you? No . . . I must say it. You liked her because long ago you told Dr. Owen where she was. You found out somehow. When he came back from France you told him where she was. You liked her, didn't you?"

Edwin raised his brows. "I did, my dear, very much. She was a gentle, restful little creature at that time, and most shamefully treated"—and his eyes narrowed for a second, again.

"Oh!" Jill's relieved gasp moved him. Pity worked vaguely within him as he saw a slow, almost puzzled, glance over her sensing dimly the idealism, confusion, enthusiasm . . . and courage . . . of her loyalty to the Lanes. She was like a high-tension wire in the study. Edwin was disturbed, uneasy, but knew he dared not dismiss her, frustrate. A nameless fear infected him. The inner struggle raged on. Edwin's hands had started to shake on the letter he kept lifting and dropping. Jill suddenly felt his agony of indecision and believed he knew more than she suspected about the problem the letter contained.

She pulled it crooked on the blotter and pointed, as if to galvanise her father's attention, "It says it all so plainly, these thousand pounds. It's almost like prying it read it, but we have to. It's up to us to do something. It was Hugh's last wish, written just before he . . . went. Look, it says here:—'to make my cowardly exit without providing for you to the best of my ability. Then:—fear, black despair, hell all round me.' He must have suffered tortures. Then . . ."

Jill ran her troubled glance down the page, wincing at the wild incoherence of Hugh's last desperate strategy to evade reality. His helplessness was apparent even to Jill, burning in support of Sybilla and Danny; championing Sybilla could not deaden Jill to the tragic cries of Hugh's final desperation. He seemed, thought Jill,

reading to pick out pieces for her father, to have wanted to pay Lena back for her domination . . . The letter rumbled through self-condemnation, hysterical pleas for understanding, references to Lena's "persecution," then Jill read: "—I would not be facing this awful alternative, my darling, if my sister had understood my temperament." Jill felt a spasm of nausea affect her, as the writhing with abnormality must affect the normal.

"See," she said, pointing again, "here it is . . . My brain is rocking. She has had that three thousand for years. I have written a long screed ordering her to give you and our son that money, which the woman I was not enough to marry can never seize. Lena has it. She understands, and perhaps the devotion which kept me maddened by penury while alive, will, after my departure, turn to something less possessive and more compassionate. The money is not much, comparatively, my dearest, but at least it will ensure partial safety for you in your damnable hideous position, and our son, who is the innocent sufferer for my helpless blundering."

Jill folded the letter with her face drained of color; "I can't look at it again," she said roughly; "It's terrible. Father, doesn't it touch you at all? Can't you feel the responsibility of it all? It was his last wish . . . and Sybilla never got that money"—and Jill challenged Edwin with a flat look he could not disregard.

He sighed; "What do you want me to do, Jill?"

Exasperated, she cried: "What can you do? That's what I came to you for?" Jill's face set to rock; "I don't understand legal matters, or business. But if something isn't done to right that wrong, I'll take the letter to the papers . . . and one paper at least would pounce on it to make a headline story. No . . . Father! I'm not talking dramatic rubbish. I might be interfering, but someone has to. The high-and-mighty Filands would look nice, wouldn't they, if that letter was printed in the papers . . . ? Lena Dermott, society hostess, charity organiser, thieving three thousand pounds entrusted to her by her dead brother for the woman he bigamously married . . . and their son. Father, as true as I'm alive and breathing, I'll go to the gutter-press with this letter if you don't do something privately. I mean it, Father. Sometimes there are things that must be done, and I don't think the law can always do them."

Edwin nodded; "There is no need to make a public scandal of it, my dear, even if the paper you have in mind would handle such a story on this evidence . . ." He quitted suddenly; "Your logic is youthful and feminine, but . . . uncontestable."

"You will help?"

Her relief blazed in her eyes.

"Yes . . . I will help. The money is honorably hers. The . . . accumulated interest also. Strange," he murmured, raising his brows, "how . . . interest accumulates . . . However, the debt will be paid."

Anguish tore through Jill. Her father's gas and hers met flatly, wild accusation in the greenish one, designed confession in the grey. Was she never to come to the end of these horrible discoveries, her thoughts asked. She said aloud, sickly: "You liked Sybilla, sympathised with her, yet you knew about this money."

He looked away from the indignant pain in her eyes; "Did you say I knew, Jill? No—but I had my suspicions."

"Whose money was it?" she asked curiously.

"How did it happen not to be part of his assets for the wife to inherit it? Why was Lena in charge of it?"

"Hugh was a muddler, Jill . . . Before he came of age he adored his . . . Lena. Everything she did and said was right and wise," Edwin frowned tiredly; "She protected him, advised him, sheltered him from his father's anger. She also . . . loved money. He was heavily in debt on every hand. There was a small sale . . . a very small estate . . . He was slightly intoxicated after a day at the races. He gambled heavily. The money had all been put on one horse with several bookmakers—an outsider. I was here in the small drawing-room when he . . . came in. He threw down the money and said, 'The vultures won't get that; stick it safely away for me, Lena . . .'" Edwin nodded; "It is quite clear in my mind. And I remember . . . a look . . . There were arguments later. It became a contest . . ."

Jill was puckering her brows. "I see," she said heavily; "but I don't know why it hurts you to admit it. You know. She made a whip of that money, too . . . to keep him under . . . What did he want it for?" Jill asked in sudden suspicion.

"To go abroad."

"What for?"

"He . . . er . . . wanted to take up aviation in England."

"And she wouldn't let him," Jill's eyes were bright with horrified incredulity. "He was struggling . . . even then . . . to belong to himself, but she knew, and wouldn't let him."

"My dear . . ."

"He hadn't a chance," she whispered. Then: "But he did try again, when he went to South Africa . . . How did he get the money for that?"

"Well . . . he had some, and I lent him a trifle. He repaid it," Edwin said quickly, "as I was about to . . . your mother . . ."

"Money, money, money," Jill murmured in revulsion. "It's horrible."

Edwin smiled wryly. "A good slave, Jill, but a bad master."

That reminded her. "Well, what will you do, Father? Lena spent three thousand on a car. Sybilla gets a few pounds for copying thousands of words . . . It makes me hoil. But what will you do?"

"Leave it to me," he said evasively, though in his vague manner she detected some quality of resolve, and with that had to be satisfied. She was not quite satisfied, however, and lingered. "You have enough spare money, haven't you, of your own, Father?"

"Sufficient," said Edwin drily, "to clear the Pollard-Dermott escutcheon of this unsightly stain. Yes, my dear, despite the preiding legend, I do possess a few things of my own."

Suddenly she was sorry for him. Gravely, as though it were sadly to console a worried child, she moved and pressed a quiet kiss on his cheek. "It means so much to me, Father . . . Thank you, I understand."

A long time after she had gone, he nodded, breaking his immovable spell; she understood. He believed she did and was curiously comforted. "For what," he murmured, "is a man profited . . ." and slowly drew a sheet of paper towards him.

Jill returned the letter to its hiding-place.

Nerving herself for a monumental contest with Lena, Jill was almost hysterical with relief when knowing the ordeal unnecessary. During Lena's absence one afternoon Edwin came home unexpectedly from his office and ordered them to pack their clothes immediately. What magic Edwin had employed to inspire himself to this masterly defiance of his wife, Jill was never fully to realise, but it had something to do with the letter found in the history,

and much to do with Dr. Pennyfield. Miss Frome was piteously bewildered, unable to understand the situation until Jill, with commendable brevity, said in haste: "We're doing a bolt before she comes home. Hurry, or father will be caught helping us." Then, "what, father?"

"Go to Dr. Pennyfield's home," said Edwin, jogging nervously at his glasses. "He will explain."

"I . . . Mr. Dermott . . . I . . . me, too?" stammered Miss Frome.

A kindly glance turned on her. "You also. Please hasten. You . . . er . . . are still employed . . . Please look after Jill."

"Father!"

Jill caught his face between her two hands and softly kissed him on the lips. "Darling," she whispered, and hurried to pack. Her heart was overflowing with love for everyone, now there was no need to have a hideous row with Lena. Edwin hastened back to his office, and Jill was left with the impression that his part in the conspiracy was to remain a secret. The strategy pleased her. She would never betray him, and, after all, he had to go on living at Rockholme. She was escaping . . . escaping the fortress at last. She dared not think any farther ahead, knowing, comfortingly, that her father had stamped the flight with rightness, and that Dr. Owen was in some way sharing in the plot.

In a condition bordering upon frenzy, Miss Frome blunderingly packed her possessions, more unwieldy than valuable. Her excited mutters, red face, vague rushings to and fro at last broke Jill to impatience. "Open the cases and I'll up everything in," which she did, indiscriminately. Jill made seven trips down to the side gate with the baggage, hiding it all inside the hedge. Miss Frome at last emerged, very disarrayed, clutching her alarm clock, a toothbrush, and a mackintosh, draped over her handbag.

Jill thrust her towards the gate and rushed into the kitchen, where the cook, Ellen, the gardener and May were having afternoon tea at the table. Their gabble of excitement ended in a quick cry from Jill: "Don't let anyone know my father came home to-day, will you?"—"anyone," as they knew full well, to mean Lena. She went off with her heart full again of that strange rapture found in other people's "niceness."

There was nothing to mar Jill's joy at being free. Nothing at all, even poor old Frome going dutifully along also, like a dazed lamb on the way to slaughter. Father helping! For the first time, Jill realised that she was the only daughter of a rich man. Shock made her cheeks pinkle; even when discussing the letter that night in the study, she had not realised how powerful he might be with his pen—on a cheque book. Always, Lena had seemed to wield that power. Now Frome would be paid by father, and later perhaps be given a pension . . . "A bad master, a good servant," he had said of money. Jill found it true, with a little roll of banknotes he had pressed into her hand in the bedroom.

Down the avenue a small private hospital stood in its grounds. Jill knew there were always taxis coming to and from there in the afternoon about this hour. She waited for several moments, deciding between calling one from the telephone box at the corner, and the chance of seeing a taxi. While deciding, she swerved out, empty, from the hospital. She raced down the road waving an arm, the man stopping and turning his cab.

Miss Frome sat clutching her clock in the taxi with her hot face gradually becoming peaceful. "Oh, Jill," she kept saying. They were soon before Dr. Owen's house in the crowded little street. He must have been expecting them, for no sooner had the cab stopped than Pilgrim was out helping the driver with the luggage. Jill could not speak other than to copy Miss Frome and say breathlessly, her eyes shining, "Oh, Dr. Owen . . ."

Mrs. Pilgrim, not understanding the invasion, but knowing it was her business to attend to given orders, established Jill in one bedroom upstairs, and Miss Frome in the one adjoining. Jill looked out into the street as though it were a corner in Arcadia. There was tea waiting, said Mrs. Pilgrim, suddenly floating into the doorway, down in the study, and disappeared with equal suddenness. "Me?" queried Frome, unbelievably. Jill's heart was stabbed. "Of course, you don't know Dr. Pennyfield. Come on."

The pleasure of being in this friendly house was not spoiled by memories of Lena, who, while Jill poured the tea with the air of having a right to, seemed thousands of miles away. Miss Frome heard herself laugh out loud at something the doctor said about their flight from the fortress, frightening herself into looking instinctively over one shoulder . . . only to see two cats in an armchair. "You can both call yourselves my star-boarders for the meantime," he announced, hauling one of the cats to his breast. "Later on, I believe, you are going for a spell at Riverlea . . . or so your father and I proposed. Those white cheeks need some color in them, and you want your nerves quietened . . . Doctor's orders," he twinkled.

"Me?" queried Miss Frome, still bewildered. Most positively, Owen assured her. She turned a look on Jill that made her choke.

"It was a kind of anti-climax," Jill just discovered, "to bolt like that, without a row at all."

"You bloodthirsty little vixen," laughed Owen, while Frome blinked with increasing happiness over her tea; "I believe you're thirsting for a taste of gore." His features sobered; "No, my dear, you've won your fight . . . and there's only folly in what would have been an anti-climax had you stayed there to . . . deal with the results of it. Wisdom, Rapunzel, had to prevail. I impressed that on your father. It would be impossible to appeal to Mrs. Dermott's reason—for she hasn't any. She might quite possibly be in a dangerously excitable state and not . . . accountable for her actions. Actually, you would not have been safe there. Diplomacy is frequently better than challenge. My tenants, by the way, have given notice. They leave at the end of the month. Could you stick out the next few weeks here with me, do you imagine?"—and he grinned.

"It's one of the loveliest things that's ever happened me," she said quietly, blissfully smiling after speaking. "But I can't quite believe it."

"You will. Hadn't you better telephone Danny this evening—Sybilla's number is on that pad—and acquaint him of your sudden independence. He'll probably swoon with surprise, but more probably come dashing over here. When are you seeing Sybilla?"

Miss Frome's eyes widened; the truth of Jill's brief tale was now dawning upon her with its full significance. "Oh," said Frome, the words popping out; "I must ask her about the rabbits and kittens . . ."

Then stopped dead in embarrassment, Jill explained and Owen threw a kindly look

at the woman. He said dryly: "Well, Miss Frome, you're shifting camp into the enemy's country now. Do you think you can endure us?"

Miss Frome's cup went wobbling into its saucer and her eyes filled with tears; "I've been so . . . silly," she said in a muffled voice. "So silly and stupid. I thought her wonderful."

They knew whom she meant and let the incident pass; Miss Frome had accepted the enemy's camp with finality and that was all that mattered insofar as the present went.

Owen wished he might be present to witness Jill's first contact with Sybilla, but had to be content with what he called a full-dress rehearsal. In regard to the letter, Owen had advised Edwin not to rush the tardy payment of the money, knowing it would lessen the strain all round if introductions were made as though the letter were non-existent. The doctor had enjoyed his talks with Edwin who, despite his neurasthenic apathy, had summoned to life two almost perished qualities to meet the strange situation—his paternal protectiveness and a wry sense of humor. Edwin was honest, anyhow. Owen commented, in relishing one small triumph he had now to wield over his wife. Her theft had been composed of so many contemptible impulses that even she must realise it. Edwin murmured towards the end of one conversation—"and in common with most of her type and kind, Owen, she had one fear, one power of which she is genuinely afraid—the Press. It is not inconceivable that, with the letter in her possession, even a gentle soul like Sybilla might not . . . wield her advantage in public, in maternal protection, with her son, for all those years, robbed of his right education and advantages. At least . . . we may assume that Lena would imagine this, prompted . . . er . . . by myself. Jill is . . . astonishingly forceful in her new character."

This thoughtful remark made Owen smile. "Her true character, you mean, coming up like a submarine after being submerged. Jenny . . . is not gone, Edwin, while Jill lives."

"Yes, yes, that is so. I am glad. And . . . while we are on this subject! My . . . means . . . will go, at my death, to them both, the lad and Jill. I would like to know him independent of her after my . . . departure"—which Owen understood to be experience talking; "Er . . . obligation to a wife has curiously numbing effect on the faculties. And isn't it slightly . . . ironic, Owen, that Dermott-Pollard assets will, in spite of so much evil, go to a Dermott-Pollard home of the future . . . even though their name be Lane?"

"The irony is equal to the justness of it," Owen answered; and they shook hands warmly for the first time since early manhood.

Owen enjoyed hearing an account of Jill's first visit to the flat, Sybilla telling him the details in quiet contentment. The spectacle he imagined amused him, of the lover and his lady running the gauntlet of mamma's glances. It must have been an ordeal for Jill, with her secret knowledge of the letter and the fever of her loyalty burning through her—apart from risking criticism as Sybilla's future daughter-in-law. Sybilla actually had been deeply touched by the shy entrance of the little creature whose left elbow was held, as though to give her courage, by Danny's right hand. She had blazed with color when seeing Sybilla. She was not to know that a wave of overwhelming tenderness had risen in Jill that she was deprived of the power of thought, to stand, helplessly staring at what she

thought was one of the sweetest faces she had ever seen. "Like a face carved from soft marble," she said later to Frome. "Oh, Frome, you've no idea how gentle and darling she is . . . and kind. She's little, with cloudy black hair, and though you can see she's thirty-nine, she has a sort of waiting look about her that gives her youthfulness. The tip of her nose and her upper lip just look . . . modelled. She doesn't make-up, but has just enough powder and lipstick to keep her definite, and her hands are pretty. Now I understand him loving her."

Miss Frome thought Jill meant Hugh, in the past, but she did not contradict. It was of Owen she thought.

Jill and Miss Frome had gone into the city on the morning after their establishment at Barn St.—to buy clothes. After an almost frightening hour in one of the shops, Jill emerged beside Frome with their arms laden by parcels. Frome obediently waited, buried to the knees in packages in a hairdresser's shop, while Jill at last had her "bun" amputated. The result dazzled her. Her face looked fuller, more characterful with the soft waves of bright hair lying loosely, turning out a little where the scissors had snipped through. Frome again waited, farther down into the business part of the city, while Jill ventured through Edwin's grimly dignified offices to his private room. She emerged later with her mouth twisted into the smile of pitying fondness, a cheque book in her purse, in her hand instructions how to employ it, and news for Miss Frome.

"You're to go to Riverlea with me later, and stay with me as long as you want to, and . . . Father is arranging for you to have a little nest egg," Jill told this to the woman in the taxi going back to Barn St. The parcels had made a cab imperative. Jill was inclined to hanker for a tram, but that, she decided, looking at Frome above a stack of packages, could wait. "And he's put a little money in the bank for me to draw on when I need it. It's like a dream come true. I still can't feel real about it all."

Miss Frome's body, of many years' dark formation, had been killed. After all, as Edwin had said, she had endured many slights and humiliations, and tended Jill faithfully, if not very intelligently, since her infancy. She had, in fact, got old in their service, so . . . Jill was in warm agreement.

No little working girl, Owen thought, when admiring the new purchases, could possibly gain more pleasure from ten pounds' worth of simple garments. Jill had lost no time in putting them on. She wanted to get used to "the feel of them," she said, before Danny called that night to take her to his mother. Jill looked positively glowing. Owen told her, in her autumn suit of tan and dull green, a little huntman hat to match, silk stockings and neat dark tan shoes with high heels, as she bade him observe. The shorn hair amused him tremendously.

Telling him about the visit, Sybilla said: "After a while she plucked up courage and asked me, directly, to show her round the flat, saying she couldn't bear another minute without seeing it. Even to the kitten's mud-box outside the kitchen door." Sybilla laughed with softness in her eyes; "The evenings are cold enough for fires. I had lighted one in the sitting-room. She and Danny sat on the floor watching the flames while we talked over coffee. Owen . . . I'm ridiculous, I know . . . but I feel so sentimentally weak inside. She asked me to tell her about Jenny—not knowing that with the freighth on her hair she was Jenny, alive again. Poor lonely, love-starved little thing . . ."

"Thank the Lord she found herself. Go

"Well . . . we just potted. It wasn't
entertaining a strange girl, you know
she seemed at once to become part of us—
with Danny was natural enough, but
with me! And my five-roomed flat, after
backholme with its gardeners and what
not! In the kitchen she said she loved
my saucepans, they were black iron pots
of Rockholme, and I believe, there and then,
she commenced mentally to cook Danny's
meal. Oh, I've committed myself to give
her some hints on that art . . . Wouldn't
Lena be disgusted! Danny trailed behind
me in a state of mesmerism, drawing back
every time I spoke to him. Everything she
said became a pearl of wisdom—which
amused her, as I knew when I caught her
eye. That child has humor and intelli-
gence," she added firmly, "though it was
rather disconcerting to have my future
daughter-in-law going into mild ecstasies
over my saucepans—thank goodness I gave
her a rub in the morning—while utterly
ignoring my expensive chesterfield. If she
knew how it had been saved-up for—and
Sybilla laughed to herself.

"Expensive chesterfields are no novelty to
me. Youth is all-out for novelty. Well—
your motherly prophecies are fulfilled.
Sybilla will know all about saucepans.
They won't be millionaires, even . . ." Owen
copped dead.

"Millionaires! Never mind, they'll feel
rich as Croesus with the little they will
have," Sybilla remarked, sublimely uncon-
scious of Edwin's gesture.

"Then," drawled the doctor, "I guess they
all, hapnuzel, then, has let down her hair
in a vengeance . . ."

Next night they went to the "pictures,"
Jill, Danny, and Sybilla. Danny told Owen
how it was "a sight for the gods to see her
in the intervals." Worked up to huge
dimensions by the incredible baseness of
the villain, Jill had called out firmly: "Oh,
you wretch!"—thereby covering herself with
audience-startling titters round her, giving
Sybilla a choking fit, and making Danny grin
at his body very rigid. The absurd furies
of Donald Dunk had, said Danny, almost
brought on apoplexy, for Jill, when her
laughter had finally choked to silence and
her eyes were squeezed, had whispered:
"That's how Lena will go on when she knows
just us."

"Lard," said Danny, "it's good to see her
happy and out of that duggen, I say—she
told me about that fellow."

"What fellow? Oh, Wendell. Well?"

"Nothing," said Danny, "but I wished she'd
told before. Keeping things from each
other isn't much good."

"Well, you kept your identity from her.
Isn't you. Aren't you quite?"

He stared. "Oosh, yes, I didn't think of
that. And . . . Look here, Owen, she's
pretty broadminded over the illegitimate
part of it, you know."

"Jill is Jenny's daughter," said Owen
measuring her in future by those standards
of you'll understand her better. She'll
be a handful, I'll wager, when this blissful
one dwindles."

Danny looked confident. "We understand
each other; we'll be all right."

Thinking it over, Owen said that probably
it was right.
On the following Friday Owen received a
telephone call from Edwin, which lasted a
few minutes. As he re-hung the
receiver Owen looked at his watch. The
afternoon postal delivery at Sybilla's flat
was about three. At just that time he
came from the house at Barn St., going
along the narrow streets and lanes towards

the park by the building where she lived.
The front door of her flat was closed, as
he expected, so he went round through the
tradesmen alley to the kitchen door, opening
it silently and entering.

Owen mastered his sense of intrusion,
knowing his reason for being there; knowing
also her habits. After the shattering
effect of the news contained in the solli-
tor's communication, in the afternoon post,
she would have devils all about her . . .
To open the front door would drag her
from some corner where she was probably
weeping, back in the past with Hugh in
the bungalow of too many contrasting
memories. The sitting-room was empty.
She heard footsteps: "Is that you . . .
Danny?" Owen's heart twisted at the
forced naturalness in her tones. She was
in the bedroom.

He moved instinctively. She lay on the
bed, sideways, an open letter on the
counterpane, beside a torn envelope. Her
manufactured casual look collapsed to
weariness as Owen entered and sat on the
edge of the bed. He took one of her hands
and held it. She hid her face against
his wrist and for a moment they stayed
like this. Glancing down again he saw
her looking at him, agony in her eyes.

"Sybilla . . . I'm meddling again. I had
to come. I knew how this would affect
you."

She was startled. "You . . . knew about
this?"

There was reproof, injury, and pain in
her voice.

"Yes, dear heart . . . I knew. Jill and
Edwin know. Danny is being told to-
night. Jill will tell him. Lena . . .
knows, too, Sybilla."

"Edwin," she said quickly, "charity from
Edwin!"

"No, no, on my honor, Sybilla. Any-
thing but that! Hugh left that money
with Lena, for you and Danny, twenty years
ago . . ." Sybilla's eyes narrowed in horror
as she dimly comprehended. "Hugh wrote
you a letter . . ."

"Where is it?" she asked, galvanised, sit-
ting up.

"Jill has it. Wait . . . my darling." The
endearment was not noticed by either.
"That old history of your father's. Can
you hurt yourself for a moment to try and
remember . . . ? The book was at the bun-
galow. It went to Rockholme with . . .
his things. Had Lena looked into the
books the outcome would have been different.
Miss Frome and a gardener took the things
there. Can you recall just where you left
that history lying in the bungalow . . . if
you could possibly remember?"

Flatly, puzzled, she was staring, a blind
look on her face. She frowned worriedly.
"That book . . . It isn't hard to remember.
It was always in the one place, on . . . his
table where he wrote. I often used to look
into it. He would put money in the
flap . . ." Her brow knitted. "I'm just
realising why . . . He couldn't bear to pay
me. I wasn't his wife. A letter, you
said? The letter must have been in that
book. Where is it?"

Jill has it, I said. Listen to me, Sybilla
—listen carefully. Your cause has been
that child's cause since the day she knew
Danny's mother was Hugh's bigamous wife.
Don't deprive her of the deep joy she has
—in knowing she has helped. She's
treasured this secret with rapture. However,
your heart hardens against Lena Dermott.
Don't let it affect your love for Jill. Lena
kept the money from you, for her own
fendish reasons . . . Yes, it's come twenty
years too late. It can't undo twenty years
of hellish struggle and worry. Nor, my

dear, can it undo twenty years of grandeur
—in the fight you made."

She heard it all as in a dream. Her mind
recorded it all. She felt nothing. One fact
was clearing in her brain. She nodded,
staring at the wall, and Owen saw her mouth
twist to a little smile of pitiful triumph.
"Hugh didn't forget us . . . after all."

Something strange had happened to
Sybilla. She knew it, yet in her shock
and bewilderment could not give it a name.
"Hugh didn't forget us, after all." That
went on, over and over, in her head. All
that he had, that he was able to give, he
had given, for the protection of herself and
his little son. All that he could safely take
with the knowledge that it was his, and
apart from his other possessions, he had
set aside for them. And Lena . . . Lena, with
her hatred and greed uppermost, had with-
held that money. Lena had known then.
In his last pitiful burst of courage Hugh
had written and told her the truth about
all that he had done to himself. Lena had
known she herself was married bigamously,
and the records could prove it. Sybilla tried
to dissect her mangled thoughts, and knew
that Lena would have searched the records
and verified Hugh's story. Lena had re-
ceived a letter from Hugh, confessing every-
thing, for he was escaping her and need not
fear the result of his telling. Yet Lena
had kept that money and worse—she had
robbed, for twenty years, Hugh's true wife
of her belief in his thought and protectiveness.
What comfort it would have given
her through those long years to know he had
thought of them both in his piteous despair
and remorse.

Sybilla stared with wide-open eyes at
nothing. Owen flinched as he caught a
glimpse of her set face with the agony of
those years running across it. "He didn't go
without thinking of us, Owen . . . I can't
get it straight in my mind, but he didn't
forget us." She spoke as though in haste,
stumbling a little, and he knew her heart
was thumping badly; it affected her words.
"Somehow, crazy as it all sounds, that has
made me his widow . . . and not a woman
scorned by Lena, gossiped about as a
scheming wanton, with a child both
shamed and illegitimate. Owen, I could
prove that bigamous marriage."

He waited, marvelling once again at the
simple directness of the female mind even
in such depths of tragedy.

"I could take the letter and prove my
marriage by the dates on the record. I
could throw Lena down from her lofty
social pedestal among those poor blind
friends who have her ideals and standards
and shame her before everyone. The
dates on the records would prove her to be
a cheat and a liar, and that letter . . ."
Sybilla's face was a mask of white, her
eyes like coals in her head. "I am Hugh's
widow, Owen, and all the world could know
it if I chose . . ."

Owen's heart lurched; but she smiled
crookedly and said without expression: "And
make myself as cheap and horrible as she
is, by fighting her with her own dirty
weapons." Sybilla laughed softly to her-
self: "What a paltry little victory it would
be . . . and how satisfied she'd feel to know
she still had the power to rouse me. Even
if everybody in the city knew the story and
she was sick with humiliation, everybody
in the city would read my story, too, and
convict Hugh as well . . ."

"Nobody would speak kindly of him,
Sybilla, if the law took a hand and cleared
you of that matter. Nobody worth a hoot
would speak kindly of Hugh for his cow-
ardice and weakness. Providing a lawyer
would raise the rumpus, Hugh's memory

and your life, and Jill's and Danny's, would be tainted by the resurrected scandal. And, as you say, you are his widow in your heart as you were his wife."

Sybilla was silent for a while, the anguish running from her slowly with the heat of her thoughts while tasting her imagined revenge. Owen said no more for a while, and she spoke again, looking at him with an oddly challenging expression in her eyes: "Owen, being a widow is so different from the loose threads of just being a woman in his life. Do you know what I mean . . . how I feel?"

"I think I do," he said. "It's the psychological effect of it, as it can't be any other. A finalisation and a tidying-up of your thoughts."

"Yes."

"And perhaps . . . the removal of a doubt. You've been in incessant conflict over that matter. I've known it. Safe and balanced in so many ways, Hugh loved you and Danny as well, in spite of all the fiendish torment you both innocently gave him. And all that prevented you from believing he could deliberately plan the end of himself without planning for you two also. Decision, as once I told Jill, I believe, is the axe that ends conflict. Now you know he thought of you, and the conflict is done with."

"I have proof that he thought of us, and didn't just . . . step out and leave us to struggle on alone."

"A charged prisoner has the same relief from conflict even when condemned to die," he said very quietly. "The relief of knowledge. We aren't created by nature to endure suspense. Sybilla, no matter what the balance might entail. You know. Does it," he asked, "make you want Hugh back again, or accept his passing more easily?"—for he wanted to know.

She smiled: "Losing Hugh who loved us and thought of us, Owen, isn't half so hideous as losing him without his thinking of what became of Danny and me. He . . . put his house in order all he could, before he . . . went."

There was a twisted smile on her face that did him good to see, but Owen could not bear the look in her wet eyes. He moved and vanished out to the kitchen where, clumsily, spilling sugar and tea, he prepared a tray and took it into the living-room. Papers lay on her desk and a sheet of partly-typed paper in the machine. He shoved it aside as he did with his own typewriter and managed to make a litter of the surroundings while placing the tray in safety. Whatever way her mind had worked and been swayed in the past twenty years by Hugh's death, something momentous had happened her. Owen nodded before calling her from the other room, quiet as though nobody was there, then sighed with a sudden gust of relief: it was Hugh Folland's widow who presently came out, serene and dazed, sad and pensive, but in her thoughts there was no more anguish, only the peace of faith restored. The light of it showed for an instant in her dark eyes as she saw the clumsy tray and smiled: "Owen . . . you do the maddest things, but it was just what I wanted—some tea. Oh, Owen, I'm glad you came."

A long time later they sat on the darkening porch. Apparently they were normally occupied with an evening spell while the light faded. Sybilla had a half-smoked cigarette in her fingers, Owen his pipe. He smoked quietly, not speaking, and thanked Heaven for her power to seize upon essentials. "Hugh didn't forget us, after all," What miracles of faith and belief

lived in the hearts of loving women. The bitterness, the neglect, the evil, of all those years of loll and lonely wondering had been brushed by, for her to lift her head and know Hugh had remembered them. But the shadows of twenty years ago had stolen again down through time to shake her very soul.

"I've felt so . . . small and cheap, Owen," she confessed, for the first time since the tragedy. "Essentially I was his wife, but people didn't look at it like that. When . . . not for the sake of the money . . . but when I was left helpless, with Danny, I just felt like someone looked outside a door. The woman Hugh Folland lived with for a time. I thought . . . yet I couldn't believe it . . . that in his despair he was thoughtless as before it . . . with Danny a baby, his son. But he thought of us." She turned her head in the dimness, her face a pale blur. "Now, Owen, I do feel like his widow, for he proved he looked on me as his wife."

"I understand that, Sybilla," he assured her once more, and it was quite dark. "Jill will send you the history with Danny . . . very soon. And . . . the letter, Sybilla?"—there was a question in his voice.

She understood. "Is the letter . . . very cruel, Owen?"

"I've not read it, my dear; but Jill . . . to use her words, Sybilla, the letter is terrible."

Another silence fell, full of pregnant thoughts.

She was sitting near him. Her fingers suddenly found his hands. "Destroy it for me, Owen, please. All I want to know, or ever will want to know now, is . . . that he thought of us as his, in his poor bewilderment. Will you do that for me?"

"Yes, I'll do it. It's better that way."

The echo came, a mere whisper: "Yes, it's better that way."

On the last day of April the doctor called again to see Sybilla. She opened the door to him and went ahead into the sitting-room to sit at her desk. He sat, as usual, in the chesterfield, knowing himself strangely tired and shaken. A quick glance at his face made her frown; she went to make coffee, which had become a ritual between them, and wondered what made him so haggard.

Hands in pockets, facing out over the park from near the porch windows, he wondered just in what mood he would return to Barn Street. She returned with the tray, setting it down before he noticed she was coming with it. He moved a bowl of violets and ash-tray to make room, putting them on a stool by her chair. The violets at Riverlea . . . "My tenants left to-day," he stated, taking a cup from her hands; "I'm going to take Jill and Miss Frome down there on Friday."

"How the time has gone, on Friday!"

"It'll be good to sniff the open land again." "Danny will miss Jill terribly while she's there. They are so happy together doing all the things they've longed to, for such a time. I'll miss her also."

"Listen Sybilla . . . This isn't so irrelevant as it might seem. Not long back Austin told me about a badly-run book store in the town of Riverlea . . . which, as you perhaps know, has become quite a place. You made him take two thousand of that money, but it isn't a fortune—if he used it to live on. In a few years, with a wedding to pay for out of it, it would be gone. And it's not good for him to be idle, even if his tastes leaned that way. But a couple of thousand in the right business . . . Well, Danny has an amazing flair with books, buying, selling, selecting for the readers' tastes. Austin admits it. Austin has made a small for-

tune with his stores . . . yes, over an adult lifetime, but he made it. Wait . . . My brother has his eye on that rotten business, but with your approval and my co-operation, Danny will buy it out at once. We'll make the offer on Friday when at Riverlea."

"But, that will mean he'll live there!" Sybilla was perplexed to know what she thought about it. "If it's an opportunity of course . . . But can he get the shop?"

"Definitely. They're itching to sell a couple with no head for books and running a library. They want to buy into an apartment house. As a matter of fact, Jill is excited. She has already bought herself mentally a fetching outfit to play the part of librarian in—and won't make a bad shot at it either. If they marry later they can build on Riverlea land. I go to the next bend of the river and the town touches the lane. That flows Lothario and Rapunzel . . . and I guess that house won't be long getting built, with that look in their eyes for all the world to see."

Sybilla smiled lop-sidedly. A lost feeling surged through her. Danny away, working at Riverlea . . . at Bardett, the town they always called Riverlea. Danny working in his own business there, and Jill with Miss Frome at Riverlea.

"And I," said Owen, choosing the dramatic moment to announce it, "have just sold my practice here."

She started: "Owen! Why?"

"I'm tired, Sybilla . . . tired, and lonely for my own place. A poor thing, but mine own. There comes a time when a man wants above all things there are, to just go home. Riverlea is home, Sybilla . . . but it lacks the chief feature in a home."

One of her hands moved towards the bowl of violets; he saw her fingers shake over the petals.

"The violets at Riverlea are thick," he said slowly, "and the daffodils at their best by the river bank. I think I'll have the shutters painted green—against those pale walls. The dining-room needs papering. Brown and yellow, I think . . ."

Sybilla lifted her face: "It would be . . . hideous," she choked out and hastened into the living-room.

There Owen found her, taking her into his arms to tip back her face with one finger under her chin: "My job is done in town. So is yours. Will you help me choose that wall-paper, or . . . must Mrs. Pilgrim? I'm taking them with me. She expects wild bush with pearls abounding, I fancy . . . Well?"

Sybilla did not move. He bent and kissed her slowly on the lips. No feeling! Her heart thumped. Why had she thought herself dead to all feeling? She drew back, her face warming, a sweet-mad confusion in her breast. He was satisfied, letting her go, and saying quietly: "We'll have quite a house full for a time. A wedding later at Riverlea will make the old place quite festive . . ."

"Who . . . Whose wedding?"

"Not ours," said Owen. "We're old fogies. We'll do our marrying in about a fortnight's time. Can you cope with that?"

A glimmer of her contentment showed as she smiled: "Yes, I can cope with that. I can cope with anything—even marrying a meddler. And I want to see Riverlea. I . . . want to go home, too, Owen. I want to see what's happened to the country . . . since I've been away."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no inference to any living person.)

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